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PRINCESS CAROLINE'S DREAM.

THE MURDERED QUEEN

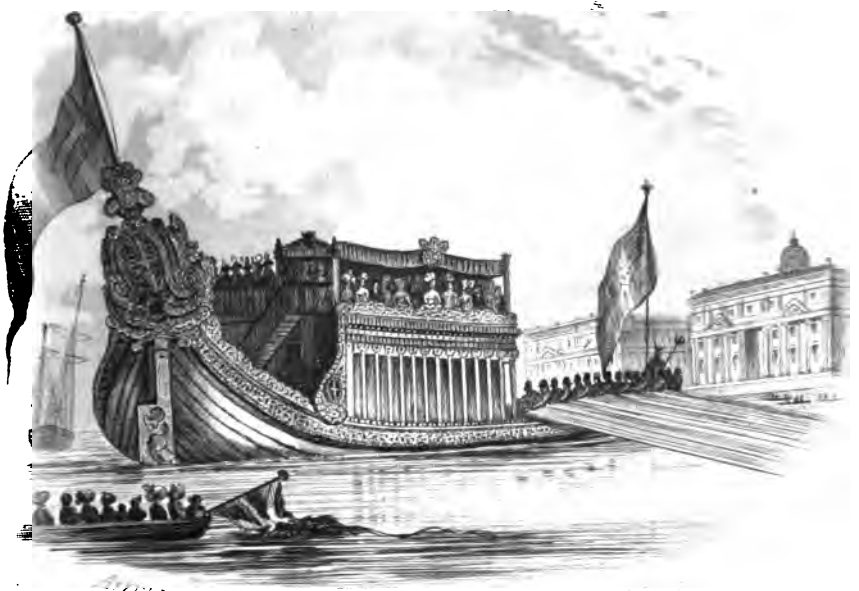
OR

((Caroline of Brunswick.))

a Diary of the Court of George IVth

BY

A LADY OF RANK.



THE

MURDERED QUEEN!

OR.

CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK.

A DIARY OF THE COURT OF GEORGE IV.

BY

A LADY OF RANK.

"Caroline of Brunswick,—the Murdered Queen!"

[*Inscription on the Coffin of Queen Caroline.*]

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PREFACE.

It was observed by a Roman Legislator that what are called the *great*, are fortunately subject to continued and intense observation—for that, if this check did not exist, the world would be overrun with CORRUPTION, emanating from its *most prolific source!*—Let the squeamish therefore, say what they will, the detection and subsequent publicity of ROYAL and NOBLE MISDEMEANOURS is of high importance. The following narrative is a *story* in the form of memoirs and daily observations,—and a fearful and heart-rending story it is! *Truth* is sometimes more entertaining, and has all the charms of *Fiction*—and such will be found to be the case, I really believe, with the following work, which is derived from authentic sources, and is in all respects a SECRET HISTORY of that court, which during many years, was the most distinguished and most DEGRADED in Europe!

THE AUTHORESS.

'Scene from Mrs Campbell's Story of
'A Bride from the Grave.'

THE

MURDERED QUEEN!

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE OF GEORGE IV.—MISTAKES AS TO HIS REAL CHARACTER:—CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH LED TO HIS MARRIAGE WITH THE PRINCESS CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK. MRS. FITZHERBERT. LADY J——Y.

I CAN safely assert that the real character of no individual has been more completely misunderstood, than that of George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.

The school of his education was the palace of his ancestors. Boundless indulgence and an entire freedom from control, made him what he afterwards became,—the most selfish of human beings. From the remarks which I frequently heard him make among those who were his intimates, it was evident he considered *all mankind born for his exclusive service:* and in consequence he would revenge himself, the very first opportunity, and that too in a manner truly spiteful and childish. Lord K—— used to observe that he

would rather trust a half-tamed monkey, than the young Prince, for the latter had a way of "throwing people off their guard," that was doubly dangerous. And yet he possessed great natural abilities, a retentive memory, a ready wit, first-rate powers of mimicry, and an exquisite ear for music. As to the beauty of his person and finish of his manners, they are too universally known to require me to say anything about either. But all these gifts were wasted; and in lieu of becoming a king, to be beloved and admired, he became a debauchee, to be detested. He was of course surrounded by flatterers, and I have sometimes had great difficulty to suppress a desire to laugh outright at the specious language which was addressed to him. It is related of Louis XV., that when young, a cardinal made a remark in his presence as to the mortality of Kings—"What then," rejoined the Prince, "*do Kings die?*"—"SOMETIMES, Prince!" was the answer: and it was in a similarly slavish spirit that the courtiers about George, Prince of Wales, conducted themselves. Many have supposed that his mother Queen Charlotte spoilt him, but this is a mistake, at least as far as *kindness* is concerned, for she absolutely *hated* him, as much as his father did! *That* Woman (I mean Queen Charlotte) has been frequently praised up as a pattern of virtue, —whereas she was in reality a narrow-minded, sordid, avaricious and most unamiable woman. She lived a regular life it is true, but she was so starched and prudish, so hatefully mean; so obstinate, spiteful, unforgiving, designing and malignant in her family and political intrigues—that she was at all times repul-

sive: and it is only surprising she had any influence whatever with her husband! Here, let me record, that this woman (Queen Charlotte) was ONE OF THE BITTEREST ENEMIES OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES. But of this I shall have much to say hereafter.

As to George III., the leading feature in his character was *obstinacy*, carried to a length almost idiotic, and ending in madness.

To return to the Prince:—he lived a life of uninterrupted dissipation and unbounded extravagance. The *bill* of this profuse expenditure was at length *presented to the country*, and every one was astonished: they could not imagine how the money had gone. It was the fashion to wear what was called *Mareschall Powder* (a perfumed brown dust) in the hair, and the account for this article alone amounted to many thousand pounds!!!

The Prince was now in a most awkward dilemma, and there was only one way of extricating him—and that was by his consenting to MARRY.—This would both pay his debts and increase his income: but there was an obstacle in the way, and that too of a *matrimonial* kind, which perplexed him exceedingly:—I allude to MRS. FITZHERBERT. She was a most amiable and virtuous woman, lovely in her person, talented, and possessed of manners singularly fascinating. To this charming object, the Prince was devotedly attached, and the circumstance may be considered as one of his redeeming virtues: but MARRIAGE was the only condition on which she would live with the Prince —and marriage was forbidden by the law of the land

Moreover she was a Roman-Catholic. At length, she was prevailed upon under various pretences to consent to a clandestine marriage, and was assured that it was *legal*. It was however not only illegal, but subjected Mrs. Fitzherbert, and all who assisted, to high pains and penalties, and incurred a FORFEITURE OF THE CROWN to the Prince himself!!

At a later period, he did not scruple to deny "upon his *sacred honor*" that no such marriage had ever taken place! In addition to Mrs. Fitzherbert, there was another connexion of a very different character which interposed many obstacles to the new scheme —and that was—*Lady J——y*. To appease this lady was a matter of no little difficulty: but the Prince at length succeeded by solemnly affirming that the new Princess, should be HIS *consort, only in name.*

The individual fixed upon, for the sacrifice upon this occasion,—a sacrifice to the debts of he prodigal heir presumptive, was the ill-fated CAROLINE, PRINCESS OF BRUNSWICK, niece of George the third, and therefore a very near relation of the Prince.

Those who had opportunities of seeing the Princess in her youthful days, describe her as being truly lovely and singularly accomplished. In the words of Mr. Canning, she was *fitted* to be the "life, grace, and ornament of polished society"—but she was *destined* to be miserable, and subjected to the scoff and scorn of those who ought to have protected, loved and cherished her!

CHAPTER II.

LETTER FROM MADAME D***S TO THE MOTHER OF THE AUTHORESS OF THIS DIARY, RESPECTING THE EARLY LIFE OF PRINCESS CAROLINE—IN WHICH HER PROPHETIC AND REMARKABLE DREAM IS DESCRIBED. JOURNEY OF THE PRINCESS FROM BRUNSWICK—THE VOYAGE, AND LANDING AT GREENWICH.

With a view to that clearness of arrangement, which is, above all things indispensable in works of this kind, I deem it necessary to give some account of the early days of the Princess: and am happy in being able to lay before the reader a copy of an original letter translated from the French of Madame D***s, long a resident in Brunswick, and which was transmitted to my mother. It is dated Paris, June 6, 1794; ten months before the Princess's arrival in England.

"My dear Lady—

I am not at all surprised that yourself and daughter take so great an interest in every thing which relates to one, who, if report speaks correctly, is likely to be a future Queen of England;—

and I will do all in my power to possess you of accurate information on this subject; though, in the distracted state of my unfortunate country it is by no means certain that this letter will reach you.—*Mais, n'importe commençons!* we must take our chance. The Princess Caroline Amelia Elizabeth was born on the 17th May, 1768, and is therefore now in her twenty-sixth year. She is, you are aware, the daughter of one of the most illustrious of the Princes of Brunswick (whose valour has been the theme of so many pens) and that her mother is sister to your present King.

The happiest days of my existence were spent in Brunswick: a more delightful court,—or a more *truly amiable* family than that of its reigning Duke, it is scarcely possible to imagine.

Witness the hospitality and personal attention extended to so many gallant officers and others in exile? Nor is any one more distinguished for that kindness of manner which bespeaks a good heart, than the Princess Caroline. From the circumstances I have alluded to, you will judge that the society is of a very mixed nature; but a more *correct* court I do not know any where: and I am the more desirous of being understood on this point, because the pleasantries, cheerfulness, and even levities, of this unaffected family have led the censorious to conclusions that better show their ill-nature and love of scandal, than their anxiety about *truth*. The Princess is beautiful, has a very lovely figure, and is one of the most light-hearted creatures in existence! Her life is spent between singing, laughing, conversing with animation, doing bounteous deeds, (for her generosity is

unparalleled) or shedding tears over the distressed. She has also a turn for Mechanics, and her *atelier* contains some small boxes, baskets, and cabinets of most exquisite workmanship, very ingeniously contrived, and all made by her own hands. I can hardly describe to you her *manners*, for they are so exceedingly affable, so imbued with amiability, as sometimes to appear *familiar*, but that they are most completely innocent, I can vouch for in more ways than one: and the circumstance of her having been brought up under the guiding care of so excellent a mother, is of itself a sufficient guarantee. The fact is, that this estimable family is absolutely devoid of the foolish *pride*, which I have remarked in other courts; for they are desirous on all occasions of making *common cause with the people*, into whose woes or rejoicings, indeed, they enter with the most unfeigned sympathy. I will give you an instance of it, in the fate of the Princess's youngest brother, the lamented Prince Leopold. The circumstance occurred in May, 1785, and as it is little known out of Brunswick will probably be new to you.

A terrible desolation arose from the overflowing of the Oder, which burst its banks, and carried away trees, houses, bridges, farming property, and every thing opposed to it. Vast numbers of people lost their lives, and the consternation was general. Among the most active to relieve the sufferers was the young Prince Leopold. One day as he was standing near the river, and watching its increase, a woman, in the most deplorable state of grief, threw herself at his feet and besought him to give orders for the rescue of her children, whom

she had left behind her in the house, in search of aid. The warm-hearted Prince procured a flat-bottomed boat, but although he offered large sums of money, no one would venture to accompany him. At length he determined to rush upon the danger himself, in spite of the dissuasives used by many around him. 'What am I,' he asked, 'more than you or they?—I am a man like yourselves; and nothing *now* ought to be attended to, but the voice of humanity!'

Three watermen then offered their services, and he embarked in a small boat. The conflict with the strength and rapidity of the current was terrific, and when within a few feet of the opposite shore, the boat struck against a tree, and instantly disappeared! The Prince rose again (he was an excellent swimmer:) and for a time held fast by the tree; but the furious current tore him as it were, from his only chance of escape, and he was hurried to destruction.

The watermen escaped.

You will easily imagine the affliction which ensued. How very rarely do so much humanity, gentleness and compassion, meet in a Prince!

The Princess knew my *penchant* for Music, and frequently gratified me during the mornings, by playing and singing in the most charming manner. We would then stroll about the beautiful gardens of the Palace; join the family at dinner; and spend the evening *tête a tête* in her splendidly decorated *boudoir*. We usually conversed in french, and I had an opportunity of discerning her vast intellectual resources, and the 'riches of her heart.' She never made any allusion to the

attachment she was said to have formed for a young Prusian nobleman of rank, *next* only to the royal family: and therefore it might, or might not be true: certainly her's was not the bosom to resist such impressions; but then, her affectionate regard for her family would, as certainly, prevent her from forming an unwise connexion. I will now narrate to you her DREAM: but mind, I confide it to you as a *secret* until it shall be understood between us, that you may make it known; it is of a kind the most thrilling, wild, and at the same time, circumstantially fearful, that ever came to my knowledge. The following is the sketch she gave me of this DREAM.

DREAM.

"I thought I was wandering in fields, woods, and pleasant paths, where the sun shone brightly among the flowers, and the birds sang their sweet melodies on every bough, and the butterflies gaily fluttered before me, but not more gay than *me!* How happy, said I to myself, is the childhood of woman,—who derives pleasure from every thing; and deems that every thing has been created to please her! A change came over my dream:—I was grown taller and more stately, and roved in a beautiful garden, attended by a train of fair

damsels,—they were talking of their loves: but I, who had not known the tende passion, I, who w. lked

' " In maiden meditation,—fancy free!" '

laughed at them, and called them 'Silly ones!'—They laughed in turn, and beckoned to their loves, with whom they paired off, and left me in utter solitude. Suddenly a tree sprang from the ground and grew to a great height, on the summit of which was an imperial crown, and its boughs were laden with golden fruit; and a winged messenger rose gradually out of the crown and descended and bowed herself before me.—She was fair to look upon, but her eyes were restless, sparkling, and fierce: and she said, 'If thou hast ambition—choose what thou wilt, and it shall be granted thee!' and I exclaimed (for the splendour of the tree dazzled me) 'Give me magnificence, and a companion to share it!' Whereupon the winged spirit disappeared, and a young man of princely port, and beautiful in aspect, with long fair hair, approached me and presented me with some of the fruit of the tree. I looked upon him and loved him for the gift; but when I ate of the fruit it turned to ashes in my mouth, and bitterness: and my heart sickened, and I heard hoarse and faint laughter; and the tree sank into the ground, and darkness fell upon all things. Again, a change came over my dream: —I was reposing in a chamber superbly adorned with tapestries and gilding, and lined with mirrors, which reflected the glorious objects around: but one by one, as I gazed upon them, they faded away from my sight, and left me,—so it appeared—in the gloomy cell of some

conventual ruin, wherein was an arched opening that looked upon the sea. A settled melancholy seemed to take possession of me, as I gazed upon the moon, (whose disk was just rising above the waters,) or watched the bats that flickered to and fro. The moon rose palely, and slowly, and when wholly emerged, I became conscious of the presence of a dark figure at the foot of my couch, which gradually acquired more distinctness, and on which my eyes were rivetted with the most intense and thrilling horror! The head was that of a skeleton,—from off the back of which fell a monkish cowl. The rest of the figure was enveloped in a black drapery. I almost ceased to breathe as it stood mute before me; but at length it made a step forward, and grinned upon me with mockery, and pointed its bony finger to heaven, as if to indicate that it was my only release. With the other hand it unfurled a scroll, from out of which a hissing crested snake evolved, and glared at me with its large bright-green and glassy eyes; and on the scroll was written CALUMNY! DEATH! Suddenly the Moon became the colour of blood, and the skeleton-fiend stretching forth its long and hideous fingers, attempted to grasp me,—but in an agony of fright, I started and awoke." '*

* * * * * * *

I have almost terrified myself while writing down this Dream; and it has probably had the same effect on you. Is it a superstition to imagine that dreams may

* The latter part of this dream is represented in one of the embellishments.

be prophetic of our doom? I confess to you I am inclined that way; particularly when they are so distinct that we can remember them. If so, for what is my beloved Princess reserved!

Adieu, ma cher,

INEZ D——s."

TO THE LADY ——, &c.

I trust the reader will not blame me for transcribing the above letter, (long though it be) since it contains so many interesting particulars. It has been stated, in a former part of this work, that the projected marriage of the Prince of Wales, was dictated solely by that most sordid and basest of considerations,—*pecuniary embarrassment.* He had withstood all offers of the kind, *anti-matrimonial* as he was, until encumbered with debt beyond the hope of relief; and then he consented to negotiate with a victim: to make a mockery of the holiest of engagements! I do not deny that the criminality of this act, was as much in those around him, as in the Prince himself.

Royalty is beset by a thousand harassing circumstances, which arise out of the duplicity, the mean ambition, the lies, and the malignant jealousies of a court. This is a strange picture, and yet I can aver that it is a true one: at the same time, a court possesses much fascination, and even when I have most despised its corruptions, I have never been able to break the links of that chain by which I had been drawn within its circle: in fact there is a mysterious spell about courts, which I should vainly essay to describe. But, I am

wandering from my subject. On the 30th of December, in the year 1794, the Princess Caroline (now Princess of Wales, by contract) accompanied by her mother and a numerous retinue, left Brunswick amidst the mingled tears and good wishes of the populace. At Piena the Dutchess became indisposed: but in a short time recovered so as to proceed to the Palace of Helinghouses, near Hanover. There they dined,—reached Osnaburg on the 3rd of January, (—95)—were met by a messenger from Lord St. Helens, communicating the danger of traversing Holland at that crisis;—continued *en route* to Hanover, where the Bishop's Palace had been fitted up for their reception:—stayed there a few weeks—proceeded to Cuxhaven—embarked on board H.M. Ship Jupiter on the 28th of March: and finally arrived on the 5th of April, at noon, (having been transferred to the royal barge) at Greenwich.*

I pass over the Princess's arrival at St. James's Palace —as also the many circumstances which contributed to make me a favorite of royalty. In truth, I hate all formality and stiffness; I like to write just as I would talk; and of all persons, a *pompous story-teller* is my aversion. Soon after the Princess's arrival, I dined at Kensington Palace: our party was rather small, but very agreeable. The Princess looked charming, with her light hair, delicate features, brilliant complexion, agreeably-formed mouth, and sweet yet expressive eyes. All the portraits which I have seen, are no more like her, than a crow is to a bird of paradise! The Prin-

* The arrival is illustrated by Vignette, in preparation for this work, from the talented pencil of Mr. F. Heath.

cess's mother was there, and is to my mind, a most excellent-hearted woman—full of candour, and with a pleasant homeliness (almost roughness) in her mode of speech, that is surprising in one who has all her life breathed the atmosphere of a court,—but then, the court of which she is mistress, is so little like any other! The Duke of Brunswick (the Princess's brother) is a very handsome and very graceful man; his figure is slight; and there is a gravity of expression in his face, and deeply sunken eyes, which is admirably relieved by the sweetness of his smile—when he *does* smile. Count Munster was also there,* and is one of my especial favorites: in truth he owes it much by comparison with the "yawning dandyism" of our own nobility for he possesses a mixture of buoyancy, frankness and sentimentality, which *they* seem to eschew as something *vulgar!* What perversion! what tastelessness! We kept up this dinner party until too late an hour. I do wish that people were more reasonable: surely four hours of eating and talking is enough at any time: the Princess, however, keeps up marvellously on these occasions; her flow of spirits is undiminished up to the last moment: as Lord Byron said, she has a forty-horse power of conversation, and (like, I believe, all other *royal* personages) *never tires.* Poor thing! I do wrong to make this reflection, for her disappointments since her arrival in this country, have been intense. First and foremost, the Prince's estrangement (but more of *that* shortly) then, as a matter of course, the desertion by

* His mother was governess to the Princess Caroline at the court of Brunswick, and was much beloved by her.

the first nobles and their wives, such as the Portlands, the Beauforts, the Harrowbys, &c. &c. who *once* so assiduously attended the balls at Kensington; and therefore, why should she not enjoy herself *en petit comité* and among her REAL friends, when she can?

I find that amidst all this tittle-tattle, I have got a step or two *too forward;* and shall commence my next chapter with a brief account of the ceremonial of the Princess's marriage; before I do that, however, I will ask one question, the answer to which will be "SHAME! SHAME!" from every right-minded person in these realms: '*Why was Lady J——y,** OF ALL OTHER PERSONS, the one fixed upon, *to escort Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales to England?*'

* The nature of the Prince's connexion with Lady J——y, was not only never denied, but paraded openly, as something of which to be proud!!

CHAPTER III.

CEREMONIAL OF THE MARRIAGE DESCRIBED IN A LETTER FROM LADY J——Y TO LADY D——. THE PRINCESS'S ACCOUNT OF THE NUPTIAL NIGHT. A SECRET OR TWO RESPECTING THE COURT OF BRUNSWICK. THE PRINCESS'S KINDNESS OF HEART.

The following letter, of which I have become possessed through the kindness of a friend, narrates in a lively manner the marriage ceremonial, and at the same time gives us an insight into the *heart* of its authoress Lady J——y writes,—

My dear Lady D——,

At length * this odious affair has *come off*, but not very splendidly either. Nevertheless, you should have been in town, for we mustered pretty strongly at St. James's, all in our best array, with diamonds enough to dazzle the Nabob of Arcot, and feathers—but of these I will say nothing, for they are now becoming so common as to be quite vulgar. At a

* April 8th, 1795.

quarter to nine o'clock, the procession began to move, under the auspices of Sir Clement Dormer, who was of course as fussy and feverish as every master of ceremonies is bound to be. Charles Greville was there, and Salisbury, as the King's co-chamberlains, and the *censéd* pretty (do you think them so?) Ladies Stewart, strewed roses, either brought from Windsor, or bought in Covent-garden at six-pence a piece—no matter which.

The Princess's nuptial robe was well enough; indeed it would have looked brilliant on any other person: it was a silver tissue petticoat, and over it a silver venetian net; silver tassells; body and train of silver tissues festooned; point-lace sleeves and tippet—the bands of the former embroidered with plumes; crimson velvet mantle trimmed with ermine, cord and tassels of silver, &c. altogether a dress far too good for her: how people can call her handsome, I am at a loss to imagine. She was led by that good-tempered creature Clarence, and attended by the Marchioness of T——, and three of us Countesses, as belonging to her Royal Highness's household. Only think of *my* being one of the *appointed* to this office! Do you know how it came about my dear? Perhaps not; you shall know when we are *tête à tête:* letters are such tattlers!

Four and four, came the maids of honour and bride's maids, and I must acknowledge they looked very tidy in their white satin, crape, silver foil, and plumes. Drums, trumpets and kettle-drums, were not wanting, among other absurdities. Then came my scape-grace P——, with his bachelor supporters,*

* The Dukes of Bedford and Roxborough.

heralds, pursuivants, sergeants at arms, ushers, dukes, earls, bishops, &c. then the King and Queen, (my aversion both) and the four Princesses, looking as fine as you please. The Prince and Princess sat on opposite sides of the chapel, which was prepared to look as like crimson velvet as paper can. The royal folks were all seated of course, and quite at their ease, while we of the suite had the honour of being tired to death with standing to look on. 'Canterbury' and 'London' performed the ceremony, and then, after a little more sitting down, rising up, changing places and staring at one another, we filed off, and the drawing-room commenced with its hundred thousand compliments, &c. &c. and, not a little fun at the expence of the Queen, I promise you, who is in raptures at this marriage of her son to "Such an ornament of her sex, for beauty, grace, and every mental qualification, which can fit her to be the bride of the heir apparent!!!" All very fine *n'est ce pas?*—but I wonder how long it will last!—Suppose Carry becomes a favorite with the King?—Eh, my dear—what then?

That she *shall not become a favorite of the Prince*, I have taken excellent care to bring about! *You* are ALMOST equally interested: *soyez tranquille à cet egard ma chere.*

A jamais,

J——Y.

April 10th, Friday.

A very handsome supper was provided at Buckingham House, of which the newly married couple partook.

The royal family, lords and ladies in attendance were there, as well as the stadtholder and his family. A midnight the Prince and his bride retired to Carlton Palace.

London was in a sort of "quiet commotion of joy," during the whole night, and the illuminations were general and splendid. How fair the exterior may be, when all is misery within!

The Princess had a weary night of it as she afterwards observed—"only imagine, a husband dead-drunk on the very first day of one's nuptials; nay, in so helpless a state of intoxication, as to *fall under the grate*, and remain there the rest of the night!—O what a pang to my heart!—All my hopes blighted at once!—I would not have my time come over again, oh, never, never;—rather would I die!"

There is every reason to believe, that had the Prince behaved with even a moderate share of affection to his bride, she would have returned it fourfold; for she had every disposition so to do. In her subsequent complaints to me, this reservation may always be found. "I was," she observed, "a victim slaughtered at a worldly shrine:—the Prince's debts were enormous, and *I* was set up as a puppet to amuse the people of England, and flatter them into compliance. Before I had seen the Prince, and while the affair was negociating, I hated the thought of it: but then my father wished it, and I loved *him* so dearly, that I would have made any sacrifice for him. I *might* have been happy it's true—but my dear,—when I saw, with a wife's penetration, the terms on which the Prince and Lady J——y understood

each other—O heaven!—it was all over. I could have loved him: I could have been his slave:—but at that moment hope fled away for ever!"

"You speak bitterly of England," said I, "did you then regret leaving your own country?" "Not altogether," she replied, "for there were some unpleasant circumstances connected with my residence even there. Yet one thing occasioned me a profound sorrow —leaving my dear, dear father.—Oh! how I loved him! the whole world was nothing to me when I was near *him!* What is more worthy of being beloved than a good father!"—Here she burst into a flood of tears. "I have told you," she continued after a while, "there were some circumstances which rendered my stay in Brunswick disagreeable; the fact was, my father had been attached to a very beautiful and accomplished lady before his marriage, and this was a source of jealousy to my mother, who loved my father dearly: and yet my father never ceased to pay the most kind and considerate attentions to my mother. We poor women, you know, cannot suffer even a suspicion of any rivalry in the affections of those we idolize; and so it was with my mother. Now, I was made umpire on these occasions, but what could I do?—nothing, or worse. I only increased their quarrel, and got myself into a scrape."

The Princess herself was more tolerant as it respected a lady to whom the Prince was as *nearly allied as to herself.* I allude to Mrs. Fitzherbert. She always spoke of her in kind and affectionate terms, as a most amiable and charming woman, from whom he "ought not to have separated." She declared that the Prince

had been "really married to Mrs. F——;" for that "Lord B——d was present at the ceremony."

I had many other opportunities of observing the extreme generosity of feeling on the part of the Princess and even as it respects Lady J——, she would have been tolerant, had not that person, fearful that the Prince *might* become attached to his wife, invented every means to excite dissention between them, and so to increase an acrimonious sentiment on the part of the Princess. Yet, I can most conscientiously aver that a breast more free from rancour, malignity, or revenge, than that of the Princess, was never lodged in a human bosom!

CHAPTER IV.

SUITES OF THE MARRIAGE. LADY J——Y AND THE JEWELS. MYSTERIOUS INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE PRINCESS AND LADY J——Y:—LADY OXFORD, LADY C——, LORD ABERCORN, MONK LEWIS. THE PRINCESS'S ACCOUNT OF THE TRAGEDY AT THE CASTLE OF REVELT:—MONK LEWIS'S STORY OF THE "UNFATHOMABLE."

Soon after the nuptials, the royal pair sojourned for a time with the K—— at Windsor; and the Public

were amused with statements in the newspapers of the projected economy of the P——. It is true, indeed, he cut down his household after a penny-wise fashion; retaining, however, Lord and Lady J——: the former as Master of the horse, with some £1500 a year salary, for doing nothing; and the latter—with, of course, any salary she chose! The public were also informed upon *excellent authority*, that the P—— and Pr——ss lived on the most loving, amiable terms, though nothing could be further from the truth. As a proof of it, His Royal Highness took every opportunity of hurting the Princess's feelings in the presence of Lady J——; ridiculing his wife's person, and permitting the latter *to do the same:* nay, he did not even scruple to deck out the lady alluded to with the jewels taken from his wife—the latter being condemned to SEE them worn by her rival!

Can any mortification be conceived more studied or more irritating? Nevertheless, of so truly *good* a disposition was the unhappy Princess, that by all the maltreatment to which she was exposed, she was never goaded to acts which could form even a plea for persecution. Not that she was by any means a perfect character,—for *who is?* Follies and slight indiscretions were at times observable—but then, on the other side, look at the *false position* in which she was placed, by those who should have preferred, honored, and cherished her! Even the circumstance of her innocently rambling about the Bayswater fields, with two of her ladies, has been twisted into something like a reproach.

The following letter, if it relates to any thing

Queen Caroline's Mysterious Interview with Lady J.

London, Published by W. Evans Cloth Fair 1820

that did *really* transpire, is curious enough: the difficulty must have been, to obtain such minute particulars, as the Princess herself never alluded to the occurrence:

"Lady P——, to Miss B——.

My dear Miss B——,

I have very little news to tell you, but even that may amuse you amid the solitudes of C—— Park. You know all about Lady J——, and you may guess in what *mauvais odeur* she would be held, if she had not the P—— for a *preux chevalier*. Cut, she would of course be, by every one pretending to, or possessing character; though it is astonishing how much is done by giving stylish parties, and flattering a few old Duchesses into thinking themselves young again!

Well, my dear, what I have to tell you, is this, that at half-past 12 o'clock at night, the Princess was in her own apartment at Carlton House, seated on a sofa reading (so the story goes) one of Monk Lewis's * horrible stories, and expecting the return of one of her attendants—when, on looking up, she perceived in the place of the other attendant—a figure wrapped in the folds of a heavy cloak! Though almost inarticulate with fear, she still managed to exclaim 'who, and what *are* you?' The figure slowly uncloaked, and who do you think this monstrous apparition turned out to be?—why Lady J——!! Imagine the stern and defiant attitude

* Matthew G. Lewis, author of the "Monk," and other romances: a person of great talent, and who is personally introduced a little further on.

of the latter, and the fear-stricken aversion of the injured wife! 'I come to warn you,' said the former, 'against attempting to find favor in the eyes of your husband: you have already *usurped* a position, and if you in any way intrigue, so as to maintain its supposed rights, the machination will be fatal!—he is *mine*, and *mine only!*—Beware!'* Saying this, the figure recloaked and disappeared. What excuse the attendant made for leaving the apartment, I have not heard, though I suppose she had a *golden* one for so doing. Now what are we to make of all this? Is the Princess to be frightened to death,—and is there no law against so barbarous a proceeding?

* * * * * * *

Your's, my dear,

P——."

Our dinner parties at Kensington were sometimes (particularly when they were small) very agreeable: for instance, Lady Oxford, Lady C——, Lord Abercorn, and Monk Lewis, made up a capital companionship. The Princess who hated what she called *dull* people, was, on these occasions, in excellent spirits and very entertaining. The conversation was usually (as it ought to be) a brilliant and disjointed medley, in which all by turns took part; yet occasionally, the aromatic fumes of our Mocha inspired us with a spirit of *story-telling* quite Arabian.

The Princess told us of the fate of her sister, also

* This extraordinary scene is illustrated by an engraving.

named '*Caroline*.'—I will call her the Princess C——. She was married to the Duke of Wirtemburgh at about *thirteen* years of age. For some few years she enacted the part of a good wife, though it must be acknowledged she had little encouragement so to do, for her husband was extremely jealous of her, and scrupled not to chastise her in the most unfeeling manner.

They sojourned in Russia for a time, and there the Princess C—— formed an unhallowed connexion with a former favorite of the Empress's; which, being considered a treason, she was desired, or rather *compelled*, to go to the Castle of Revelt, where it is asserted, that after her *accouchement* her husband caused her to be put to death by poisoning. Word was brought to the Duke, her father, that she had died of putrid fever, and had been instantly buried. Much conjecture was afloat: when some years afterwards, a travelling merchant most confidently stated that she was living *incognito* at Leghorn: and this would seem to be confirmed by the testimony of an english girl, who was dismissed from her service at Revelt, subsequently to the period at which it was alleged she had been poisoned.

"I can tell your Royal Highness a story," said Monk Lewis "the web of which is equally complicated, though perhaps a little less ravelled. The scene is laid in this country; and I will therefore (under permission) disguise the names."

"THE UNFATHOMABLE; OR, MAN OF MYSTERY:

All in this sublunary state, is a mystery to us;—the heavens above; the earth beneath: and last, but by no

means least, *ourselves.* There is something peculiarly attractive in mysteriousness, and moreover it adds greatly to our enjoyments; provided at all times, that it *end well.*—Ah, there's the rub! And in the following too-true story, I must view it on the darker side.

It is but a few years, since Mabel C—— was beloved, admired, nay, almost worshipped: she was sylph-like of form, beautiful, 'sprightly amidst innocent thoughts' and the possessor of rank and fortune. All envied Mabel C——, and suitors she had many: but although arrived at her eighteenth year, her heart was untouched by any serious attachment.

Matters were not long to remain thus:—at a ball given by the Duchess Dowager of B——, she beheld for the first time, the individual who was destined to be a spell upon her after-fate:—this was Sir Edward W—— whose *real* character was an enigma to all.

Fear was the first feeling which struck to the heart of Mabel, as she glanced, upon his handsome features, yet pallid as death, his blue glassy eye, and the contrasting shadows of hair almost black. If we can picture to ourselves, for an instant, the union of the Vampyre, the *bel homme*, and the man of fashion, we shall have before us Sir Edward W——. Nothing could exceed the gloom of his expression when grave, or the infinite suavity of his demeanour when he smiled: but the latter was a rare trait in his physiognomy. No sooner had Mabel entered the room, than his eye was fixed upon her with an unswerving gaze. Wherever she turned, she beheld it: and almost shrunk, as does the robin beneath the glare of the rattle-snake;—feeling, that to escape the

fascination of the destroyer, is impossible! If however, his graver aspect filled her with fear; his conversation and manner, when introduced, promoted a very different sentiment. 'Until that hour,' (and the compliment was both delicate and forcible) she understood from him, that 'he had not known happiness: the bosom that could respond to his own, he had sought, in vain!' Pity, in all its fullness, arose at the sound of that plaintive voice,—and *love*, stayed not long behind. She was in no humour to dance more, and conversed with Sir Edward W——, until the carriage was announced. Before leaving the room, she was, as we may imagine, rallied by more than one fair friend on her extraordinary conquest of the 'Imperturbable;' of one, who was admired by all, for his giaour-like and poetical aspect, but who had hitherto been as adamant to the arts of beauty and coquetry.

I need not say how his wooing throve, for he had drawn to himself that which is unchangeable,—the first-love of woman! Mabel C —— became Lady W——.

After a somewhat brilliant interval of two months, Mabel's happiness was unpleasantly overshadowed by an almost indefinable absence of that *entire confidence* which a husband ought to evince to the wife of his bosom. Of many things, some trifling, some more serious, he dexterously evaded explanation. Nightly, for instance, he arose, and paced the room, as though in an agony of reflection: and sometimes starting from sleep, would ask her if she 'did not hear the bell ring?' Once, she distinctly heard him say 'Albert V—— alone knows my ecre :—curse him!—would he were

strangled!' Yet so kind was his general conduct, so considerate, that on the following day she would half forget the horrors of the night,—of a couch, no longer of nuptial repose, but strewed over with thorns. Six months had scarcely elapsed when Sir Edward declared his intention of visiting *——shire, where he had a seat; and he requested that Mabel would remain in town, until the long untenanted-mansion was fitted for her reception.

It is necessary, however, to state that a domestic, whom I will call 'Steel' was living there; and in him, for reasons best known to himself, Sir Edward placed the most implicit confidence. Whatever Lady W——'s feelings might have been when her husband was present, they were aggravated by his absence: and the more she reflected on his mysterious denial of her importunity to accompany him, the more she became perplexed. His letters too, (he had now been a month away) were few and far between: and she therefore with that firmness of resolve peculiar to the affections of woman, decided at once, on going down, unattended, to S—— Hall. Being herself averse to disguise, she at once proceeded to the mansion, much to the surprise of Sir Edward; who, however, outwardly exhibited no other emotion: he fondly welcomed his wife, and lamented the absence of those comforts, which a little longer delay would have enabled him to procure for her. Mabel shed tears: 'I feel the implied reproach,' said she, 'for you did not *expect* me; but it was more than my heart could sustain to be longer absent from you. And, wherefore talk of '*comforts*?' Is there a comfort

on earth, a luxury, a joy, that I can taste, unless you partake of it? But, Edward,—you do not sufficiently estimate the boundlessness of my love, or you would more freely unburthen your soul to me!" Again Mabel burst into tears and sobbed violently. Sir Edward was manifestly much affected, for he loved the being before him; and words seemed rising to his lips, which the next instant pride, or some more fearful feeling urged him to suppress. He turned away, rang, and gave orders that the daughter of his gardener should take up her abode in the house as attendant on Mabel: and then conducted the latter to that part of the house which he inhabited. There all presented an air of neatness, combined with a sort of luxurious antiquity, from the tapestries and cabinets in the sleeping-room, to the richly-framed paintings and manifold books in the contiguous apartments. He left her until the hour of dinner, having, as he said, to visit some farming operations on his estate. Enquiry was thus precluded, and when he returned, the subject was not resumed. In truth the charm of his manner appeared to obviate it: he had recovered his urbanity, and during dinner asked a thousand questions about the *elite* of the fashionable world. But night was to arrive:—dreaded night! In spite however, of the shapelessly antique furniture, curtained walls, and gloom of the chamber, Mabel 'slept well,' after the fatigues of her journey; and when she awoke in the morning, Sir Edward was still in profound sleep.

She put up a prayer for this apparent change to tranquility: he might have been *ill* when in town:—

here the air was fresh, healthful, and 'wooing:' *he* was happy: could *she* be otherwise?'

The second night arrived:—she had sunk into a doze; but awoke shortly after midnight: the moon was shining into the apartment, and lit up the ghastly figures of the tapestry, until they seemed almost instinct with life. Mabel shuddered;—but, then again, what could she fear?—had she not a protector?' A *protector*,—Ah!—her husband had left her side! She started up; gazed wildly; listened, and with that acuteness of hearing arising out of her situation, could distinguish the sound of steps proceeding along the side of the room concealed as it were by the arras. Panic then seized her and rendered her motionless for some minutes; but this feeling was succeeded by the madness of despairing resolution: she leapt from the bed, and rushing in the direction of the footsteps she had heard, fell against the tapestry:—a spring door opened, as if yielding to the pressure, and she stumbled forward. Recovering herself, she crept along a concealed corridor, and arrived at the top of a flight of steps:—to descend, without a light, would be rashness, and she therefore returned for the small lamp she had left in her room. Pursuing her task of discovery, she reached the vaulted cellaring, amidst whose dark and mouldering walls, she wandered for some time, and during which, her light flickering in the socket expired. However, she groped her way into a sort of passage. All had hitherto been silent, but suddenly a faint groan as of one dying, smote her ear! And turning an angle, which her hands directed her to, she beheld at a considerable distance, a ray of light, proceeding apparently

from the crevice of a door. She approached it on tip-toe, tremulous and gasping; and placing her eye to the opening, beheld her husband seated, and on a table near him, pistols. He was speaking sternly and hoarsely as follows:—'your punishment is merited, nevertheless! You robbed me of the object of my earliest love, and I swore to revenge the wrong by accomplishing your perdition! Besides, *you* are unfit to enjoy wealth. *you*, although my ELDER BROTHER, and by a falsity of law, entitled to that which *I* now possess, have neither spirit, ambition, accomplishments, ———.' A hollow sepulchral voice interrupted this address—but the figure whence it emanated, she could not see: 'And hast thou not sufficiently tortured me, without these taunts, these mocking falsehoods!—I robbed you *not* of the affections of Louisa M——; she loved ME!—Aye, gnash your teeth!—*Remorse* might better dictate *that!* As to the *accomplishments* of which you speak,—the *spirit*, the *ambition*,—ten years spent in this foul dungeon, deprived of light, of wholesome food, of communion with my fellows, were enough methinks to extinguish them in the most sanguine: and *you* my denaturalized *brother*, my felon-tyrant, and my murderer, can dare to crush me thus! The sinews of the madman lend themselves to my despair, and are a match even for these fetters whose iron has entered into my soul! Straw,—straw,—they are but *straw!*—THINE HOUR IS COME!' Apparently with a single bound at these words, the prisoner burst his chain, and fixed the strained grip of his attenuated hand upon Sir Edward's throat; but the latter was prepared, and seizing one of

the pistols, shot the lank spectre of humanity, —his brother,—through the heart! The door being only closed, not fastened, Mabel was at the same instant before the murderer:—he was bewildered,—and staggered back speechless: at length recovering himself, he exclaimed 'Fatal penalty! Beloved, though you be—and so like her who died still more beloved, —yes—*you* must pay it; must pay with death, a discovery that you, of all others, ought not to have made!" He raised the remaining pistol to fire,—when a visible change came over him: he looked as it were *beyond* Mabel, and she, on half-turning round beheld a tall figure in black vestments behind her! She fainted away, just as Sir Edward fell a corpse, from apoplectic suffocation, on the body of his assassinated brother."

* * * * * *

I cannot describe the thrill of horror which pervaded us during this narration, told too, as Monk Lewis alone could tell it! The sequel, he proposed giving us at some future period: and which *I* will give in its *place*.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales

EIGHTEEN MONTHS AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

CHAPTER V.

BIRTH OF PRINCESS CHARLOTTE: THE PRINCESS'S ILL TEMPER. LORD CHOLMONDELEY, THE INTIMATED SEPARATION, AND THE PRINCESS'S REMARKS. LETTERS OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS. RESIDENCE AT SHREWSBURY HOUSE. LETTER OF THE COUNT ST. MARTIN D——, TO HIS SISTER IN TURIN, RESPECTING THE EARLY YEARS OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AND THE OCCUPATIONS OF HER MOTHER. RESIDENCE AT BLACKHEATH. THE K——G'S VISITS: DIFFERENCES WITH HIS SON. WILLIKIN: LADY D——S SPECULATION.

NINE months after the consummation of the nuptials, Jan. 7, 1796, at near ten o'clock in the morning, the Princess of Wales gave birth to a daughter. The Duke of Leeds was in attendance, as well as other officers of state; and the Prince was also present. Congratulations of course, poured in, on this event being made known; but *he*, who ought to have partaken most largely in the universal joy, exhibited little satisfaction. To use a vulgar expression, he was in an "ill-skin," and could not conceal it even in the prope-

to each other, the rest of our lives will be passed in uninterrupted tranquility.

I am, &c.

George P——."

To this the Princess replied:

"The avowal of your conversation with Lord Cholmondeley neither surprises nor offends me. It merely confirms what you have tacitly *insinuated for this twelve-month*. But after this, it would be a want of delicacy, or rather an unworthy meanness in me, to complain of those conditions which you *impose upon yourself*.

I retain every sentiment of gratitude for the situation in which I find myself, as Princess of Wales, enabled by your means, to indulge in the free exercise of a virtue dear to my heart, I mean *charity*. It will be my duty, likewise, to act upon another motive, that of giving an example of patience and resignation under every trial. Do me the justice to believe that I shall never cease to pray for your happiness, and to be

Your much devoted

Caroline."

This letter was in french, and I give the translation word for word. Until 1801, the Princess resided at Shrewsbury House, near Charlton; and used frequently at an after period, to designate this as the happiest part of her stay in England. There, she superintended the early education of her daughter, as only a mother can;

and her own pursuits were distinguished by an extreme elegance of taste.

The Count St. Martin D——, in writing to his sister, in Turin, thus speaks of the Princess:

"I cannot tell you *ma chere Palmyre*, all the pleasure I have received from a visit to the Princess of Wales, at Charlton. In her, all the virtues of her sex seem concentrated—and indeed, rendered more brilliant by the dark clouds of the *destiny which has awaited her!* Music, painting, embroidery, modelling in clay, floriculture, and reading, fill up the leisure which attendance on her little daughter permits; and the affection of the latter, as it is displayed in every act, word, and look, presents one of the most charming pictures in the world. The Princess raises a great quantity of vegetables, which are given to the poor; but indeed her *alms* of every kind are most munificent. She has very few visitors:—nor does she want them. Her taste in clay-modelling is really astonishing:—a group from Burger's 'Leonora;' and her portrait of her daughter are exquisite: and she has also executed a table in imitation of mosaic, quite a *chef d'oeuvre*. She has a mind teeming with new and original ideas; her conversation is so vivacious, that it is not easy at all times to follow her; and the *play of her eye* so dazzling, that once seen, it is imprinted lastingly on the memory."

* * * * * * *

In 1801 the Princess removed to Blackheath; where, among other visitors she received Lord Hood, Lord Amelius Beauclerc, Sir Sydney Smith, and Captain Manby: and during the summer, she sojourned at

Ramsgate, and other watering places. The K—— was frequent in his visits to the Princess, for he very sincerely loved her; and of course his Blackheath journeys, to and fro, were not unmarked by the bitterest enemy of the Princess—the Q——: and on this subject the P—— and the Q—— could make common cause, much as they detested each other. Indeed, the P—— ventured to remonstrate with his father, for his kind-hearted attention to his Niece, and serious differences ensued.

That the Princess was much attached to children is well known: and is it not one of the loveliest prerogatives and predilections of *woman?* Moreover, is it to be wondered at, that when the Princess Charlotte was eight years old, and was about to be removed wholly from her, she should extend her maternal feelings to the children of those around her? At one time she had no less than nine little *protegés;* whom, however, she did not *pamper* or *educate beyond their sphere:* they were only the better fitted for honest employment, or for that to which, by her interest in the Naval or other departments, they were elected. Little '*Willikin,*'* to be sure, (as she called him) was an exception: he was a pet, and was reared by herself. Out of *such* materials Lady D—— *made her market.*

* *William Austin,* the son of a Sail-maker at Deptford.

William or William Austin?

The celebrated Protegé of

The Princess of Wales – age 5 years.

Taken from the original Miniature by Frederick Sharp

London: Published by W. Fry, 21 Cheltenham Place, 1845.

CHAPTER VI.

LETTER FROM THE PRINCESS OF WALES TO LADY C. L———Y. LORD ABERCORN: BENTLEY PRIORY. SPIES AND FALSE FRIENDS. LADY D—— AND THE INFAMOUS JOB. MISS O'S (NOW LADY M) "STORY OF THE PRIORY." LORD N—— THE DOOMED ONE;—SKETCH OF HIM.

I HAVE always taken a very great interest in the family of the Abercorns—so amiable and so unfortunate! The loss of children while they are yet young is a very great affliction: but to rear and educate, and behold them blooming in love and affection, a *repetition of oneself*,—and *then* to lose them, is almost too great a grief for frail humanity!

Such had been the fate of Lord A——: a lovely and incomparable wife, and daughters beautiful and beloved, had one by one passed away from him! True he had married again: but can the heart, once so lacerated, find consolation in a mere change of state?

On the return of the Princess from a visit to Bentley Priory, Stanmore, she writes as follows to Lady C. L——y.

"I know my dear, you think me little adapted for retirement;—an opinion you have some how or other taken into your good-keeping from the assertions of

Lady C——, who really does not know any thing what ever of my predilections. I have just returned from the Priory, and with regret, for its solitudes delight me; and even the sombre associations which environ that *blighted* family, are not to me, repulsive, for I find an echo in my own heart, of hopes deferred to be but more surely destroyed!

In spite of his misfortunes, Lord A—— always exhibits apparent cheerfulness, nay, almost gaiety; and yet I think I can perceive that it is but assumed—and that makes me feel doubly melancholy; for it is like lightning over a wreck!

But truce to this gloom, or I shall inspire you with some desperate project worthy of the *morgue!* We had a very clever personage among us; no other than Miss O——, celebrated for her novels: but somehow or other she does not please me.

Unlike their french and german neighbours, the English know not how to be at the same time clever and agreeable. Perhaps it may be a want of taste on my part however,—or some sudden prejudice,—for the Marquis holds her in high esteem.

There are of course exceptions; my little friend Matt Lewis, for instance; and the Natural Philosopher.*

In fact literary talent sits much better upon men than upon *our* sex: can any thing be more worthy of a place in the *Précieuses Ridicules* of Moliere, than the *bas bleus* one meets with at Holland house? So minc-

* Sir Humphrey Davy,—who was a frequent, and always a welcome guest of the Princess's. He was a truly sincere good man, as well as one of the first intellects of the age.

ing, affected, half-dogmatical, half-afraid of making other people as clever as themselves!—Bah! these 'Blue Stockings' are almost enough to make one purple with rage!

I say this, and a hundred other things to you, my dear—fearless of being misinterpreted: were I to write in the same way to Lady P——, the whole nation would be set by the ears! Alas! with one or two exceptions, it is, and has been my fate to be surrounded by intriguing people: yet, fate avert, that I should ever become *suspicious!* yet, with such insidious enemies, (like serpents in the bosom,) I cannot contemplate the *future* without a shudder. Mr. Brougham has just stepped in, and tells me he is preparing all his shafts against your return to town, (how his enemies would tremble at such a speech!) and therefore you must pick up a quiver-full at least, of bright sayings in Ayrshire.

Your's very affectionately,

C. P——.

P. S. Our amusing *Gastronomes*, Messieurs Ward and Luttrell, will thank you to send them *all* the salmon at present idling in the Firth of Forth. Moderate, *n'est ce pas?*"

Lady Charlotte L——, to whom this letter is addressed, was one of the most *spirituelle* beings of her time: so witty, so amiable, so brilliant, so infinitely captivating! I have never met with her equal.

The unhappy Princess was soon to find in the future

the serpent of her fears. I confess that it is with great reluctance I approach the confines of that notoriously disgusting and indelicate commission, in which Lady D——— played a principal part: besides, having recently introduced the reader of these pages to the Priory, at Stanmore, I feel no hesitation in remaining for a short time longer amidst its sublime solitudes.

Miss O—— spent great part of every morning in the library, and therefore had an opportunity of rummaging all its gothic contents: one evening after, I suppose, a more than usually successful search, she told us the following

STORY OF THE PRIORY.

It is not more than fifty years since that portion of the Priory which is situated on the confines of the forest, was fitted up for the reception of a brother of the order of *La Trappe.* Why he preferred this country to one in which the Catholic creed found greater favor, was of course discussed among the neighbours; some imagining that the health of the monk required a more bracing atmosphere than that of France: and others, who were less indulgent, imputing the change of residence to some dire necessity brought about by social or political crime. The appearance of the monk, did, it must be allowed, in some measure favor this latter supposition; for in spite of an assumed humility, there was an air of calm and dignified self-possession, peculiar to the nobly-born, which even the vulgar can distinguish; and it was combined with a touching and profound melancholy; with an aspect, in brief, that penetrated the

heart with pity. His age was not more than eight and thirty—yet the cheek was furrowed, and the hair already grey.

The peasantry loved him much, for he was ever the Good Samaritan, (being skilful in pharmacy) when they required his assistance; and as he never aimed at proselytism, the clergy of the neighbourhood did not interfere: in truth, the Rector himself had made more than one visit to the Priory, and had been closeted with Pere Tristan, in consequence, it was supposed, of some hints or revelations made by the then Lord of Abercorn, concerning the french *religieux*. It is well known that the laws of the order of La Trappe, permit the use of speech only to the superiors, and as Pere Tristan imposed upon himself no restraint in this respect, it was to be inferred that he had enjoyed some post of authority. His habits were remarkable for their simplicity: he rose early, fared sparingly, studied much, prayed often, was secluded, yet respected and beloved: and after a residence of six years in this country, died, and was buried in the grave of which he had daily excavated a part.

Among several unimportant papers, a sealed scroll was found, which on being opened was scarcely decypherable, by reason of the many blots, (from tears,) and the palsied character of the writing, owing but too plainly to agitation of mind. It contained the following particulars.

PERE TRISTAN.

My early life was spent amidst the follies, pleasures,

and dissipations, (I ought rather to say *orgies*) of the french capital. It was my misfortune to command at all times abundance of pecuniary means of self-indulgence, through the overweening fondness of a father, whose only child I was. Thus, amidst scenes of vice and debauchery, my heart became early hardened; and that portion of the amiable sex whose virtues have so powerful a tendency to soften and bring us back to virtue, were, by me, reflected on only with sneering, suspicions, and contempt; for I had so far overpast the the rubicon of error, that it appeared as though some dark crime, and its consequent remorse, could alone stimulate me to *look into myself*, and measure the depths of my degradation.

Paris, is, of all other capitals, the most favorable to fashionable intrigue; for among the opulent and distinguished, marriage is no case an affair of the heart. It is a bargain transferred from the counting-house to the *boudoir*:* and there is a tacit understanding that as the affections have no share in the arrangement, the parties contracting shall be perfectly independent of each other.

An unbounded scope was thus given to one, who like myself, was controlled by no law save the power to clutch excitement wherever it presented itself: and so vigorous was my frame, and so strong the delusion of habit, that I felt not the pangs of satiety up to my thirtieth year. Occasionally, it is true, the thought flashed across me, that my time, my strength, my fa-

* Circumstances, which it is not necessary to dwell upon, have since the period when this narrative was written, much modified so artificial and debasing a state of society.

culties *ought* to be otherwise employed; and then I might feel a regret that in some career of usefulness I had not risen to merited distinction: but the reflection was of short continuance, and I returned to wallow in iniquity as before, and with, perhaps, an increased zest.

As to *love*, it appeared to me incredible that such a sentiment could ever take possession of me; and when I first saw the Countess Elise L——, her dazzling beauty was, in my eyes, eclipsed by her more dazzling fortune. The fact was, *my own* wanted repair, and the match so far appeared eligible: and, although her own mistress,—so young and mild a creature, could not, I thought, oppose any obstacle to an union with one who enjoyed the title of Marquis, and was among the handsomest men of his age. But in this I was mistaken. With an ingenuous sweetness of manner, that only barbed the arrow wherewith she wounded me,—she said that my conduct and my principles were equally her aversion; and, that as to *myself*, the feeling which had all along occupied her, was mistrust, bordering upon *hate*. How I bore this shock to my *amour propre* I scarcely recollect, but I believe that I concealed my emotion, and even assumed a greater amiability, though it was a restraint that gnawed into my very soul! To be sure she was more than my equal in fortune, almost equal to me in rank, and my superior as being virtuous: moreover being woman, she was entitled to freedom of expression. But then again, was it no compliment that *I* of all other men selected her? *I*, who had never made a proposal to any human being? Worse than all, was *I* for the first time of my life to be *foiled!*—I swore

that that should *never* be. Then too, I recollected that one of the wise-men of my country had said that "*Hate* was an admirable basis for *Love!*" which although, an apparent paradox, is substantially correct; for *passion*, wherever it exists, changes from the negative to the positive with the rapidity of the electrical fluid. Strange as it may seem, I even began to *like* Elise—and finished by *loving* her; and my time was fully occupied in the attempt to elicit in her breast a reciprocal feeling. Not that I ostensibly sought her; no,—I was too good a contriver for that: but as I had a numerous acquaintance, they aided me in bringing about meetings, that to all outward semblance were simply accidental.—She began to yield. O! the rapture of discovery, when infant love began to mantle her cheek, as we met, or as we parted!

Day by day, I watched the progress of this sentiment, and felt, truth to say, as though a spring of new delights had burst forth to freshen the arid wastes of dissipation. For the first time, I experienced a timidity, save when I looked into her soft dark eye, and beheld the germs of an increasing confidence. I knew not how the declaration came about; suffice it to observe, that it was *mutual*, and that Elise became the Marchioness B——. For three or four months I was a changed man; nay, my assiduity was uninterrupted; the society of my young bride, was to me, all in all.

But novelty is the least stable basis of change!—It appeared to me as though I gradually *exhausted* the fascinations of Elise; and to obviate the chaos that must ensue, I sank once more into olden associations and the

predilections of vice. Indeed, I had begun to wince under the taunts of those who deemed that I had sufficiently sunk in *caste* by becoming "Benedick," let alone the absurdity of being, as they styled it "in love with my wife!"

Now, it was, that the old leaven mixed itself up with the black drop at my heart, and I remembered that she once made the avowal that she "*hated* me." And now it was that her reproaches, her implorations, her tears, her agony, only gave me unmixed pleasure; I never lost my temper; I watched her ravings with sardonic coolness; I even affected to soothe her in order to exasperate her the more effectually afterwards! She bore this treatment for a twelvemonth:—Alas! how many bear it for *a life:* such is the angelic sufferance of woman! Had Elise belonged to a humble sphere; had she not been subject to the whirling vortex of the most dissipated capital in Europe, her principles would have remained methinks, intact, despite the indifference and cruelty of her husband: but deprived of my society, she found consolers among the most fascinating and accomplished of my own sex, and on one of these she conferred the honour of a preference. Little did she imagine, that from the first, I was aware of every particular connected with this *liaison.* I made it the instrument of a new mode of tormenting her; and I had the satisfaction to find that *jealousy,* another new feeling, lent itself to my project. I would remark her abstraction of mind; the broken tenor of her thoughts; her hesitation of speech; her long and deep sighs: and when some assignation touched upon the particular hour, I had

an exquisite satisfaction in delaying or foiling her. I could not, however, long play at this game, for *jealousy* had become my master-passion; and jealousy is a leech, satisfied only with the blood of revenge!

I feigned the necessity for absence in the South, during the interval of a month, and left her to all appearance freed from the task of dissimulating.

But at the end of a week, I returned; and at dead of night was admitted through the garden entrance, by a bribed menial; and with equal facility into my wife's chamber. I drew, or rather tore back the curtains, and flashed the light of the lamp which I held, in the eyes of herself and her paramour.—They leapt from the couch in horror, and I would have murdered *him* on the spot, but that she seized my arm, and prayed with a fervency that overcame me to die in his stead. This gave him an opportunity of escaping; and I made a virtue of the circumstance, and yielded. "But," said I, "how will you die?—for I tell you plainly, I mean to accept the sacrifice!" "By my own hand," she replied hoarsely, but with a certain indication of firmness. "Leave me for six days, and when you return to this house, you will find me its habitant; but no longer hateful to you; for the spirit will have quitted for ever its earthly tenement!"

There was a dark solemnity in this address, which awed me into instant compliance; and, I left Paris.

I returned at the expiration of the time allotted me, and found but one domestic in the house, who informed me that the Marchioness (it was four in the afternoon) had not risen. I rushed to her chamber,

and found her—*dead;* but scarcely cold: an empty phial lay beside her. I tore my hair in grief, that I *could not* control. And *who* was the *immediate* author of this bereavement?—her seducer. Him, I determined instantly to pursue. I traced him to the immediate vicinity of Chartres, way-laid him, and demanded an instant satisfaction. He professed himself unpractised in duelling by pistol, whereas *I* was an indubitable marksman. I soon settled the matter, for drawing out the charge from one of the weapons, I placed them on the ground, and asked him *to choose.*

"*Now,*" said I "we are upon an equal footing; we will place a muzzle at the brow of each, and *one* MUST be killed. In this way alone can my revenge be satiated!"

He fell.—I left him one of the pistols; and when found, he was supposed to have committed suicide, more especially as he was *en fuite,* and had exhibited much despondency and distraction of manner.

Providing myself with a sum of money, I retired to one of the solitary vicinities of the black forest; and I should vainly attempt to describe all the agonies of an overwhelming remorse! But it was my good fortune to meet with an englishman, whom I had seen in Paris, and had *then* ridiculed for his religious feelings; who imbued me with a right spirit, and even prevailed on me to accompany him, to the house of his friend (the Lord Abercorn) in England. There the austerities of Trappism, (in which I had previously become initiated,) the consolations of prayer, the study of medical and other sciences, and the means of being occasionally useful, filled up my time. As I write this, the *sixth* year has

nearly expired, and I feel that I shall not outlive it. May my career be a lesson to those who deem that lawlessness of passion, can, under any circumstances be justifiable!"

Such was Miss O's story: and I could not help remarking that in Lord N——, who was present, it produced an effect, almost too painful for contemplation. He rose and leant against the marble chimney-piece; and when he turned, the perspiration beaded his brow, and he was pale as death; his light brown hair floated in disorder, and his fine features were convulsed with some more than ordinary emotion; but, of the LOVE EVENTS, which constitute his history, I must at present defer the relation.

CHAPTER VII.

LETTER OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES TO THE AUTHORESS: SALE OF ROYAL TRINKETS: THEIR ESTIMATED VALUE. THE Q——, AND OTHER ENEMIES OF THE PRINCESS. THE MASQUERADE. SPIES EMPLOYED TO WATCH AND MISREPRESENT. THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

I RECEIVED the following letter from the Princess, at a time when money was as scarce as it was desirable—thanks to those who administered the supplies:—

"My dear,—

After a good deal of hunting among all sorts of keepsakes, I have discovered a pair of ancient looking ear-rings, which were presented me by the Q——, of whose *enmity*, and *malignity* they could alone *now* be the representatives. Of the sapphires, I have as poor an opinion as of *her*; but I really think the diamonds will fetch £100; so the sooner you negotiate for the *comptant* the better. In few words, *I want money.*

Your's ever,

C. P——."

What a comment is this, on the conduct of the Q—— to her hapless daughter-in-law! Was it not by consent of the Q—— that the favorite of the P—— was sent to escort the Princess to this country? Was not the advice given by the Q—— to the Princess specially calculated to mislead her? Did not the Q—— contrive, in a manner most inhuman and unwomanly, to render the P——'s *first* visit to the Princess after her *accouchement*, disgusting? Were not artifices used to drug her beverage, and give her an air of inebriation? Were not vicious horses provided for her? Were not her letters opened, and made the basis of infernal plots? Was she not thwarted—studiously thwarted—in *every thing?* Well might the poor Princess, free as she was from any malicious propensity, regard her mother-in-law as something dreadfully obnoxious!

It is well known that the Duchess of Y—— was frequently in the habit of attending masquerades at the

nobility's houses, and nothing further was remarked about the circumstance: but the Princess had far too many *kind friends* on the watch to permit *her* any innocent enjoyment, without an *after-accusation*. The Princess, for instance, went to Mrs. Chichester's masquerade, *incog.* with three of her ladies, and it will scarcely be believed, that because she *walked* with them from Oxford-street, at midnight, to the Albany; where another lady of her household was to meet her, the act was pronounced most condemnatory! Truly the royal are not to be envied! There are even those who, to curry favour with the powerful, will anticipate their worst designs and *over-act* them; and of these, there were many in immediate contact with the P——. That all the most nefarious means were used to entrap the Princess into some unwary deed, is certain; that all she did was watched and misrepresented is also certain; and that the P—— *sanctioned* all, is a circumstance to his lasting disgrace. Out of these foul gatherings arose the SECRET TRIBUNAL, and that council in which the D——s took so prominent and so degraded a part,—as I shall now proceed to show.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INFAMOUS DIARY OF LADY D——; FORMING A BASIS FOR THE STATEMENT SUBMITTED TO THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

I HAVE already given very plainly, my opinion of Lady D· : and the abominable diary, which follows, is, of itself, sufficient affirmation to the truth of that censure.

DIARY OF LADY D——.

My husband, Sir John D——, took a house upon Blackheath, in the year 1801; the air being better for him after his services in Egypt, than that of London: and it was also nearer Chatham, where his military duties called him.

Feb. 17.—I gave birth to a daughter. In November when the snow was on the ground, I was sitting in my parlour which commanded a view of the heath, when to my surprise I saw the Princess of Wales, elegantly dressed in a lilac-satin pelisse, primrose-coloured half-boots, and a small lilac-satin travelling cap faced with

sable. She, and a lady, walked several times before the house, and sometimes stopped as if desirous of opening the iron gate, to come in. At first, I had no idea that this was the Princess's intention: I thought she had mistaken the house for some other person's; indeed, I did not imagine she knew where I lived. As I gazed at her through the window, she looked full at me: and I curtsied, as I understood was customary, when to my astonishment, she returned my curtsey with a familiar nod, and stopped. Old Lady S——, a west-indian, who lived near, was in the room, and said "You should go out,—Her Royal Highness wants to come in out of the snow." Upon this I went out, and she came immediately to me, and said "I believe you are Lady D——; and have a very beautiful child;—I should like to see it." I answered, that I regretted much that my family were in town. The Princess said "I should like of all things to see your little child."

I held the gate open, and the Princess and her lady, Miss H—— walked in, sat down, and stayed above an hour. They laughed very much at Lady S——, who was a singular character, and talked all kind of nonsense. She shook hands with me at parting, and enquired after Sir John D—— and Sir Sydney S——; and then it was that I perceived the latter (who was an old friend of Sir John's, and in some measure resided at our house) had informed the Princess that we resided on the heath. On returning to town I told Sir

John D—— of the visit, and a few days after, we received a note from Mrs. Lisle, (who was in waiting) commanding us to dine at Montagu house. Among other persons at dinner were Lord and Lady D——h, and Mr. and Mrs. A——t.

The Princess made me frequent visits after this, attended by her ladies, or by her maid Miss S———s: the latter was usually put in another room; but her ladies sat with her. No livery servants at any time attended the Princess.

She became in a short time so extravagantly fond of me that although it was very flattering, it was extremely troublesome. She would leave her attendants, push past my servant, run up stairs into my bedchamber, kiss me, take me in her arms, tell me I was beautiful, and that she had never loved any woman so much. She would regulate my dress, saying that she delighted in setting off a pretty woman: and pay me other high-flown compliments, that women never pay to each other. I used to beg the Princess not to feed my self-love, as we all had enough of that, without encouraging it in one another. She would then stop me, and enumerate all my good points, and say that she was resolved to teach me to set them off. Even before strangers, and perpetually, she would exclaim 'O believe me,—you are quite beautiful, different from almost any

English woman: your arms are fine beyond imagination: your bust is very good: and your eyes—O I never saw such eyes: all other women who have dark eyes look fierce—but yours, my dear Lady D——, are nothing but softness, and sweetness, and yet quite dark!' I remember one morning at Montagu house, the Duke of Kent came to take leave before proceeding to Gibraltar; and the Princess said, introducing me "You must look at her eyes: but now she has disguised herself in a large hat, you cannot see how handsome she is." The Duke was polite enough to continue talking to Mrs. H——, and took little notice of me: but the Princess persisting, said "Take off your hat:" which, as I did not do, she took it off. The Duke however, conceiving it could not be very pleasant to me, took little notice.

When the Princess visited us, Sir John or I invariably accompanied her quite home. If Sir John were out I took my footman: for we soon saw that the Princess was a very singular and a very indiscreet woman; and we resolved to be always very careful and guarded with her. When she visited us, if any visitors came to our house, they were put into another room, and they could not see the Princess, nor be in her society unless she positively desired it. However, Her Royal Highness *forgot her high station*, AND SHE WAS ALWAYS FORGETTING IT. (!!)* Thus ended the year 1801.

* This is a very climax of slanderous abuse,—but, by what 'foregone conclusion' is it warranted?

Feb. 1802.—The Princess in one of her morning visits, sent S———e (her maid) home, and said to me "My dear Lady D——, I am come to see you this morning, to ask a great favour of you, which I hope you will grant me?" "I told her that I WAS SURE she would not make any UNWORTHY request* and that I would only say, I should have great pleasure in doing any thing to oblige her, but I was really at a loss to guess how I could possibly have it in my power to grant her a favour." The Princess replied "What I have to ask of you is, to come and spend a fortnight with me: you shall not be separated from Sir John, for he may be with you whenever he pleases; and bring your little girl and maid. I mean you to come to the round tower, where there is a complete suite of rooms for a lady and her servant. When Mrs. L—— was in waiting, and hurt her foot, she resided there. Miss H—— always was there; and Lord and Lady L———n have slept there. When I have any married people visiting me, it is better than their being in the house, and we are only separated by a small garden. I dislike Miss G——h, and she hates to be with me, more than what her duty demands, and I dont wish to trouble any lady of mine out of her turn. I shall require you as lady in waiting, to attend me in my walks and when I drive out: write my notes and letters for me, and be in the way to speak to any one who may come on business. I seldom appear until about three o'clock, and you may go home before I want you after breakfast every day." I replied "that being a married woman, I could not answer

† How *consistent* this is with the slander just now expressed.

for myself,—Sir John was out of health,—I should not like to leave him: but that he was always so kind and good-natured to me, I dared venture to say he would allow me, if he could."

Sir John agreed to the Princess's desire, and I took the waiting. During my stay, I attended Her Royal Highness to the play and the opera, twice: and also to dine at Lord D———h's, and Mr. Wyndham's. At Mr. Wyndham's in the evening, while one of the ladies was at the piano-forte, the Princess complained of being very warm and *called out* for ale; which, by mistake in the language she always called *oil.** Mrs. Wyndham was perfectly at a loss to comprehend her wishes, and came to me for an explanation. I told her I believed she meant *ale.* Mrs. Wyndham said she had none in the house: was it any particular kind she required? I told her I believed not; that when the Princess thought proper to visit me, she *always wanted it,* and I gave her what I had or could procure. She could not always suddenly obtain what was wished. Mrs. Wyndham then sent for some: it was brought, and the Princess *drank it all.*†

When at Lord D———h's, he asked me if I was the only lady in waiting,—being, I suppose, surprised at my

* A specimen of Lady D——'s invention and dry humour.

† How obviously this woman twists every incident to the disadvantage of her Patroness!

appearing in that situation, when to his knowledge I had not known the Princess more than four months. I answered I was at Montagu house, acting as lady in waiting, until Miss G——h was well, as the Princess told me she was ill. Lord D——h looked surprised, and said he 'had not heard of Miss G——h being ill.' I was struck with this seeming doubt,—and afterwards thought of it.*

From dinner we went early to the opera, and then returned to Blackheath.

During this visit I was greatly surprised at the whole style of the Princess's conversation, which was constantly *very loose*, and such as I had not been accustomed to hear; such as in many instances I have not been able *to repeat, even to Sir John;* and such as made me hope I should cease to know her, before *my daughter might be old enough to be corrupted by her (!!)* †

I confess, I went home *hoping* and believing she was

* Another base insinuation.

† This is really laughable in its manifold malignity. The allegation of "very louse," is made as an assumption without proof, and the infinite DELICACY of this woman was so far shocked, that she could not even "repeat to Sir John," what she publishes by inference for the benefit of the P—— and the public!!! Then too her daughter was an infant: and although, *for the benefit of the daughter*, the Princess of Wales at a later date commanded Lady D——'s absence from Montagu house—yet that command (which saved her daughter from the chance of "*corruption*") was the splenetic origin of this tissue of most detestable inventions!!

at times a good deal *disorded in her senses,** or she never would have gone on as she did. When she came to sup with me in the tower (which she often did,) she would arrive in a long red cloak; a silk handkerchief tied over her head and under her chin, and a pair of slippers down at the heels.†

After supper I used to attend her to the house :—and found her a person *without education or talents,* and without *any desire of improving herself.*‡

* A pretty confession! How kind!

† An admirable proof of *insanity!*

‡ Another absurd contradiction from this 'Tom-tit sitting in judgment on the Nightingale;'—are not both '*education*' and '*talent*' necessary to stimulate the desire of *improving* oneself?!

CHAPTER IX.

LADY D——'S INFAMOUS DIARY CONTINUED.

Amongst other things which the Princess told me, to my great surprise, was a plan she had in hand; that Prince William of Gloster liked me, and that she had written to him to tell him a fair lady was in her tower; that she left it to his own heart to find out who it was; but if he was the gallant Prince she thought him, he would fly and see. I was amazed at such a contrivance, and said 'Good God! how could your Royal Highness do so. I really like Sir John better than any body, and am quite satisfied and happy. I waited nine years for him, and never would marry any other person.' The Princess ridiculed this, and said 'Nonsense!—Nonsense!—my dear friend.'

In consequence of the Princess's note, Prince William actually rode the next morning to the tower; but by good fortune Sir Sidney S—— had previously called and been admitted; and as we were walking by the house saw the Prince coming, went immediately out of sight, and ran and told a servant to say she and I were gone walking; and we immediately walked away to Charlton; having first, unperceived, seen Prince William ride back again,

of course not very well pleased; and possibly believing I had a hand in his ridiculous adventure *

The Prince was angry. Soon after, the late Duke of Gloster came and desired to see the Princess, and told her that his son William had represented to him how very free she permitted Sir Sidney S—— to be; and how frequently he was at Montagu house; that it rested with herself to keep her acquaintance at a proper distance; and that as Sir Sidney was a lively thoughtless man, and had not been accustomed to the society of ladies of her rank, he might forget himself, and she would then have herself to blame: that, as a father, and an earnest friend, he came to her, very sorry indeed to trouble her; but he conjured and begged her to recollect how very peculiar her situation was, and how *doubly requisite* it was, that she should be *more cautious* than other people.†

To end this lecture, (as she called it) she rang the bell, and desired Mrs. Cole to fetch me. I went into the drawing-room where the Duke and Her Royal Highness were sitting, and she introduced me as an *old friend of Prince William's. (!)* ‡

* This was a practical joke carried a little too far for the nerves of a Prince, but it would appear that Lady D—— and the Princess enjoyed it in concert, particularly in the *retreat to Charlton!*

† How true. Unhappy *Royalty!*

‡ Very like a Whale—truly!

The Duke got up, looked at me very much, and then said "The Princess has been talking a great deal about you, and tells me you have MADE one of the most delightful children in the world ;* and indeed it might well be so, when the mother was so handsome and so good-natured looking."

Of the Duke, she afterwards said—"He is so inquisitive and watches me, that I will cheat him, and throw dust in his eyes, and make him believe Sir Sidney comes here to see you, and that you and he are the greatest possible friends. I delight of all things, in cheating those very clever people." Her speech and intentions made me serious; † and my mind was forcibly struck with the great danger there would follow to myself, if she were this kind of person. I begged her not to think of doing such a thing, saying 'Your Royal Highness knows it is not so, and although I would do much to oblige you, yet when my own character is at stake I must stop. Good God! ma'am—His Royal Highness would naturally repeat it, and what should I do? Reputation will not bear being sported with.' The Princess took me by the hand, and said, "Certainly, my dear Lady D——, I know very well it is not so, and therefore it does not signify. I am sure it is not so; *that* I am sure of. I have much too good an opinion of you, and too good an opinion of Sir Sidney S——. It would be very bad in him, after Sir John's hospitality to him. I know him in-

* In the original the word *made* is in italics. What a picture the whole paragraph gives us of the *delicacy* of Lady D——!!

† The allegation that she was an '*old*' friend of Prince William's, had not it appears the same effect!

capable of such a thing, for I have known him a long time; *but still I wonder too, in the same house it does not happen.*" *(!!)*

By this time I was rather vexed, and said "Your Royal Highness, and I, think quite differently. Sir Sidney S—— comes and goes, as he pleases, to his room in our house. I really see little of him. He seems a very good-humoured pleasant man; and I always think one may be on very friendly terms with men who are friends of one's husbands, without being their humble servants." The Princess argued upon this for an hour and said, "This is Miss G——h's argument; but she is mistaken; it is ridiculous: if ever a woman is upon friendly terms with any man, they are sure to become lovers." I said "I shall continue to think as Miss G——h does: it depends very much upon the lady."

March 29.—Left Montagu house. The Princess commanded me to be sent up to her bedchamber. Found her in bed, and took Mr. V——'s note in my hand, announcing news of peace. She desired me to sit down close to the bed, and then taking my hand she said, "You see my dear friend, I have the most complaisant husband in the world; I have no one to control *me;* I see whom I like, go where I like, spend what I please, and His Royal Highness pays for all. Other english husbands plague their wives, but he never

plagues me at all. I am better off than my sister, who was heartily beat every day. How much happier am I than the Duchess of Y——! She and the Duke hate each other, and yet they will be two hypocrites, and live together: that, *I* would never do. Now, I'll show you a letter wherein my beloved gives me full leave to follow my own plans." (She gave me the letter to peruse.) "I should have been the man, and he the woman: I am real *Brunswick* and know not what the sensation of fear is; but *he*, if he can but have his slippers under any old dowager's table, and sit there scribbling notes, that's his whole delight." She then talked of obtaining a formal separation, through the Chancellor, if possible; and said that "when she lived in Carlton house, the Prince often asked her why she 'did not select some particular gentleman for her friend; and was surprised she did not.'" She added that "Prince William, she understood, would like to marry her daughter or *self*, if he could: that the P—— had offered her £60,000 per annum to go and live at Hanover; but that she never would, for that this was the only country to live in."

CHAPTER X.

LADY D——'S INFAMOUS DIARY CONTINUED. THE LIE ABOUT THE BREAKFAST SCENE AT LADY W————'S. MISS K———. LADY ANNE WYND—. ASSERTED SLANDERS ON THE ROYAL FAMILY. LADY AND MISS R———: RAGE OF THE PRINCESS,—ACCORDING TO LADY D——'S VERSION.

After I had returned home the same apparent friendship was shown me. In one of the Princess's evening visits, she told me she was come to have a long conversation with me; that she had been in great agitation, and I must guess what had happened to her. I guessed a great many things, but she said "No" to all. "Well then, I must tell you," said Her Royal Highness, but I am sure you know all the while. I thought you had completely found me out, and therefore I came to you, for you looked droll when I called for ale and fried onions and potatoes; and when I said I ate tongue and chickens at my breakfast. I assuredly thought you suspected me: tell me honestly,—did you not? I *affected* not to understand the Princess at all, and *really*

did not comprehend her. (!)* She then said, "Well I'll tell all:—I am *with child*,—and the child came to life when I was breakfasting with Lady W———. The milk flowed up into my breast so fast, that it came through my muslin gown, and I was obliged to pretend that I had spilt something, and go up stairs to wipe my gown with a napkin: and got up stairs into Lady W———'s room, and did very well, but it was an unlucky adventure."

In this place, I must interrupt Lady D——'s narrative in order to expose as barefaced a tissue of falsehood as ever was foisted upon public credulity. It is not by assumptions and epithets, that I shall combat the slander, but by personal depositions and facts that *cannot* be controverted. Lord S——— (then Secretary of State) was one of the private Commission of Enquiry, appointed under seal, to give the Princess all the benefit of torture and of trial: his letter to Lord G—— is as follows.

(Private.) June 20, 1806.

"In consequence of certain inquiries directed by his Majesty, Lady D——, wife of Sir John D——, of ———, has deposed upon oath, that she was told by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, that '*at a breakfast at* LADY W———'s *house*, in May or June 1802, &c.'"

(An extract follows.)

* *Equivocation* 'will out!'

"It being material to ascertain as far as possible the truth of this fact, I am to request that your Lordship will have the goodness to desire Lady W———, to put down in writing, every circumstance in any manner relative thereto, *(if any such there be* *) of which her Ladyship has any recollection: and also to apprize me, for his Majesty's † information, whether at any time during the course of the above-mentioned year, Lady W——— observed any such alteration in the Princess's shape; or any other circumstance that might induce her Ladyship to believe that Her Royal Highness was pregnant.

I am, &c.

S———."

Lord G wrote:—

"In obedience to your commands, I lost no time in communicating to Lady W——— the important subject of your private letter, dated 20th. Inst. and I have the honor of enclosing a letter to your Lordship from Lady W———.

I am, &c.

G——."

Lady W———'s letter to Lord S———.

"In obedience to the command contained in your Lordship's letter communicated to me by Lord G——,

* It is plain enough, what Lord S——— thought of the allegation!

† The K—— was passive, or a tool, in the business:—perhaps somewhat irritated by the lying whispers of the Princess's enemies to the effect that she had spoken disrespectfully of him.

I have the honor to inform you that I have no recollection whatever of the fact stated to have taken place during a breakfast at Whitehall, in May or June, 1802: nor do I bear in mind *any particular circumstances*, relative to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, at the period to which you allude.

June 21, 1806."

Lady W————'s reply to the queries of the "Commission" upon oath. Date, July 3, 1806.

Query.

1. "Does Lady W———— remember seeing the Princess of Wales at breakfast or dinner at her house either at Whitehall or Beckenham, in or about the months of May or June, 1802?"

Reply.

1. "In the course of the last ten years, the Princess has frequently done me the honor to breakfast and dine at Whitehall and Langley, in Kent. Her Royal Highness may have been at my house in the months of May or June, 1802, but of the periods at which I had the honor of receiving her, I have no precise recollection."

Query.

2. "Has her ladyship any recollection of the circumstance of Her Royal Highness having retired from

the company at such breakfast or dinner, on account, or under the pretence of having spilt anything over her handkerchief? And if so, did Lady W——— attend Her Royal Highness on that occasion? and what then passed between them relative to that circumstance?"

Reply.

2. "*I do not remember Her Royal Highness having at any time* RETIRED FROM THE COMPANY EITHER AT WHITEHALL OR AT LANGLEY, UNDER THE PRETENCE OF HAVING SPILT ANYTHING OVER HER HANDKERCHIEF." (!!!)

Query.

3. "Had Lady W——— frequent opportunities in the course of that year, to see Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and at what periods? And did she at any time during the year observe any appearance which led her to suspect that the Princess of Wales was pregnant?"

Reply.

3. "To the best of my remembrance I had few opportunities of seeing the Princess of Wales in the year 1802, and I do not recollect having observed any particular circumstances relative to Her Royal Highness's appearance."

Query.

4. "Is Lady W———— acquainted with any other circumstances leading to the same conclusion, or tending to establish the fact of a criminal intercourse or improper familiarity between Her Royal Highness, and any other person whatever? and if so what are they?"

Reply.

4. "DURING THE TEN YEARS I HAVE HAD THE HONOR OF KNOWING THE PRINCESS OF WALES, I DO NOT BEAR IN MIND A SINGLE INSTANCE OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S CONDUCT IN SOCIETY TOWARDS ANY INDIVIDUAL, TENDING TO ESTABLISH THE FACT OF A CRIMINAL INTERCOURSE OR IMPROPER FAMILIARITY.

W———."

A true nobility of character pervades the entire statement of Lady W————, and must to all unprejudiced minds be conclusive, as to the falsehood of the allegations which it repels. Lady D—— however sustains *her* story by an affected sympathy.

LADY D——S DIARY: *(continued.)*

"I was indeed most sincerely *concerned* for her; con-

ceiving it impossible but she must be ruined, and I expressed my sorrow in the strongest terms, saying, 'what would she do?—She could never carry such an affair through, and I hoped she was mistaken.' She said 'No: she was sure of it: and these sort of things only required a good courage: that she should manage very well: but would not employ *me* in the business, for I was like all the English women, so very nervous: that she had observed me so frightened a few days past when a horse galloped near me, that she would not let me have anything to do for the world. You will be surprised', she said, 'to see how well I manage it: and I am determined to suckle the child *myself*.'"

I expressed great apprehension, and asked her what she would do if the Prince of Wales seized her person, when she was a wet-nurse? She said she would never suffer any one to touch her person: and laughing, added "You know nothing about these things; if you had read *Les Aventures du Chevalier de Grammont*, you would know better what famous tricks Princesses and their ladies played then; and you shall and must read the story of Catherine Parr, and a Lady Douglas of those times; have you never heard of it?" She then related it, but as I had never heard of it, I looked upon it as her own invention * to reconcile my mind to these kind of things.

* *Whose* 'invention,'—is obvious enough!

After this, we often met; and the Princess often alluded to her situation and to mine. One day as we were sitting on the sofa, she put her hand on her stomach, and said, laughing: "Well, here we sit, like Mary and Elizabeth in the Bible." When she was bled, she used to press me always to be present, and used to be quite angry that I would not, and whatever she thought good for herself, she always recommended to me.

Her Royal Highness, now, took every opportunity to estrange me from Sir John, by laughing at him, and wondering how I could be content with him. She urged me constantly to keep my own room, and not to continue to sleep with him; and said, if I had any more children, she would have nothing more to say to me.

Her design was evident and easily seen through, and consequently averted. She naturally wished to keep us apart, lest in a moment of confidence, I should repeat what she had divulged,* and if she estranged me from my husband, she kept me to herself. I took especial care therefore, that my regard for him should not be undermined; I never told him *her situation;* and contrary

*This is like stopping a leak after the ship begins to sink!—The Princess according to this account, had *already* told all she could, knowing that Sir John and Lady D —— were the best friends in the world, and that every hour afforded a probable opportunity of intercommunication; and yet she (the Princess) intrigues prospectively to bring about a separation!.!—Bah!

to her wishes, Sir John and I remained upon the same happy terms that we always had.

It will scarcely be credited, (nevertheless it is strictly true, and those who were present must avow it or perjure themselves) what liberty the Princess gave both to her thoughts and her tongue in respect to every part of the royal family. It was disgusting to us beyond the power of language to describe:* and upon such occasions we always believed and hoped she could not be aware of what she was talking about, otherwise common family affection, common sense, and common policy would have kept her silent. She said before the two F———s, Sir Sidney S——, and ourselves, that when Mr. A——— had his house given him, his Majesty did not know what he was about, and waved her hand round and round her head, laughing and saying, "Certainly he did not; *but the Queen got twenty thousand pounds, so that was all very well!*" †

* But not more disgusting than the unparalleled malignity of these assertions, which (they are introduced into the sworn deposition) *have no relation whatever to the objects of the Commission*, and are therefore put forth manifestly to blacken the character of the Princess, and make her odious in the eyes of her only earthly friend, the K——. But this scheme failed: for the K—— was (and it was a high virtue) steadfast in his attachments.

† That the Princess was well 'aware of what she was talking about,' this allusion to the peculative dispositions of some ycleped *Royal*, amply proves. In a statement full of inconsistencies it is infinitely convenient to attribute occasional *idiotcy* to the principal personage,—but they must be worse than idiots who cannot see through so shallow a subterfuge!

We were all at a loss, and no one said any thing. This was at my house one morning; the rest of the morning was spent in abusing Mr. A———, (now Lord S———) and her critiques upon him closed by saying "It was not much wonder a peace was not lasting, when it was made by the son of a quack-doctor."

Before Miss H———, one evening at my house, she said "Prince William is going to Russia, and there is to be a grand alliance with a Russian Princess:—but it is not very likely a Russian Princess will marry the grandson of a washer-woman!" Sir Sidney S——— who was present, begged her pardon, asserted it was not so, and wished to stop her, but she contradicted him. and entered into all she knew of the private history of the Duchess's mother, saying "She was literally a common washer-woman, and the Duchess need not to take so much pains, and not expose her skin to the open air when her mother had been in it all day long!"*

When she was gone Sir John was very much disgusted,

* The grounds of Sir Sidney S———'s objection are not stated;—*I should like to see them!* The following observations of the Princess *may be relied on;* and they exhibit her heart and character exactly as they *ought* to be viewed. "If I were to live constantly with my royal cousins, and they were to *behave kindly to me,* I should be devotedly attached to them; but they treat me ill, and I feel repelled. At the same time I love my dear old uncle with the most unfeigned affection—though alas! his mental bereavement denies me at present, all communion with him!"

and said that her conversation had been so low and ill-judged, that he was perfectly ashamed of her, and she disgraced her station. Sir Sidney S—— agreed, and confessed he was astonished; and that she was not deserving of her station. After the Duke of Kent *had been so kind* as to come and take leave of her, before he last left England, upon the day I mentioned, she delivered her critique upon His Royal Highness, saying, 'He had the manners of a Prince, but was a disagreeable man, and not to be trusted; and that his Majesty had told him: 'Now, sir, when you go to Gibraltar, do not make such a trade of it as you did, when you went to Halifax!' The Princess repeated, 'upon my honor it is true the K—— said—Do not make such a trade of it.' She went on to say 'The Prince at first ordered them all to keep away: but they now come sometimes: however they are no loss, for there is not a man among them all, whom any one can make their friend!'"*

As I was one morning with the Princess in her garden-house, the Duke of C———— waited upon her. As soon as he was gone, she said "He was a foolish boy

* A faithful character of Princes in general; in whom, as confirmed by the very highest warrant we can *put no trust*. As to the *trading*, it is a mere pleasantry, for it has, and does, and will always exist more or less in such situations as that occupied by the Duke of Kent,—as George the third very well knew. Are *we* not, moreover, a nation of *Boutiquiers!*

and had been asking her a thousand foolish questions."* She then told me every word of his secrets, which he had been telling her; in particular a long story about Miss K———. He had said, the old woman left them together, and wanted to take him in, and therefore he had cut the connexion. She said she 'liked his countenance best, but she could trace a little family likeness to herself: but for all the rest, they were very ill-made, and had plum-pudding faces, which she could not bear.'†

His Royal Highness the Duke of C——— was next ridiculed. She said 'he looked exactly like a serjeant, and so vulgar, with his ears full of powder.'‡

This was Her Royal Highness's usual and favorite mode of amusing herself and company. The conversation was ALWAYS ABOUT MEN: PRAISING the english men: reviling the english WOMEN; as being the UGLIEST creatures in the world, without regard to consequences or appearances.

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* The King of Hanover should ponder this deeply. It is never too late to take up with wise courses,—though it must be allowed, New Governments, demand a more than common share of wisdom, enlightened feeling and forbearance. Assuredly the King of Hanover does not want *talent*: but the right exercise of it is another thing.

† *Who can ?!*

‡ Good King William, would have laughed at this as heartily as anybody. He never professed (excellent old soul!) to rise above the unpolished mien which necessarily distinguishes the *Sailor*—and Sailor he was, from top to toe—with the exception of his ears, perhaps, *when powdered*.

Here, I again stop the infamous diary of Lady D—— to show how utterly at variance truth must always be with falsehood, and how impossible it is to sustain the latter under fair appearances, beyond a very brief period. In the above paragraph,—one single paragraph—there is a special two-fold contradiction both of itself and of the whole diary. The conversation is so far *always* about MEN, that in the very next line we are told it treats of WOMEN!! And, although we had just been regaled by Lady D—— with a tray-full of *sarcasm* against english *men* (I presume english *Dukes* are to be so considered:) yet she tells us half-a-dozen lines lower down, that the Princess was 'always' PRAISING the english *men!!!* As to the Princess calling the english women the "*ugliest* creatures in the world," Lady D—— takes very excellent good care in another part of her diary, to inform us that Her Royal Highness thought *her* (Lady D——) a superb beauty!!

Further, from my own knowledge the Princess entertained no mental reservation, in speaking of the personal qualities of english women. Of one of the daughters of the Argyll family, for instance who was much with her, she always spoke in terms of enthusiastic admiration. In fact, the whole tenor of the Princess's character was at variance with any such petty feeling as is here so industriously attributed. But what can we expect, other than blindness from the mole, and poison from the tooth of the serpent?!

"She chose" continues Lady D—— "to relate to me

every private circumstance she knew relative to every part of the Royal family, and also everything relative to her own, with such strange anecdotes and *circumstantial accounts of things that* NEVER ARE TALKED OF that I *again repeat* I hope shall never hear *again*.(!)*

I remember once in my lying-in room, she gave such an account of Lady Ann Wyndham's marriage, and all her husband said on the occasion, that Mrs. Fitzgerald sent her daughter out of the room while Her Royal Highness finished her story.†

Such was the person we found in the Princess of Wales, and as we continued to see her character and faults, Sir John and myself more and more, daily and hourly *regretted that the world could not see her as we did* :‡ and that the Princess of Wales should have lost *any popularity*, when, from her OWN account, (!) *the only account we ever had*, SHE was the *aggressor from the*

* What exquisite perspicuity and propriety of style!—how worthy of the historian of the Princess of Wales!!

† And what of that? Are not such narrations frequent (being peculiar to) the lying-in room? And are not young girls on such occasions commonly sent away?. Doubtless *if* there had been anything in the 'story' likely to injure the Princess, *it would have been recapitulated.*

‡ No: it *could* not;—for the whole 'world' with all its wickedness, was not, it appears, quite so uncharitable as Sir John and Lady D—— !!

beginning—herself *alone: (!!)* and I, as an humble individual declare, from the most *heartfelt** and unfeigned conviction, that I believe if any other woman had acted as Her Royal Highness has done, I never yet have known a man who could have endured it. Her temper is so tyranical, capricious, and furious that no man on earth will ever bear it: and in private life, any woman who had thus played and sported with her husband's comfort and popularity, would have been turned out of house, or left by herself in it, and would deservedly have forfeited her place in society. I therefore again beg leave to repeat from the conviction of my own unbiassed understanding, and my own eyes, that no human being could live with her, excepting her servants for their wages; and any *poor unfortunate women* like the Fitzgeralds for their dinner (!!) and I trust and hope her *real* character will sometime or another be displayed, that the people of this country, may not be imposed upon.†

The Princess was sometimes kind and at others churlish, especially if I would not fall into her plans of ridiculing Sir John. About this time, one day at table

* In italics in the original.—What a *heart!!!*

† The authoress of this 'Diary of the Court of George IV.' hopes to fulfil her purpose of making the REAL character of the Princess known—though not *exactly* in the sense of Lady D——! And not only does she trust and hope,' but has no doubt whatever, that the "people of this country" will no longer "be IMPOSED upon!"

with her, she began abusing *Lady Rumbold* (whom she had invited to see her some days before, to give her letters of recommendation, if she went to Brunswick:) and as the abuse was in the *usual violent vulgar* style, and I had never seen Lady Rumbold but that one morning she was Her Royal Highness's guest, and cared nothing about her, I did not join in reviling her and Miss Rumbold.

Sir Sidney S—— was present, and as there appeared a great friendship between the Rumbolds and him, I thought it not civil to him to say anything; and one always conceives, in being quite *silent*, one must be safe from offending any party.*

I was, however, mistaken; for observing me silent, she looked at me in a dreadful passion, and said, "Why don't you speak, Lady D——, I know you think her ugly as well as we,—a vulgar, common milliner:—Lord heavens! that she is:—and her daughter looks just like a girl that walks up the street." I suppose she expected by this thundering appeal to force me to join in the abuse; but it had a contrary effect on me.† I chose to judge entirely for myself, and I was determined I would not: therefore when she had *raved* until she *could go on no longer*, I said I did not think her ugly; it was a harsh term: I thought her manner very bad,

* This woman's mean narrowness and ignorance of social right is perpetually breaking out: she does not know, it appears that that "silence" which originates in *moral cowardice*, offends ALL parties!

† It is only in women of the *meanest* minds, that a love of contradiction prevails: and it will at all times easily overcome any scrupulosity of 'silence.'

and that she was very ill-dressed: but when young, I thought she must have been a pretty woman.

This was past her power of enduring, which I really did not know, or I would have remained silent.—She fixed her eyes furiously upon me, and bawled out, "Then, you're a liar—you're a liar,—and the little child you're going to have, will be a liar!" I pushed my plate from me, eat no more, and remained silent; and my first impulse was to push back my chair and quit the house; but the idea that I should break up the party from table and make a confusion, and also my not being able to walk home, and my carriage not being ordered until night, left me in my chair. The conversation was changed: at last, Sir Sidney said "Well, these ladies have had a severe trimming, they had better not have come to Blackheath; and there sits poor Lady D——, looking as if she were going to be *executed!*"

This fate, however justly it might be merited, was not reserved for Lady D——; who, was permitted with impunity to attribute to one of the highest personages in the realm, a foul and penal crime, fatal alike (if proved) to her honor, her station, and her life!

CHAPTER XL

CONTINUATION OF LADY D——'S INFAMOUS DIARY. THE LYING-IN ROOM: EQUIVOCATIONS: TWADDLE; 'HOW LADY D—— EAT RASPBERRY ICE, &c. &c.'

LADY D—— proceeds to say "I was very far advanced in my pregnancy, it agitated me greatly, and I remained aloof and very shy all the evening. When I afterwards wrote to Sir Sidney S—— for Sir John, upon some common occurrence,* I said, I do not like the Princess of Wales's mode of treating her guests: her calling me a liar, was an unpardonable thing, and if she ever speaks upon the subject to you, pray tell her I did not like it, and that if I had been a man, I would rather have died than endured it: that it is a thing which never by any chance occurs to a lady; on a repetition of it *I will give up her acquaintance. (!!)*†

* Adopting Lady D——'s *own mode of construction*, what right have we to believe that she wrote to Sir Sidney S—— on Sir John's business when Sir John himself was so capable of writing? ! ! !

† Huncamunca herself, would not have expressed more magnificent indignation!

It seems Sir Sidney S—— spoke to the Princess upon the subject: for, two days before I was confined, she made me a morning visit with the two F———'s, and, after having sat a short time, said, "I find you were very much affronted the other day at my house, when I called you a liar; I declare I did not mean it as an affront: Lord heavens! in any other language it is considered a joke: is it not Mrs. F———?" meaning that in Germany it is a very good joke to call people 'liars.'

They made me very nervous, and I burst into tears, and told the Princess I only wished her to understand such a thing was never done, and was far from desiring her to apologize to me: that I had now *forgiven and forgotten it*,* though I confess, at the time, I was very much hurt and very much wounded; that as I had never heard of its being thought a joke in any country, I was not in the least prepared to receive it in that light; for that in this country, ladies never used the expression, and men only to show their greatest contempt: that I never BORE MALICE TWELVE HOURS IN MY LIFE (!!!!) and there was an end of the matter.

Her Royal Highness had always said she would be

* Shakspeare tells us of one who was so accomplished an equivocator that he had brought himself to *believe his own lie!*

at my lying-in, from the beginning to the end; and commanded me constantly to let her know, saying, "I have no fear about me, and would as soon come over the heath in the middle of the night, as in the day; I shall have a bottle of port-wine on a table, and a tambourine, and I'll make you sing." I was unwell all the night after Her Royal Highness had been with me, and remained so all next day: and next morning by six o'clock was so ill, that Dr. Mackie, of Lewisham, who was to attend me, was sent for. In the forenoon I begged Sir John to write to Montagu house, where I was to have dined with the party. He wrote that I had a head-ache and begged leave to remain at home, and the Princess believed it, and went to town.

On her return at five o'clock P. M., she called before she went home to dress, to ask after me, and finding how it was, wanted to run up into the room, but Dr. Mackie said *positively* she *should not* come, and *locked the door* nearest to him to *keep her out.** Miss Cholmondeley and Miss Fitzgerald were 'drove' † home, and Her Royal Highness and Miss Fitzgerald stopped.

Upon my giving a loud shriek, she *flew in at* THE

* Note this,—so as to compare it with what follows.

† Where was Lady D—— educated?!

OTHER DOOR," (how dramatically contrived!! Well done Lady D——!) "and came to me doing everything she possibly could to assist me, and held my eyes and head. The moment she heard the child's voice, she left me, flew round to Dr. Mackie, pushed the nurse away, received the child from Dr. Mackie, kissed it, and said no one should see it until she had shown it to me. Dr. Mackie was so confused and astonished, that, although an old practitioner, he left the room without giving me anything to recruit my strength, and avert fainting as is the custom; and the nurse gave me what she thought best; by which omission, however, I was not subject to faint away, but it was certainly a new mode of proceeding when life is at stake, and showed more curiosity than tenderness for me." (In whom?—The Doctor or the Princess?)

The Doctor it appears was terribly confused, and therefore may not perhaps be *en etat* to explain the following assertion, made on oath before the Commissioners by Mrs. Fitzgerald, viz:—" THE PRINCESS WAS NOT IN THE ROOM AT THE TIME LADY D—— WAS DELIVERED." (!!!)

With the very mistaken view of interesting the

reader about *herself*, Lady D—— here introduces an immense deal of twaddle,—for instance, "how the Princess, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and nurse looked at the child, and then whispered and looked wondrous wise at each other: how Lady D—— was afraid that all was not right: how the Princess observed that there were red marks on the child's left breast: how Lady D—— remembered eating two quarts or thereabouts of raspberry ice, in despite of the Princess and all her ladies,—and afterwards sought it everywhere and ate it 'voraciously:'* how the Princess furnished her with the materials for a dozen of flannel petticoats, &c. &c."

The first part of the diary of Lady D——, here brings itself naturally to a close, and I shall resume the second part (which relates *immediately to the Princess*) at a future period.

* Lady D—— asserts that on one occasion, she ate eight glasses of the said raspberry ice "*at once!!*"

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES DESCRIBED WHEN A GIRL. LADY D. C——. LORD H. F—— AND HIS SON. DINNER PARTY AT K——; THE DUCHESS OF R—— AND HER DAUGHTERS; LADY G—— AND DAUGHTER; LORD A. H——; MR. N—— AND MONK LEWIS. MADAME DE STAËL: BUONAPARTE. LADY E. B——; LORD H——; MISS LONG; MR. WELLESLEY POLE. YOUNG GRAMMONT; LADY BARBARA A——. MONK LEWIS'S ROMANTIC HISTORY OF 'MRS. WELLS THE ACTRESS.'

The Princess Charlotte usually dined with her mother once a week—on Saturdays. On these occasions I had an opportunity of being much with her, and of remarking how changed her manner became in the society of those to whom she took a fancy, or was familiar with. Nothing could exceed her captivating frankness, and (for a child) the charm of her conversation. Her form was of the noblest kind,—finely rounded, full, and voluptuous—and I only hoped that it might not become clumsy.

I have never seen anything comparable to the dignity,

Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte

when 8 years old

From a Painting in possession of H.R.H. the Duke of Kent

intelligence, and sweetness of the upper part of her face. She liked a romp as well as any one of her age, and in spite of her governess, Lady de C——, sometimes took it into her head to scamper about the room like a wild colt. In truth Lady de C—— was extremely good-tempered, and much beloved by the young Princess.

I could not help thinking what a happy match might at some future day be made between the son of Lord H. F—— and the Princess, IF, the former were *royal* as well as noble. He was a most charming boy: very intellectual and exceedingly well-bred. As to his father, Lord H. F——, he was really, aye, and profoundly attached to the Princess of Wales—and evidently suffered much in mind from that unhappy passion; though at a subsequent period his anxieties were turned into another and more hallowed channel, by the loss of two of his children. The Princess sympathized very sincerely with him on the occasion, and he evidenced by the depth of his sorrow, a heart possessed of genuine feeling.

We had some very pleasant dinner parties about this time at K——; and even the Duchess of R——, and Lady S—— and their daughters, contrived to unbend and be agreeable: but then we had the brilliant Mr. N——, Lord A. H——, and delightful Monk Lewis, at table; and it would have been next to impossible to be dull, silent or formal in *their* society.

Mr. N—— gave us a long account of Madame de Staël,* and of her visit to this country.

* The Princess was not pleased with Madame de Staël's conduct to *her*,

This celebrated female writer, had given offence to many of the highest rank in this country, by speaking her mind on political subjects too freely: and even the P—— was at first somewhat startled by her resolution, not to go to Court before he had *waited upon her at her lodgings*,—which he did.

Madame de Staël's intellect was in all respects masculine, yet, how few, even among *men* have ever approached her in accurate analysis, vigour of reasoning, and large and philosophical views?

But in her affections, she was altogether and absolutely *woman*. In early life, she had met with no one on whom she could lavish the treasures of her heart; but at a later period she met with one whom she deemed worthy of an intense admiration (such as is known only to the children of genius!) and her prayer was granted that she might die before him: that prayer was breathed when he (her husband) was but too manifestly the victim of consumption. It is well known that Buonaparte hated Madame de Staël; but the fact was, she was one of the very few beings whom he *feared*. We discussed a vast number of curious subjects at this dinner party: among others the extravagant love of Lady E. B——, for Lord H——, and his cold and resolute defiance of her attractions, though he attends all her parties, and is as polite as you can imagine any one, who *will not be in love*.

and did not scruple so to express herself. Madame de Staël considered the Princess in disgrace with the P——, but she should not, on *that* account, have avoided calling upon Her Royal Highness. It was not generous.

We talked also of Miss Long, the far-famed heiress, who had just then discarded *pour le moment* Wellesley Pole, and taken into her good liking a quiet simple-hearted Irish Viscount. How much happier she might have been, had her *second thought* been permitted to endure!

We talked also of the beau of the day, the highly descended young Grammont,—as remarkable for his beauty as his poverty,—and of the projected match between him and Lady Barbara A——, whose family descent amounted to nothing,—but whose fortune, was any thing but contemptible.

After we had completely tired ourselves out with tittle-tattle of this description, Matt Lewis very opportunely took up the cudgels of conversation. Matt, who was fond of talking, had plainly been upon the fidgets for some time past, and now opened out with considerable spirit. He reminded me of the story of two french *Abbés*, both of them wonderful talkers, who being in company together, one of them contrived to get the start and kept all the conversation to himself for a full half hour, when, a friend of the one who was condemned to unwilling silence, observed to him,—"Ah, *Monsieur L'Abbé*, you see how it is? he'll keep talking all the evening!" "*Soyez tranquille*"—whispered the other, "wait till he *sneezes*—then,—then, it will be my turn!!" So *we*, having as it were *sneezed*, or rather *yawned*,—Matt Lewis gave us the following outline of the

ADVENTURES OF MRS. WELLS THE ACTRESS.

"Few persons have enjoyed more notoriety than Mrs.

Wells, whose adventures up to the present time, when she is at the height of her popularity, are full of romantic incident.

Her maiden name was Leah Davies; and she is daughter to a Carver and Gilder, at Birmingham, who had somewhat of a theatrical propensity, for he executed many works for Garrick,—attended the latter at Stratford on Avon, when the root of the celebrated mulberry tree was dug up;—and designed the casket made from it, which was so universally admired. Davies had a partner in his business named Griffiths, who had an evil eye on his wife; and who, in order to pave the road to success in his villainous project, contrived to get the husband into prison: but Mrs. Davies, although one of the most amiable of women, was also eminently virtuous, and repelled his sinister attempts with astonishment and reproval. The fellow finding himself completely foiled, experienced *hate*, where he fancied he had *loved*, and as a means of revenge compelled Mrs. Davies and her two children to quit the house. Poor Davies, in the mean time, was so wrought upon by wrongs originating in the bloodless scoundrel, his partner, that he became insane and died in a madhouse.

Mrs. Davies, having turned her attention to the theatre, as a means of existence, a Mr. Yates, then manager at Birmingham, and who had been on friendly terms with her husband, gave her the means of taking a benefit. On this occasion, she made her *debut* as '*Indiana*,' but from fear and variety of emotion was wholly inarticulate.

Miss Davies, now six years of age, was more successful: she appeared in several juvenile characters, and was admired in all. Her mother made several extensive circuits, living for the most part in the city of Glocester

At sixteen years of age, Miss Davies's favorite character was "Juliet"—and as she was very beautiful, possessed great sensibility, and was remarkable for a "passionate simplicity of style," it was considered a *chef-d'œuvre*. The "Romeo" was a Mr. Wells, who, improving upon the dramatic fiction, became a lover in right earnest, and, before the young lady was eighteen, made her MRS. WELLS. The marriage took place at Shrewsbury, but its results were not happy.—Either the excessive volatility of the lady, or the obstinate pertinaciousness of the husband, or probably the jarring of these discordant qualities, so far alloyed the bliss of the honey-moon, that, scarcely had it expired, when Wells left his wife,—and she never saw him more! In a very short note which he sent to her mother, he described Mrs. Wells as '*too young*' and '*too childish*' for him; begged that she might be retained under her mother's roof for the time-being, and promised soon to return to her.

They were then at Cheltenham; which place Mrs. Wells left shortly after, for London, in search of the truant, to whom, with the tenacity of a woman's first love, she was sincerely attached.

Her first visit was to Mr. Wells's brother,—a gentleman of fortune, residing in Staples Inn;—who received her very coolly, asserting that on that very morning his brother had introduced his *new wife* to him: but

Mrs. Wells being able to disprove this by exhibiting her marriage certificate, was more kindly treated, and was informed that any influence in his power should be exerted in her behalf.

On the first of June, 1781, she came out at the Haymarket Theatre, in the pretty opera of *Love in a Village*, —and took the part of "Margery:" she pleased and was considered an agreeable actress: but an accident, during the season, brought her at once into high popularity; or rather, gave her the opportunity of developing her natural talent.

Mrs. Cargill—the handsome 'Macbeath' of that day, had left the stage and taken unto herself no other person than George Colman; and, with only three days notice, Mrs. Wells was required to play the part. As she had never hitherto *sung* upon the stage, it is scarcely credible that she could get through the character,—which, nevertheless, she did with unequivocal success, and was considered very superior as an *actress* to Mrs. Cargill.

That *naïve* simplicity for which she was distinguished was at once appreciated by O'Keefe, who wrote for her the character of *Cowslip*, in the "Agreeable Surprise" —a performance that has never been excelled.

She soon after appeared at Drury Lane: and in May, 1782, (at her benefit) delivered an epilogue which had been written for her by Captain Topham of the Guards, He was much captivated by her, and proposed marriage: but was, in confidence, informed by her that her husband was, she believed, still alive though self-separated from her.

Ultimately, the Captain became her protector. In 1783, Sheridan engaged her to play tragedy as second to Mrs. Siddons—but the latter refused to act with her: and she reverted to low comedy, which was deemed her *forte*. Shortly after, however, she appeared as "Jane Shore," notwithstanding the celebrity of Mrs. Siddons in that character, and produced a considerable sensation by her beauty and feminine sensibility; her subsequent performances of "Isabella," "Lady Randolph," and "Imogen," (a character for which she was peculiarly fitted;) were very flatteringly received. Had she possessed *power*,—that quality of which Mrs. Siddons partook in its largest sense,—she might have been deemed a rival to that great actress; but, the public judgment had already been given in favour of *Comedy* as the especial walk of Mrs. Wells, who, as distinguished from Mrs. Siddons, was in truth, decidedly *imitative*. In 1785, she brought out her sister at the Haymarket, but her success was not considerable, and she very rarely appeared. This lady married in 1788, a Mr. Samuel, an apostate Jew, of whom, more hereafter.

With a view to establish the popularity of Mrs. Wells, Major Topham set up (1787) a newspaper called the "World," and in order the better to attend to it, resided in Beaufort Buildings, Strand, where his house was the resort of all literary loungers:—he, however, was frequently absent from town, in order to manage an estate in Yorkshire, and therefore, the editorship mainly devolved upon Mrs. Wells. We may form an idea of the estimation in which she was held at this period, by the fact of her receiving from Palmer, at the Royalty, £150 for

three nights' performances. The *piece d'occasion* in which she appeared, was called "Ourselves; or, the Realities of the Stage." It comprised imitations of the principal female performers of that day.

In the summer of 1789, Mrs. Wells made a theatrical *sejour* at Weymouth, where their Majesties were then staying. Her conduct, at no time amenable to propriety, was now extravagant. She appeared determined to attract the notice of Royalty—but signally failed. She even went so far as to hire a yacht, at a guinea a day, and follow them to Plymouth,—sitting astride on a gun, in male attire,* and singing "God save the King!"—a very strong symptom of something like insanity.

As she had a newspaper at command, she found it by no means difficult to set even Managerial authority at defiance; and, although the Comedy of the "Dramatist" had been *refused* at both houses, she *compelled* Mr. Harris to bring it out at Covent Garden. It was written by Reynolds, and has since been very popular. Managers are, in truth, very indifferent judges of what is likely to succeed, notwithstanding their opportunities of estimating the public taste.

That the Royal Family had been much disgusted with Mrs. Wells's conduct at Weymouth, was now manifest, from the circumstance of the King requesting that when he went to Covent Garden Theatre, *she might not perform.*

* In this style of dress not even the *Nisbetts* and *Vestrises* can claim to be compared to Mrs. Wells.

In 1790, she appeared in a Comedy called the "Female Adventurer," gave "imitations," and played "Cymon," with great success: and about this time a duel was fought on her account, by two simpletons of the names of Taylor, (an oculist) and Fuller, (of the Haymarket Theatre) which ended in smoke, but gave added *eclat* to the fair cause of quarrel. From this time, the more extraordinary portion of Mrs. Wells's life begins to date itself. Her brother-in-law, Samuel the apostate Jew, (who had been a newspaper-reporter) having been thrown into prison, she advanced money to liberate him, procured him an official situation in the West Indies, and went to great expense to fit him out: in fact she involved herself deeply in debt by her generosity in this affair, and was subsequently obliged to go into the country, and 'play at hide and seek' to avoid arrest. At last, however, she was taken, —made a partial settlement,—started for Calais,—had her affairs arranged by Topham;—and then returned to England. In August she was at Brighton: was again arrested and thrown into prison, and not released till the following March, when she *again* escaped to France; but arriving there, during the days of Terror and Robespierre, she quickly returned, lived for a short time at Chelsea; was discovered, arrested, and conveyed to the King's Bench.

Her brother-in-law (Samuel) had acted, so far, very basely, for in spite of his promise to remit a sum of money from the West Indies, all that Mrs. Wells received, was a small parcel of *India muslin!* So much for gratitude!

She performed in various parts of Ireland during 1794,—was arrested there, and made a compromise: and in the April of 1795, returned to London,—to become *again* a prisoner. She now found herself in the King's Bench as before,—and despaired of liberation. She had no friend to come forward to assist her,—none to whom she could appeal,—at least *without* the walls of the prison, for, *within*, was a Captain Blackwood, an open-hearted Irishman, who shortly after this informed her he had purchased for her the liberty of the rules, and invited her to witness his own exit from confinement:—she did so,—and was told that she herself was free. Captain Blackwood had paid her debts. Mrs. Wells, as usual, exhibited an entire absence of that virtuous principle on which all female respectability depends, and took up her abode at Merton with her new friend; and would have accompanied him (on his promotion) to the West Indies, but from a reluctance to leave her children. Of the society of these last, however, she was shortly after deprived by Major Topham, who aware of the conduct of the mother, had taken them under his immediate care into Yorkshire. She underwent another course of imprisonment in the King's Bench and Fleet, until early in 1797, when a most extraordinary change of fortune befell her.

Under the head of "*Extraordinary Marriage*," it was announced in the journals of the day, that "On Thursday evening, the 13th. of October, (1797) the marriage ceremony, in the jewish style, was performed in the Fleet, uniting Mrs. Wells, late of Covent Garden Theatre, to Señor Sumbell, a Moorish Jew, detained

in that prison for debt. The ceremony was solemnized with all the Jewish magnificence.—The bridegroom was richly dressed in white satin, splendid turban, and feather:—the bride *(now converted to a Jewess)* in white satin and superb plume of feathers. The apartment was brilliantly illuminated with variegated lamps, according to the custom of the Jews. The rest of the company who attended, were Jews, in their *common dresses of Old Clothes-Men!* With the exception of the guests, everything had the appearance of eastern grandeur. Though confined for debt to a large amount, Señor Sumbell is possessed of considerable property. This union is likely to be a happy one, as Mrs. Wells has had opportunities of seeing much of Señor Sumbell, during a long residence in the Fleet, deserted by all her friends."

Such was the tenor of the Newspaper paragraph. As to Sumbell, he was a native of Morocco, where his father had held the situation of Prime-minister for twenty-six years—a long period of official power in a country where honors are so fragile!—but even in this case the end was a fatal one; for the remittances which the old man sent to France (where young Sumbell, our hero, was completing his education) awakened the suspicions and cupidity of the Emperor who imprisoned him. He escaped, however, to Gibraltar, where he had transmitted a large amount of property, but was followed by an assassin in the Emperor's pay, and poisoned. Our hero got possession of all the property, but had two younger brothers, who were claimants on the basis of the Jewish law, for their proportion.

This claim, the Senor was determined to resist, and, if possible, defeat. For a time he went to Holland; then came to England: lurked in the woods at Willesden green, sleeping in barns and sheds at night—a most impolitic mode of evading pursuit! And so it turned out—for in order to procure a lodging, he showed a large quantity of superb diamonds to a cottager, who having read an, advertised robbery of the Turkish Ambassador, caused him to be arrested. He was brought before the Duke of Portland, who had acted as a friend to his brothers—but refused to speak: nor was he heard to utter a single word for three months thence ensuing! He was soon after arrested by his brothers, and sent to the Fleet; but he was no common debtor,—and he entered it in sovereign pomp. Mrs. Wells, having an eagerness for distinction, as of old, was seen by him, and invited to dine with him on the following day. She, with two other ladies, accepted the invitation: the room was splendidly fitted up, and the feast was sumptuous. At a subsequent period he offered her marriage—to which she was nothing loth, but then—her husband might be *alive*, although she had had no tidings of him for above eighteen years. This dilemma she removed, according to her own notion, by turning *Jewess*—and so, placing herself beyond the pale of the english law—and *Jewess*, she professed to have become!

The wedding was a period of festivity to the whole prison during seven days, and cost £600. The bridegroom was allowed by all to be a remarkably handsome young man: and apparently endowed with the most

qualities. But this last conclusion was far from correct. He had all the furious passion and jealousy of Othello, without his nobleness of character.

Having made an arrangement with his brothers, by which he was to pay them £22,000, he quitted the Fleet, and took a large house in Pall Mall where he lived in the most princely style. Mrs. Wells, surrounded by every luxury, was, nevertheless, miserable: for she was watched with all the acuteness of suspicion and jealousy: and it must be allowed that one more unfit as a companion to an uxorious yet jealous Moor, could not have been found! He permitted her no money in her pockets, and took, or rather tore off, her jewels the moment she arrived at home after accompanying him to places of amusement. Once he tortured and wounded her ears, by snatching the diamonds from them. In spite of all this, she contrived to go down into Yorkshire, to see her children: but, on her return, as you may imagine, always found the Señor changed for the worse. Once, he had planned to convey her from the kingdom, but (while at Limehouse) she bribed a boy, got into a boat, was rowed ashore, and returned home. In the night so exasperated was he, that he got up, went out of the room, returned with a loaded pistol, and fired at her,—but the ball passed her. He left the apartment,—and she arose and immediately (2 o'clock A. M.) left the house. In the year 1800, her brother-in-law 'Samuel the apostate Jew, returned from the West Indies, and allowed her for two years a small annuity, which he capriciously withdrew: and she took it into her head to go to Edinburgh, where she took refuge from her debtors

within the precincts of Holyrood house. This asylum, she suddenly left, determining to *walk* to London,—above four hundred miles—but having got as far as Newcastle, who took her passage in a trader,—arrived in London—where she claimed the annuity of the Coven Garden fund—and, after a life chequered with so much singular adventure has since sunk into complete obscurity"

Matt Lewis ceased speaking, and we were all much amused with his narrative. From my own knowledge, I can relate that Mrs. Wells' adventures were not quite ended: for she undertook to support her mother, who after a long illness died in January 1827, at the age of ninety-five. This was in a room of the house of a Mrs. Bellini, who was in very reduced circumstances, and whom Mrs. Wells had known some years prior. A very sincere friendship subsisted between them, and by various expences and sacrifices, they were both at last plunged into a state next only to starvation. But a great change awaited the affairs of Mrs. Belini and her friend. The former had a sister married to a gentleman of large property, who having settled on her a considerable income, she, for some reason or other, left him and resided in France; where, as she was economical, a fortune was accumulated, which, on her death devolved to Mrs. Bellini. The two friends now lived together, possessed of all the comforts of an opulent station; Mrs. Wells's debts were paid; and she was no longer a pensioner on the theatrical fund: but she was only to enjoy this serenity in her doom, for the brief period of two years. In January

1829, she died, and was buried in the church-yard of Old St. Pancras: and though at the age of sixty-seven, she still retained much of the beauty of her face and form.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE'S FIRST VISIT TO THE OPERA. UNPOPULARITY OF THE P—— R——. LOUIS XVIII, THE DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME, AND THE DEJEUNÉE. COTTAGE ORNÉ. STUDIED INSULTS TOWARDS THE PRINCESS. ASSASSINATION OF MR. PERCEVAL. LORD GRANVILLE LEVESON. MADAME DE H——'S "TALE OF BLOOD,"—SUGGESTED BY THE FATE OF MR. PERCEVAL.

The Princess Charlotte's first visit to the opera was quite an era in her existence: for being naturally of an enthusiastic turn of mind, the spectacle yielded her, evidently, very great delight: it did not, however, prevent her recognising and nodding to all her friends. In the box with her, were Lord and Lady de Clifford and one or two of the Royal Dukes.

Young as she was, she was most decidedly *popular*,—a fate which could not be said to attend upon her father, (then Regent) whose first visit to the Chapel Royal,

St. James's, though in all the pomp of state, was witnessed by the crowd of well-dressed people (assuredly it was not a *mob ;)* without a single token of welcome! Silence and distrust, were the order of the day! A letter which I received from the Princess at this time, ran as follows :

" I wish my dear —— you were with us,—for I can assure you there are many hours which appear to me *génantes*, unless I have the opportunity and pleasure of conversing with you. It is so difficult to meet with any one who in the *true spirit of friendship* is imbued with placid and good feelings! And to me, who am obliged to live, as it were, for the public, such a consolation is doubly important.

I have had a very large party, and a very tedious one —at which Louis XVIII. and the Duchess D'Angoulême *ought to have been* present, but were *not*. The one had, (so the excuse ran :) a swelled *toe*,—and the other a swelled *face :* and I know only of one thing that would have cured either—*the permission of the P—— R——!*

My *dejeuner à la fourchette*, therefore, was attended by an immense number of men and women of all nations, whom I had some difficulty in entertaining ; however, Kensington contains some few collections of curiosities ; and I contrived to chaperone my visitors by dozens through the apartments. I expect the newspapers, will, as usual, take advantage of this circumstance to invent some fresh scandal against poor *me!* Would you believe it my dear, they (the newspapers) have been abusing me lately for exercising my free will, and taking to myself a pretty little cottage *orné* at Bayswater!

My only object was, to get rid of the fussy ceremonial which my situation shackles me with—but the amiable newspapers aforesaid, declare that in MY *trianon* I imitate all the worst follies of the Queen of France, but not her elegance!!* Thank heaven, every day you live my dear—that you are not *Royal!*

Ever yours,

C. P——."

If ever woman was galled past all the exertions of philosophy, it was the Princess of W——. Cut off from the society of her daughter,—she was informed, by the P—— R——, that her visits to Windsor were forbidden.

The Princess, however, with all the ardour of a mother's feelings, broke through this harsh decree, and saw her daughter:—but effectual means were taken to prevent a repetition of the visit!

Surely, the Princess was sufficiently irritated and annoyed, without adding disappointed affection to the catalogue of her calamities!

Another misfortune awaited her,—the loss of one of her firmest and most tried friends! The death of Mr. Perceval was announced to her while we were sitting together—I never beheld her so agitated—so agonized!

* In *whose* pay were these newspapers? The question is but too easy of answer!

Mr. L——, who was present when we were informed of this horrible event, remained till after midnight: at that hour another express arrived, giving a particular account of the Assassination and of its perpetrator Bellingham;—but Mr. A—— did not impute *political* motives as the cause. *Supposed* private injuries to him, in his trade as a Russian Merchant, at Liverpool, were attributed. At the period of the murder Mr. Perceval was more than usually active in endeavouring to reinstate the Princess in a high position so that the loss, to her, was incalculable. Of a truth she had fallen upon "evil days." Bellingham had recently been in Russia, and was very troublesome, while there, to our minister Lord Granville Leveson, whom, he also threatened, but who happily escaped. All London was in a ferment at the horror of the deed: but the crowd around the House of Commons evinced little regret;—for, the truth must be told,—Mr. Perceval, (though one of the most amiable of men in private life;) had shut his eyes to the deplorable misery which prevailed throughout the country; he *would not* see it: and the people never pardon the wilful blindness of their rulers!

Madame de H——, a personal attendant on the Duchess of Brunswick, and through whom we first heard the tidings of Mr. Perceval's murder, came to see us a few days afterwards, and remained until the following morning. We were all in that gloomy frame of mind which is peculiarly fitted for the enjoyment of recitals rife of horror; and perceiving probably that it would divert us from brooding over the late

event, Madame de H——* soon after supper commenced the following

TALE OF BLOOD.

Part 1st.

There lived in Venice, a few years ago, a nobleman remarkable alike for his dissolute recklessness, and his great wealth. It was also rumoured that more than one person who had been deemed inimical to his views, had suddenly disappeared—their fate remaining up to that day, shrouded in mystery. If this *were* the case, it offered a most fearful subject to the reflective mind —for Count Piccolomini was still in the bloom of youth, being little more than twenty-five years of age. But crime makes rapid strides over the soul of him who encourages it! And, the following colloquy between the Count and his *creature* Grecco, gives us reason to suppose that he was by no means unaccustomed to, or unskilled in guilt.

"Grecco," said the Count, "you have long been in my service, and have ever proved faithful to me in extremity. Now tell me Grecco,—can you keep a secret?

"My good and noble Master—have I ever betrayed you?" asked Grecco in reply.

"Never:" rejoined the Count, "and thou hast even

* At the end of this work the Publisher purposes giving a Glossary of *Names* in full, with anecdotical and biographical remarks, to those who have been regular subscribers from the beginning.

ere now performed for me some most valuable *services.*"

"Which you, my generous employer, have always most amply *rewarded:*" observed Grecco.

"Grecco,"—replied the Count, "however lavishly, I may hitherto have paid thee—I *now* propose to thee *triple* any former guerdon. It requires, however, all thy fortitude, and, if possible, less *conscience* than I deem thee to possess! Duke Foscari hath refused me his daughter in marriage—*me!*—What think'st thou of *that?*"

"He *has!*" exclaimed Grecco.

"And what think'st thou his *plea?*—Nay, thou could'st never guess, Grecco."

"Never!" echoed the dependant, "for his estates are so completely in the hands of the Jews, that he is scarcely raised above the abjectness of poverty,—whereas, *you*, my noble Master—*you* roll in wealth."

"So" continued the Count, "as thou can'st not guess, —I'll tell thee. Because my grandfather was not a *Doge*, like his own, he calls me '*low born!*' "

"And is *that* the ground of his objection?" asked Grecco.

"Not exactly," said the Count, "*That*, might not have been a bar to the marriage—he asserted: but in addition, he reproached me with possessing all the VICES of the *low-born?*"

"I told him that *love* might bring about *reform:* and that my wealth would smooth the pillow of his age. He replied that if the love were *mutual*, it might, but that his daughter HATED me: and that under such circumstances he would not be tempted by the

wealth of Peru to sacrifice her! In brief, Grecco, he hath refused me his daughter!"

"And, as a penalty for this refusal," observed Grecco, —"he is————"

"He is,————" repeated Piccolomini.

"*What*, Count?" asked Grecco significantly.

"*What*, Count!" said his master angrily;—"and like a piping infant, thou askest '*what?*'"

"Pardon me Count," replied the other, "the *what* is simply this—Duke Foscari must be *murdered.*" (The Count nodded assent) "and on what terms?"

"Two thousand ducats in gold."

"'Tis a bargain," exclaimed Grecco:—and bowing, he immediately left the apartment.

Part 2nd.

A few days afterwards, Grecco presented himself before Piccolomini, and informed him, that he had contrived to get a situation in the household of Duke Foscari; and that he had that morning overheard a dialogue between the beautiful lady Juliana and her father.

Beautiful, in truth she was,—reminding one of those exquisite creatures in the paintings of Giorgoine—with long black hair, somewhat pale complexion, features indescribably regular yet expressive; eyes full, dark, sleepy and entrancing:—and a figure above the middle

height,—slight, yet round.—She was in her seventeenth summer.—With her arm around her father's neck,—she kissed his forehead, and exclaimed—"Dear, dear father! you go to the Doge's palace to-night: you know you have many enemies in Venice, who fain would have your life from political motives—therefore do not stay late. Mind—dear father,—*I* shall sit up for you—and on your throwing a pebble against a window to the right—will let you in. I know not how it is, but I have a presentiment of some ill awaiting you: or perhaps it is, that the persecuting attentions of Count Piccolomini,—of a man whom I abhor,—have made me nervous. Now, my beloved father,—you know the signal,—pray be not late!"

The substance of this dialogue was communicated by Grecco. The Count, after a short conference determined to act accordingly: and so pleased was he, with his *employé's* fidelity in wickedness, that he at once paid him the sum agreed on.

Part 3rd.

It wanted a few minutes of midnight, as Juliana sat mournfully looking over the Lagune silvered by the light of the moon, and listening to every sound in the hope of her father's return.

In the midst of that sickness of the heart which arises out of foreboding—the welcome and expected signal was heard. "Thank heaven!" she exclaimed,

rising up quickly, "It is my father!—Come at last,—and *safe!*" then rushing down the broad steps, she reached the outer door and unbolting it, admitted the tall cloaked figure from without. "Thanks to the Holy Virgin!"—she continued, throwing her arms around his neck, "I possess you once again!"

"And for ever:—for now thou indeed art mine!" was uttered by the hoarse and abhorred voice of Piccolomini. Juliana sprung from him and would have left the mansion, raising by her cries, the city: but, Grecco saw her purpose, instantly closed the massive door; and then approached the foot of the stair-case, in order to prevent her from alarming the house.

"Come not near me, Count,—or the curse of my father be upon you!—come not near me!" exclaimed Juliana with that dignity which belongs only to the pure and exalted in spirit, andwhich, for the time, awed even the base and degraded Piccolomini: he, however soon recovered his usual demeanour, observing with a fiendish laugh—"*His* curse!!—ha! ha!—*He* is where thy voice reaches not!—dead! dead! and by this hand!—*Thou art mine!*"

"If thy *persuasives*" exclaimed the beautiful girl, retreating, while in her face there was an expression amounting to the sublime, "had so little effect on me, think'st thou that this horrid deed shall prevail?——

* * * * * * *

Unband me,—dastardly wretch!—unband me, and I may listen to thee!"

"Wilt thou,—dearest Juliana!—I thought thou wert not *quite* unkind! Thy father is no longer an obstacle to

ur happiness:—come,—le tus fly to my castle on the shores of the Adriatic—thy heart,—thy heart is all I ask!" This was uttered by Piccolomini with an air of affected tenderness.

Juliana gazed upon him for an instant, and then snatching the dagger from his girdle, still wet with the life-blood of her father—exclaimed "Murderer!—thou shalt have my HEART even as thou had'st my *father's!*" and she immediately plunged the dagger up to its hilt in her bosom! * * So little was Piccolomini prepared for this catastrophe, that it was some time before Grecco could rouse him to a sense of his situation, and the necessity which there existed for his immediate return home.

The whole affair remained a mystery for many months, but was ultimately made public from the lips of the dying Piccolomini, who was assassinated, during a dispute, by the very slave whom he had employed as an accomplice in so many foul misdeeds,———by Grecco!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PRINCESS'S FORLORN SITUATION, POLITICALLY AND SOCIALLY. HER FEW FRIENDS: LADY ELIZABETH WHITBREAD, DOWAGER LADY GREY, &C. KUTUSOFF; THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE; COUNT DE SEGUR. THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADRESS DESIROUS OF BEING PRESENTED TO THE PRINCESS. COURT INTRIGUES AND FRESH INSULTS:—PRINCESS CHARLOTTE JUSTIFIED AS IT RESPECTED HER CONDUCT ON SIMILAR OCCASIONS. LADY C. L——: MR. FOX: LORD BYRON'S "ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS:" EXTRACT APPLICABLE TO THE PRINCESS.

On no occasion did the Princess exhibit so large a comprehension of political results, as in descanting on the changes which Mr. Perceval's death was likely to bring about; for no one could be better acquainted with the P——'s vacillating temper, and want of energy. Yet to *her*, the consequences could not be very material, for all who arrived at power, however friendly they might have been before, became *changed*, as it respected *her*, by reason of moral contact with the P——. Even Mr. Perceval, as minister, was not *all*

he *had been*. In fact, friendship, companionship, and society, became to her, every year more and more narrowed by the torpedo influence of the P——: and not only the Harrowbys and Beauforts had deserted her, but others, too numerous to mention. This is a melancholy picture, but is alas! too close to the truth!

Among the exceptions to this rule of time-serving, were Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, Miss Whitbread, the Dowager Lady Grey, Lady C. L——, &c.: and there were some *courtically* situated, that while they lamented their inability to pay a sufficient respect to the Princess, they were nevertheless fully sensible of her magnanimity in such matters. One, in particular observed, that differing from most royal personages, she liberally pardoned at once, a *seeming* want of dutiful attention,—not confounding it with intentional disrespect.

My diary now dates itself December, 1812:—a fearful period in the north of Europe, where Buonaparte, Kutusoff, and the elements were destroying hundreds of thousands! No one could take a more lively interest in the progress of this frightful warfare than the Princess. I am aware, that even at the present day the Russians, as a people, find little consideration, and are deemed only elevated above the Baboon or Quran-Outan. The Russians, it is true, are *imitative*; but because they have only limited means of exhibiting this talent, does it follow that the faculties have no further expansion than those of the beast? Besides, the very word *imitative* has been misplaced in speaking of this people: for, with them, that capacity is not confined to the lowest

occupations, but is developed in the most exquisite works of art—such as copying old paintings, so as to deceive the best judges, the fabrication of Intaglios, artificial gems, &c.* But, if as a philanthropist I advocate the Russian standard of intellect in men, I must not forget the ladies of Russia, who have been

* Compare this with the descriptions by Vosmaer and Buffon, of two of the most intelligent of Apes.

Vosmaer's account is of an Ouran-outan, presented to the Prince of Orange in the year 1776. This animal, he says, was a female, and its height about two Rhenish feet and a half. It showed no symptoms of fierceness or malignity, and was even of a somewhat melancholy appearance. It was fond of being in company, and showed a preference to those who daily attended to its wants, of which it appeared to be very sensible. Often when they retired, it would throw itself on the ground as if in despair, uttering lamentable cries, and tearing in pieces the linen within its reach. Its keeper having been accustomed to sit near it on the ground, it frequently took the hay off its bed, and placed it by its side, and seemed by every demonstration to invite him to be seated near it. Its usual manner of walking was on all-fours, like other apes, but it could also walk erect.

The Comte de Buffon mentions an Ouran-outan that generally walked on two feet, even when carrying things of considerable weight. His air was melancholy, his gait grave, his movements measured, his disposition gentle, and very far from that of the monkey tribe in general. He would present his hand to conduct the people who came to visit him, and walk as gravely along with them as if he had formed a part of the company. He frequently used to sit with persons at dinner, when he would unfold his napkin, wipe his lips, use a spoon or a fork to carry his victuals to his mouth, pour his liquor into a glass, and make the latter touch that of the person who drank along with him. If he was invited to take tea, he brought a cup and saucer, placed them on the table, put in sugar, poured out the tea, and allowed it to cool before he drank it. All these actions he performed without any other instigation than the signs or verbal orders of his master, and often even of his own accord.

abused through every term of the vocabulary, as inferior: and in particular, the author of the "Secret Memoirs" proclaims in the face of Europe their entire ignorance. A modern traveller (the celebrated M. Ancelot) in allusion to this summary condemnation says, "Availing myself of the privileges granted to a stranger, I have more than once passed the line of demarcation between the two sexes; I have conversed with those women who are accused of ignorance, but among the greater number, I have found diversified information joined to a refinement of mind and a knowledge often profound in conversation, that might excite the envy of many French and English ladies. It is among young ladies that these qualifications are more particularly found; which would tend to prove that the education of women in Russia has, during the last century, taken a new direction, and what might have been true thirty years ago ceases to be so now. It is by no means extraordinary to meet young ladies at Petersburgh, who speak French, German, English, and Russian with equal fluency: I could even mention some who write these four languages in a style as remarkable for its extreme precision, as distinguished by its peculiar elegance. These extensive acquirements, and this moral superiority may perhaps sufficiently account for the solitude of the young men, and the repugnance which they show to mixing with them."

In the protracted conflict to which I have referred, the Russians nobly did their duty, as the historian of the French army, Count de Segur, most amply proves. It was at this time that the Lady of the Russian

Ambassador was especially desirous of being presented to the Princess of Wales—but *that* of course was not at all consonant to the wishes of the powers that ruled! This was one only of the many and continual acts of mean annoyance to which the Princess of Wales was subjected—and if her daughter the Princess Charlotte, became indignant and resented such unmerited usage of a parent, whom she dearly loved, are we to accuse her of rebellion to him who so cruelly originated and fostered such insults?!

We had a very delightful dinner party at Kensington, at which were present Lady C—— L—— and Mr. Gell—two brilliants of the first water. I could not help remarking with how much discrimination the Princess took up the review of one literary production after another. Mr. Fox, who was one of the party, spoke very highly of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" of Lord Byron, and described it as the most talented production he had ever seen. One very beautiful passage in that extraordinary poem is but too applicable to the unhappy Princess.—I allude to the description of the eagle killed by an arrow, the feathers of which it recognizes, in expiring, as belonging to its own plumage.

num: news, which ran like wild-fire through all the fashionable circles, creating a very peculiar sensation among those who had marriageable daughters. (Several of the company laughed when Mr. Fox, in his sly way, made this observation: particularly Lady M——, who, as well as her daughters (married subsequently) had a tolerably vivid recollection of the circumstance!) "He next took a first-rate house near Hyde Park, furnished it sumptuously, provided a handsome equipage,—and threw open his *salons* under the patronage of a ruined Duke. Company of the best description flocked around him: enjoyed the good things he gave; admired everything; praised every thing; in short, he received the the homage of a Prince:—for wealth in England, is combined with a fascinating exterior, and backed by something like Aristocratic support, can achieve almost anything. Within ten months Captain Talbot had four Dukes, sixty Noblemen *de la premiere classe*, and Dowagers without end, upon his visiting list. He had thus secured many powerful acquaintances:—but it was a critical period,—for the £15,000, was nearly exhausted! '*N'importe!*' exclaimed the Captain, as he dipped into the last hundred pounds: I have established a *credit* for £200,000, among those who provide the necessaries of fashionable life—and therefore I can follow out my plan." Captain Talbot was, however, perfectly aware that credit was only good for a certain period, and he therefore set about deducing profit from his position in society. He had a capital stud, which he was continually disposing of; and on which, somehow or other, he was always a gainer of at

least one hundred per cent.:—he was an amateur of paintings, and his transactions in this way were equally advantageous: he was a gambler,—but so singularly keen, unexcitable, and prudent, that his balance of profit was always considerable: he was unmarried and he was discreet—and he was therefore entrusted with some missions of a peculiarly delicate nature, which yielded to him no small commission. Many were the Members of Parliament, who owed their seats to him: many, the Commoners, who became titled throu h him: yet he himself, though it was at any time within his power, became neither M. P. nor Noble—for he deemed it unwise to be *shackled by any special influences.* To follow out his preconceived scheme, he must be *free.* Moreover he could not attempt to marry an heiress, for that would discover his poverty:—the '*settlements*' would be *en espagne!*

Holding so very independant a position, he became a favorite of the minister, who consulted him on most things, and benefitted by the acuteness of his judgment, without fear of being compromised.

The Captain asked nothing in return—so well was he aware of the advantages derived from the mere circumstance of such an intimacy. And thus he continued, up to within a few months of the expiration of ten years, the very star of fashion;—yet a mystery to everybody,—for people *will* be inquisitive,—and it was inconceiveable how a man who was neither banker nor merchant could be rich without an estate!! Whispers were afloat, and the Captain was well aware of them:—besides his energies had been long enough tried.—

his constitution had not been bettered thereby: and his stipulated "TEN YEARS" would soon close; but how was he to quit gracefully, the scene? It was a difficulty he surmounted with his usual tact. He had already made the minister his confidant, and now informed him of his project to "*retire*." "Whither?" asked the Premier. "To France:" replied the Captain. "'Tis well:" observed the former "and what do you require?" "Two thousand five hundred a year, *for life*:" rejoined our hero with all the coolness of a man of business. "When will you depart?" asked the Minister. "In three days;" replied the Captain. "Then," said the former, "order your carriage to be in readiness."

The same day, the minister was closeted with his colleagues. "I perceive," said one of them addressing the Premier, "that Captain Talbot is on the '*secret-service*' list for £2,500 per annum.—I must confess that his *services* are a *secret* to me!!" "And to *me* also!" retorted the Premier in his usually laconic manner; "It is not for *services*, but for SECRETS that I pension him. *He knows all that has transpired for the last seven years!*" Not another syllable was uttered respecting the pension;—as you will easily imagine! We all agreed with Mr. Fox, at the conclusion of this strange recital, that had Talbot been earlier in life placed in some high official situation, he would have made the finest Financier in the world; as it was, he was only a

"—— mute, inglorious, *Necker!*"*

* M. Necker,—the Father of Madame de Staël;—one of the most celebrated Financiers the world has produced.

The unpleasant task now devolves upon me, of saying that the ladies of the Princess, did *not agree* among themselves, and therefore frequently were a cause of much annoyance to their royal mistress. Lady P—— was one of these; and the S's (though *musical*) were a grand source of discord. As to Lady Anne H——, she has been much abused, and without cause: she had her faults, it is true, and perhaps her attachment to the Princess might sometimes degenerate into officiousness: but assuredly the person who bore patiently all the contempt to which the Princess was exposed during the latter part of her life;—who partook of all her trials; soothed her last moments,—and left her only on the brink of the grave,—must find in every rightly-directed heart, sympathy and admiration!—How opposite, this conduct to that of another Lady —who being at Naples with the Princess, and reduced to much pecuniary distress, took advantage of the Princess's profuse generosity of disposition, and prevailed on her to dispose of some jewels to the Duchess de B———o, in order to raise money for her: the Princess gave her all she could—and when she could do no more, it will scarcely be believed, that this *lady* turned round, and became one of the Princess's most virulent foes and defamers!!

As Lady de C—— was no longer the governess of the Princess Charlotte, she adhered to her resolution of not *receiving any other.*

The P—— was furious: and requiring her to meet the Q—— at Windsor, he demanded from her in a peremptory tone, how she dared express such a deter-

mination? The Q—— joined in, and called her headstrong, stubborn, and disobedient: and the P—— even threatened to imprison her for life! In the midst of this storm, the Princess Charlotte, although so young, *strayed not, either by look or word, the least emotion.*—This was *dignity* of the highest order:—and was truly gratifying to her mother, for whose sake she acted so determined a part. And although she afterwards consented to receive the Duchess of Leeds, (who was a truly amiable woman:) her conduct must have shown both the P—— and the Q—— that they had to deal with one whose character was firmly opposed to tyranny or oppression. It is said that Lord E—— (the Chancellor) took upon himself to rate the Princess Charlotte in a way by no means becoming either *his* station or *hers!* One thing had been yielded to the young Princess, that she should be allowed to retain Miss Knight (her friend) as sub-governess.* There were one or two circumstances which puzzled the ruling powers much, and among others the Princess Charlotte's resolution to be presented publicly to the Q——, by her mother only,—as the fittest person: also her intention to go to Warwick house, and consider the Duchess of L—— not as governess, but as *first lady:* and her absolute refusal of the P—— of O—— for a husband.

* Quite little enough to accord to the heiress presumptive to the throne,—and even that was against the will of the Q——, who took to her bed with chagrin and disappointment! The ball at Carlton House about the same time, was a most unfit sort of re-union for a young Princess—the components of it being chiefly old persons, and others in whom she could take no possible interest.

About this time a letter forwarded to the P—— by the Princess was *returned unopened*, and the intercourse between the mother and daughter, was *entirely cut off*. The Princess's letter was to the following purport, and exhibits her deep distress of mind.

LETTER FROM THE PRINCESS OF WALES TO THE PRINCE REGENT.

January, 1813.

Sir,

If the matters expatiated upon in this letter were merely of a *personal* nature, I should abstain from soliciting your attention to them: I should lead a life of retirement and console myself under the privations which I suffer, by the reflection, that it was the will of your Royal Highness. But there are other and higher considerations, which do not permit this, and in which the public estimation, and happiness of my daughter are involved. The separation, which is daily becoming greater and more decided, is injurious alike to my honour and the consistency of her education: and to be cut off from the society of my only and beloved child is an affliction so bitter that it may be more easily imagined than pictured in words.

Permit me to observe to your Royal Highness, that the conduct on your part is not warranted by any foregone act: the evidence of my entire innocence when exposed to all the virulence of conspiracy, is *compleat*

—and yet I am treated as though I were steeped to the lips in guilt! Is this right?—is this just?—is this religion?

I would, if I could, further impress upon your Royal Highness the motives which urge me to this step. Duty and affection to yourself and my beloved daughter —and a concern for the honour of the constitutional government of this country, equally influence one, who is, sir, with profound respect and an attachment that is unalterable,

Your Royal Highness's

Most affectionate

CAROLINE.

Montagu house.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GARDENS AT KENSINGTON, LORD BYRON:—HIS MANUSCRIPT STORY OF "GUZMAN."

To alleviate her gloomy presentiments, the Princess would frequently walk in the gardens at Kensington, attended by myself and Lady C—— L——, and try to seize some glimmering of hope in her destiny. On one occasion Lord Byron joined us, and remained the greater part of the morning. The portraits of him are all either too handsome or too ugly—and not one of them conveys his characteristic expression: but this may, perhaps, be accounted for, by the circumstance of the shades of feeling, ever varying, which were wont to flit over his features. I cannot help thinking that public opinion has treated him harshly: for it had no right to calculate on his possessing the sobriety of other men and commoner minds. *He* hovered ever between the beautiful and the sublime in his imaginative hours—and when he *relaxed*, he erred, by falling into the opposite extreme. He is to be pitied for this natural proneness,—and still more so, for having recorded, in but too captivating a strain, his aberrations! He made himself

very agreeable: told a great many sparkling anecdotes, and as he was aware of my romantic turn of mind, gave me, while the Princess conversed apart with Lord O———, the outlines of a legend, full interest. I made him promise to forward me the manuscript—which he did on the following day; and, I now, (ere I return to, and conclude the infamous diary of Lady D———:) present it to the public.

LORD BYRON'S "GUZMAN."

A Legend of Horror.

The light of the waning sun streamed through many a gloomy vista of the Black Forest, towards the close of a sultry afternoon, in the autumn of ——. On every side, lay vast colonnades of amber-hued trees, here and the reinterrupted by a hoary oak, which seemed struggling to maintain supremacy over its leafy brethren. Dimly through the distance was seen the form of a solitary deer. Unbroken stillness reigned throughout.

A scarcely perceptible gloom overcast the tranquil scenery; and the aspect of the sky betokened the approach of a thunder-storm. The sun presently disappeared behind a dense phalanx of towering clouds, which seemed as though collecting from all parts. A few moments ensued, of intense and sultry stillness. At last, a few large drops of rain were heard pattering slowly through the branches; followed by a peal of

thunder, which seemed to shake the whole forest. Several vivid flashes of lightning shed over the scenery a brief and ghastly light; and in a few moments the rain poured down in torrents. There was a freshening, in its clatter among the leaves and branches, and as it streamed on the emerald grass beneath.

On an elevated mound, at some distance from the surrounding trees, in the very heart of the forest—stood the tall figure of a stranger. His arms were folded on his breast, and around him the folds of a long dark cloak. It was the costume of a monk. His pale and forbidding countenance, and restless eye, conveyed to the spectator the idea of ruined ambition. He was gazing on the sky; his lips were compressed sullenly together; and his forehead, partially shaded with black hair, had an aspect of deep disquietude.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, after witnessing a terrific flash of lightning, "How I envy that cloud!—It hath cast forth from its dark chambers a troublesome guest, and now flitteth on its journey easily.—Would *I* were able to cast forth the lightning which scorcheth in secret, every hour of my accursed life!—And that thunder—why the earth seemed to leap with horror—yet it shaketh not the soul of him who stands thereon!—These fresh rain-drops should cool my burning brow—but, they roll off hot—hot!—Marry! that was a feat!" said he, as the lightning descended on a giant oak, and rent it asunder with a loud crash. "That lightning hath taught me a lesson. *It* careered the sky till it had collected all its might—and then flung down at once its fiery vengeance. In like manner *I* have wandered

from far, over lonesome hill and valley, and crossed the troublous seas—and now will I do in like manner!" As he spoke these last words with subdued bitterness, he extended his hand to his left side, as though he felt for something beneath his cloak. A wild smile past over his face.—"If it shall please your reverence," exclaimed a husky voice, "you had better turn within, and abide under cover, till the rain be overpast." The voice issued from the door of a small cave, which conveniently opened between the trunks of two trees, at about ten paces distance from the mound on which stood the stranger. The speaker was a jolly friar, with a smooth-shaven crown, and vermilion-tinted nose. The stranger stalked slowly to the cave, and leaned against one of the elm-trees.

"Sancta Maria! what a dreary even is this!" quoth Father Brandywine, fingering his beads. "Yon lightning looketh like fiery snakes.—Dost thou dread it Father?"

"I prithee peace: trouble me not with thy questions. Sit thee down within, and sleep:" replied the monk sternly.

"If it please your reverence, I have but aroused a little while from my nap.—I can tell ye something that will comfort your soul: ay, in sooth, it *will!*

"Out with it, then!" said the monk, negligently.

"Body and soul be sworn brothers,—as saith one of the fathers, and, it follows that they have all things in common. The stomach—the stomach—hem, hem."

"Out on thy drivelling! What wouldst thou say to me?"

"This,—that I have, an excellent mutton-pasty within here. Doubtless thou wilt fall to, and partake thereof."

"Dotard!" exclaimed the monk, turning his back on him, angrily.

"Nevertheless, *I* feel a certain craving after food, which must be satisfied:" and drawing a small knife from his vest, which seemed always ready on such occasions, he cut out a large piece, which he immediately began to eat, with great zest, and in silence. For some moments the monk stood gazing on the storm, which yet raged with unabated violence: but at last, it seemed that the prediction of his companion was verified, for he turned slowly round and seated himself within the cavern.

"Well,—thou mayest portion *me* out a morsel, for I wax somewhat faint with travelling, and long fast. I have that to do which doth not admit of weakness—else I had vowed not to eat, till"——he broke off suddenly, and a gloomy pause ensued.

The monk ate a few mouthfuls in silence. At length he flung down the remainder, exclaiming,

"I will taste no more of thy vile dainties!"

He seemed fearfully agitated. He quivered from head to foot: and glared so wildly around him, that the friar, terrified by his vehemence, pulled out a small flask of wine, and offered it to him: he drained it off at a draught.

"Was that *blood*, thou gavest me?" inquired the monk, in a hollow tone, fixing an appalling stare on the affrighted friar.

"Blood?—blood?—Holy St. Ambrose!—Why should I give thee blood?—Thou ravest!—Thou art certainly ill—Look at this, Father, and be blessed!"—and he held before him a small crucifix.

"Ha!" exclaimed the monk, as with a long shuddering gasp, he suddenly snatched it from the grasp of the friar, and dashed it into fragments upon the stone floor.

"Sanctissima Maria! henceforth a curse clingeth to thee for ever!" screamed the astonished friar, as the monk darted from the cavern, and staggered to the mound where he had previously stood. He shook himself violently, as though he had been flinging off the coils of a serpent, pressed his hands to his forehead, and gazed upwards with agony and despair. He turned round with sudden calmness. He seemed by a gigantic effort to have allayed his excitement. He walked slowly to the cave, at the entrance of which stood the agitated friar.

"Go within, Father: I have somewhat for thy ear."

"How shall I sit near one who hath broken and despised the blessed cross?" inquired the friar. A look from the monk silenced his scruples. The monk seated himself opposite to him.

"Dost thou remember," he resumed, solemnly, laying his cold hands on those of the friar—"dost thou remember DON GUZMAN?"

The shuddering friar made no reply.

"I see thou dost," continued the monk, gloomily; "but why art thou so startled? Dost thou remember in the inner court of the Abbey, in the still of the evening, what words they were which I spoke to thee?"

"Holy Father, I pray thee, take off from me thy burning eye! Thy fiendish stare hath maddened me. Help; I faint!"

"Weak fool!" exclaimed the monk, as he supported him till he recovered.

"I ask thee, Friar—dost thou remember the word which I whispered in thine ear, when the bell rang to vespers?"

"I do—I do!" replied the friar, gasping with terror.

"That word hath brought me from Spain to Germany, although thou thoughtest I was entrusted on an errand of state. That word hath been my support amidst troubles and sorrows unutterable. That word hath been to me for breath and for food. That word hath made me to laugh at the grave."

"And that word will be thy passport to hell!" replied the friar, vehemently.

"*Hell!*" ejaculated the monk, with a bitter smile.

"Now, Father, do thou mark me, and mind me. I go to DO A DEED, which neither thou nor any other man must see. Stay thou within this cavern till I return—or thy blood be on thine own head!"

The friar fell on his knees, and clasped his hands in speechless agony.

"What meanest thou?—What wouldst thou?" inquired the monk sternly.

"By thy hopes of heaven, do not this dark and bloody deed!"

"Thou mayst cease thine entreaties, Father. Can the stamp of a foot crumble yon mountains into dust?—Then may thine entreaties melt the rock of my

resolution. I tell thee I *shall* have my revenge if there be truth in heaven or in hell.—Once again I warn thee!"

With these words he left the cave, and strode rapidly to the mound he had previously occupied. The storm had left the sky to the brief, but serene dominion of the waning sun. The scene was delightfully tranquil; but not so he whose eye dilated upon it with sullen indifference.

The monk frequently cast his eye towards a grove of silvery sycamores, round which wound a circuitous pathway leading to Wisbaden,—as though anxiously waiting the approach of an expected passenger. He often muttered to himself—"When will *he* come?—What if, after all, I am misled?—But, he comes! *he comes!*"

He drew his cowl over his face, and began to walk slowly so that he might be overtaken by the horseman who followed. It was an elderly man who rode on a large white horse. He was dressed in a long buff tunic, somewhat the worse for wear, with a broad leather band buckled round his waist,—and had on a coarse thrum bonnet. Covetousness and rapacity seem to twinkle in his keen, deep-set gray eyes, and to be stamped upon every feature of his countenance; and a dirty grayish, straggling beard attached to his chin, gave a perfect idea of a miser. He rode at a leisurely pace, and soon overtook the monk, who walked on in a posture of deep thoughtfulness.

"Blessing be with thee, good stranger: hast thou alms

for one of the holy church's poor servants?" inquired the monk in a stifled voice.

"Good even to thee, holy priest: I have not sufficient for mine own wants."

"If ever so little, give it."

"I tell thee," replied the stranger peevishly, "I have scarce sufficient for my own wants, and how, then, can I minister to thine?"

"How! sayest thou so? Report tells that thou hast a good estate, adjoining—is it not so?—Juan de Manzanal passeth for richer than any within many a rood."

"Then report is a liar. Even suppose I had some trifling property in tenements,—thinkest thou I am not sufficiently burdened with extortion?—Every month is saddled with some new exorbitant tax. I tell thee, I am poor."

"Ever so small a trifle," continued the monk imploringly.

"Thou shalt not have it!" replied Juan angrily, at the same time quickening the pace of his horse. But the monk still kept close to his side.

"Leave me, leave me, thou importunate beggar! Thou dost disgrace thy cloth!" said Juan impatiently. Had he seen the withering scowl with which the monk regarded him, he would have set off at full gallop; as it was, he urged his horse to brisker speed than before: but the monk, with his long and rapid strides, still kept even with him, and, seeing Juan inclined to set off, he laid his hand on the bridle.

"Why—what meanest thou?—Wouldst thou rob

me!—Dost know that the greater half of this forest is owned by me?" said Juan, with trepidation.

"Then how canst thou be so poor as to be unable to give me a florin or two?—I pray thee give me alms!"

"I will see thee hanged first, priest as thou art!" vociferated Juan, losing all patience.

"Then mark me!" said the monk, in a slow and solemn voice, "I will give *thee* a gift!"

"Ay?"—inquired Juan eagerly; "Money or goods?—Stay—perchance thou meanest thy blessing? If so keep it to thyself."

"Juan, wouldst thou know what my gift meaneth?" asked the monk impressively: "It is this! Gaze till thine eyes be blighted!" and he drew from beneath his cloak, a keen, long, and glittering knife, spotted with blood.

"Holy Mary! Dost thou mean to murder an old man?" stammered Juan while he strove, but ineffectually, to urge his horse to a more rapid pace.

"Murder thee?—St. Gregory forbid!—Dost thou think a *monk* a murderer?—Take thou this blade, and examine it well. I warrant thee thou shalt by and by discover in it something strange and wondrous," replied the monk, as he extended the knife to his companion.

"I will not touch it! Thou art a fiend and no man," replied Juan.

"Take it or rue it!" thundered the monk. Juan took it with a trembling hand. "And what am I to do with it?" he inquired faintly.

"Mark it well, and give it me again."

Juan viewed it with a dim and sickening eye, and returned it in silence to his companion, who clutched it with fierce eagerness, and replaced it beneath his cloak.

"Dost thou remember it, Juan?—Dost thou remember it?"

"No!" replied Juan, casting a wild and fearful glance on his companion, who drew his cowl closer over his face. A long pause ensued.

"And so thou art poor, art thou?" inquired the monk, with feigned calmness.

"Thou speakest truly, reverend father."

"How long hast thou lived in these parts?"

"I have dwelt here some years," replied Juan, with submissiveness.

"*Hadst thou ever a brother?*" inquired the monk, abruptly, in a voice which thrilled to the very marrow of his shuddering auditor.

"Ay!" he replied, at the same time grasping the pommel of his saddle, as if he with difficulty preserved his seat.

"Why dost thou tremble, and turn so white in thy face, Juan?" inquired the monk, with a fierce smile.

A passing fit of sickness, such as I often have.—Would that the surgeon were here: I lack his assistance. I pray thy reverence to remember, that I am a weak and year stricken man."

"Doubtless it is so; but—thy brother?" continued the monk, with cold solemnity; "is he alive now?"

Juan was silent.

"I ask thee, Juan—is thy brother alive?" repeated the monk. "Is Don Guzman de Manzanal *alive?*"

"With great grief of heart, I must tell thee, he is dead. God's peace be with his soul!" stammered Juan, as if his words choked him.

"When did he die, Juan?"

"It is now a matter of ten years, so please your reverence."

"I prithee, did he die at home—in his father's house?

"Alack, no! He died at Pepoli's rebellion. He was slain at Bilbao. I grieve to say he was a traitor."

A long pause ensued, which neither seemed inclined to break.

"*Where* didst thou say he died?" inquired the monk, abruptly.

"Peace be with him! He followed the Duke of Algesiras to Portugal, and was left dead on the field of battle. I had like to have gone beside myself with sorrow for him— for I was the only one of the family that loved him."

"I thought thou saidst he was a rebel, and died at Bilbao?" said the monk, slowly fixing a keen and startling glance on Juan, who made no other reply, than by gasping, "Heaven pity me—I grow distracted!"

"Hadst thou other brothers than he, Juan?"

"No, he was the elder, and only one."

The monk drew his cowl closer over his face, and said, in a voice which seemed to rise from the depths of the grave,—"Juan thou didst *murder* thy brother!"

The reins fell from Juan's hands, and he fixed on the shrouded face of his companion a cold, unmeaning stare, while the monk continued, in the same sepulchral tone—

"Juan, dost thou remember the Western Tower at Burgos?—Dost thou remember who sate in it at midnight, when stillness was upon the earth?—Dost thou remember that thy brother received from thy hands a cup of wine—drank it,—and presently fell asleep?—Dost thou remember that thou didst take from thy tunic a knife?—Dost thou remember baring the cloak from thy brother's bosom?—Dost thou remember the hot blood that gushed over thy clasped hands?—Dost thou remember the hooting of an owl, who settled opposite to thee, on a hazel-tree, and sang thee a death-song on thy deed?—Dost thou remember that the broad eye of the moon well-nigh froze thee into stone, as thou lookedst on it?—Dost thou remember hearing a wild shriek—that a maiden (now THY wife!) who had been sleeping, close by, was awoke by the owl,—that thou wert following her, with thy red knife in thine hand, when thy feet failed thee, on the ground slippery with blood?—Ha! dost thou remember that ghastly night?—Thou didst not see the blue hell-fire which flickered around the shrubs and bushes by thee! Juan!—I tell thee thy soul is dyed with blood!—Blood *cryeth* out against thee for vengeance!—It was licked up by the thirsty earth, into its dark womb, where it is preserved until now.—*Cain!*—dost thou hear the curse which is denounced upon thee?" inquired the monk, through his closed teeth.

During the whole of this heart-freezing recapitulation, Juan gazed fixedly on the gloomy speaker, with a lack-lustre eye, and features bedewed with a clammy sweat. His horse had for some time ceased to move, —as if the withering words of the monk had operated as a spell. At length the monk shook him from his lethargy.

"Juan!—dost thou hear thine accuser?"

"Oh, thou fiend—thou fiend! why dost thou fright me?" gasped Juan, striving to trace the figure of the cross.

"Away home, Juan!—*I will meet thee again!*—See thou be prepared for my coming!"

More dead than alive, Juan urged his horse gently forwards. The monk watched him till the winding pathway had hid him from his view, and then darted through the trees, where he was heard rapidly urging his way among the crashing and creaking bushes, as he pushed them on each side.

Juan rode along for some time, at a very slow and mournful pace; but a sudden recollection of the last words of the terrible stranger—the fearful mystery in which he was shrouded—and the dreariness of his own situation—altogether, so awed his imagination, and overcame his feelings, that, with sudden and desperate vehemence he struck his horse, till it bore him along at a rapid rate. He soon reached the borders of the forest, and rode up towards a pair of dim and lofty gates, on each side of which was placed a rudely-sculptured boar. He dismounted, and fastened his horse to the gate, with a trembling hand. With hurried,

unsteady steps, he passed through the courtyard, which was growing gloomy with the shadows of evening He approached a large irregularly-built mansion, heavy with cumbrous, dingy-hued timber works;—and each angle garnished with a small square turret. The door was beneath a pondrous' stone porch. He raised his hand to the latch: but he could not move it. Again and again he shook the door, with what little strength he had left; but he heard only its faint echoes through the silent chambers. He called out faintly, "*Jeanet!*" but received no answer.

Once more he shook the oaken door, but in vain. He leaned disconsolately against the porch and groaned. He was gazing on the door—when he saw it move: he pushed it, and it fell back. After a moment's pause of apprehension, he crossed the threshold. Had he possessed sufficient recollection and presence of mind, he might have been surprised and alarmed at the sudden opening of the door; but it escaped his notice. As he paced the dim passage, his heart leaped within him at the echo of every foot-fall. He was surprised at the unusual, the dreary, the ominous silence which pervaded his house. With a vague apprehension of horror, he ascended the stairs which led to his sleeping-chamber. He opened the door. The last lingering sun-light, which shed a melancholy gleam around, revealed to him the figure of his wife, stretched in blood on the floor, which had issued from a wound in her breast, where the fatal instrument yet remained. He seemed petrified, as his reeling eyes encountered this horrid

spectacle. Suddenly he heard a wild laugh behind him: he turned round and beheld—the *Monk!*

"Ha, Juan!"—he exclaimed with bitter derision.

Juan's limbs refused him any longer support; and he fell down by the side of his wife, his eye still rivetted on the fiendish figure of the monk.

The monk drew back his sleeves from his hands, and knelt down deliberately by his side. He slowly drew out the long knife, which stood in the gashed bosom of the wife.

"Dost thou remember, I said I would meet thee again? Art thou prepared?"

He wiped the wet blade upon his sleeve, and, with terrible calmness, unbuckled Juan's tunic. He laid his hand upon Juan's heart.

"Thou art still warm with life," he continued, and it seemed as though a pang of momentary remorse thrilled through his heart; for he folded his arms on his breast, and gazed anxiously on the haggard countenance of his unresisting victim.

"Juan! Dost thou remember me?" asked the monk flinging wide his hood.

"My Brother!" gasped the prostrate wretch.

The words had scarcely quivered from his lips, when the monk uplifted his knife and plunged it thrice into his bosom, yelling "Die, accursed! die!"

"It is done!—now for Spain." He sprang from the scene of fratricidal horror, and hurried through the courtyard.

Soon after the monk had left the cavern in the Black

forest, Father Brandywine contrived to rouse his sinking spirits, by an appeal to a flask of Ofen wine, which he had concealed in a dark corner by way of *dernier ressort.* Never had a similar application been so instantaneously successful. It infused new life and vigour into his system, and recruited his mental energies. He commenced a soliloquy.

"Please Heaven, this deed of blood shall either be prevented, or visited with due punishment. It will be a service to the church. But if I should perish, in working this good? Could the church afford to lose me? Truly, I fear not. But I must be doing: and what shall I do?" here a short pause ensued. "I will hie me to Wisbaden (which lieth at a little more than half a mile's distance) to Wolfsein the bailiff, and bring him, with some few other stout fellows to Juan's house, and our lady grant I may be in time to prevent the shedding of blood!"

It is true the fierce threats of the monk came to his remembrance; but then he easily consoled and fortified himself. He was successful: Wolfsein, a very valiant thief-taker, accompanied him, with three other followers. They met the monk riding rapidly along on the horse of Juan.

"See—see the blood on his cloak! Look Wolfsein!"

The monk heard the voice of the friar, and looked up: for he was riding with his eyes bent to the ground. He sprang from his horse exclaiming,

"*Thou* here, caitiff?—Die!"

Before he had seized the trembling friar, the monk

was locked in the strong arms of the bailiff and his constables.

"Die! Die!" thundered the monk, his eye still singling out Father Brandywine—at the same time that he struggled to burst from those who held him.

"Haste thee! Haste thee, Holy father! Mount that horse, and ride off for thy life!" roared out one of the men. Fear lent agility to the exhausted friar: he managed to clamber with some little difficulty, into the saddle, and was out of sight presently.

The infuriated monk struggled like a giant, with his resolute and powerful assailants. Twice he burst from their united grasp, and flung Wolfsein and his head-constable on the ground with stunning violence. But his opponents besides being familiar with such encounters, were well-trained wrestlers, and rose unhurt from every fall.

"Unhand me, knaves!—bloodthirsty villains, away!" roared the monk, as he hurled them off on all sides. He perceived, however, that his strength began to fail, while that of his assailants seemed wholly exhausted. He glanced furiously around him: in the darkness he had discovered his revenge.

"The cliff! the cliff!—He drags us to the cliff's edge! Hold away, or we are lost!" shouted the constables. The powerful monk swayed his devoted foes nearer and nearer to the fatal verge. Around three he wreathed his giant arms: he had devoted them to destruction.

"Help, as ye are men!—Help! roared Wolfsein, as

a body of horsemen appeared, bearing torches, headed by the indefatigable friar. Again, trusting to their instant arrival, he rushed to the rescue of his companions. But the monk also had seen the approaching reinforcement; and, with a last tremendous effort, whirled himself and his assailants from the edge of the precipice. Close clasped together in the embrace of death, they fell, from crag to crag, into the river beneath!

When the horsemen, with their waving torches, galloped to the scene of this terrible catastrophe, it was overspread with a pall of silence—and darkness—and death!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND. THE PRINCESS IN DISHABILLE. ROASTING THE P——. STATE OF EUROPE: LORD WELLINGTON: BERNADOTTE: MADAME DE STAËL: A SECRET. THE REAL CAUSE (NOW FIRST DIVULGED) OF BUONAPARTE'S ILL-SUCCESS IN RUSSIA. THE PRINCESS AND THE FORTUNE-TELLING GYPSIES. RESUMPTION OF THE "INFAMOUS DIARY" OF LADY D——.

I WAS present when the Duke of Brunswick came to take leave of his sister, and I know not when I have seen a more perfect specimen of the warrior by anticipation!—And, nobly did he fulfil the hopes of his country, in the struggle which ensued. The Princess was much affected at his departure and her remark was but too prophetic respecting him, who

"——— foremost fighting, fell!"

that she should 'never see him again!'

Among other causes which originated certain slanders

respecting the Princess, was the circumstance of her frequently attiring herself in a loose *dishabille*, and *without stays*. The alteration in the shape arising out of an incident so trifling, gave a handle to the expatiations of the malicious; and even some of her dearest friends were for a time imposed upon by misrepresentations and appearances, until looking in her face, they discovered that expression of tranquility which is allied only to purity and honor. I will not deny that there was at times, an excessive levity about the Princess, which narrow minds would not fail to construe to their own purposes: but I will not rank among such, the admirable little likenesses she sometimes modelled of the P—— in wax, after dinner, and roasted, or rather melted by the fire: tortured feelings must have some vent,—and surely this was a harmless and an innocent one.

At this period Lord Wellington had not put the corner-stone to his monument of glory, but he might nevertheless be considered the Liberator of Spain. After very mature consideration, I cannot help ranking this great man, as superior to Buonaparte, in military talent, for with infinitely *fewer means*, he accomplished *more!* Bernadotte, also, was a grand instrument in destroying the power of the French Emperor; and on this subject I can divulge the secret, first it was *Madame de Stael* who instigated him (Bernadotte) to take up arms. This reminds me of another very curious circumstance which must throw a new light on a most important transaction. Napoleon has been blamed by everybody, even by his own historian Count de Segur, for *delaying* the preparations for his Russian campaign

whereas the fault lay in an occurrence which he could not over-rule.

There was at that time in Paris, a Russian of the name of 'Czernichef,' who had plenty of money, lived in gay life, and was looked upon as merely a person devoted to pleasure and amusement. He was, however, a SPY of the Russian Government. He got an introduction to a *chef de division* named 'Michelle,' and apparently without any motive whatever, drew from him various particulars, respecting the state and position of the Emperor's armies. He made daily visits: gave handsome presents, which were not unacceptable to a chef with £200 a year, and a family—and finally became fully acquainted with every particular respecting the *grande armée*. Suddenly he disappeared. On turning up the carpet of his room to clean it, the Garçon at the Hotel, discovered a letter addressed to him (Czernichef) from M. Michelle, which was given to the landlord, who in ascertaining its contents, sent it to the prefect of Police. It was of a nature to make it evident that Michelle had said *too much*: that, in fact, he had thoughtlessly been guilty of high treason. He was arrested: and telegraphic orders were given for the arrest of Czernichef, but *he* had passed the frontier, and was safe. Michelle was arraigned, censured, and shot. Just at that period, as a fatility would have it, a Chef du Commissariat, died of apoplexy, leaving his accounts in a state of so much confusion that it was impossible to make anything of them, or ascertain the *approvisionment* of the army. Between these two mishaps—a complete change became necessary in the disposition of an im-

mense body of men, (near 500,000) and in the regulations of the stores—so that *two months* was lost at the most precious period of the year, and the *winter* set in with its icy horrors, while the French were in Warsaw, and had but half accomplished the immediate objects of the invasion. Out of half a million of men of various nations, scarcely 5,000 frenchmen escaped; and not more than 10,000 in all!!

The Princess told me that one day as she went to Mrs. Angerstein's, on Blackheath, she was followed by some gypsies, who wished to tell her, her fortune. She informed them she had no money—but they so far insisted, that she promised them, if they would remain near the gate, when she returned, she would allow them to read her fate. She did so, and they informed her that 'She was a married woman,—but would not be married long: that her heart was a foreigner's, and that she would go abroad, and marry the man she loved, and be very rich and happy.'

The Princess attached some importance to this prophesy, and it was natural enough in her deserted state, that she should do so.

THE INFAMOUS DIARY OF LADY D——.

(Resumed and Concluded.)

All the month of August the Princess visited me daily; in one of these visits, after she had sent Mrs.

Fitzgerald away, she drew her chair close to the bed, and said, "I am delighted to see how well and easily you have got through this affair; I, who am not the least nervous, shall make nothing at all of it. When you hear of my having taken children in baskets from poor people, take no notice; that is the way I mean to manage: I shall take any that offer, and the one I have will be presented in the same way, which, as I have taken others, will never be thought any thing about." I asked her how she would ever get it out of the house? but she said, "Oh, very easily." I said it was a perilous business; I would go abroad if I were *her*; but she laughed at my fears and said she had no doubt but of managing it all very well. I was very glad she did not ask me, to assist her, for I was determined in my own mind never to do so, and she never did make any request of me, for which I was very thankful. I put the question to her, who she would get to deliver her? but she did not answer for a minute, and then said, "I shall get a person over: I'll manage it, but never ask me about it." Sander was a good creature, and being immediately about her person, and sleeping near her room, must be told; but Miss G—— must be sent to Germany; and the third maid, a young girl, kept out of the way as well as they could.

I suggested I was afraid her appearance at St. James's could not fail to be observed, and she would have to encounter all the royal family. Her reply was, that

she knew how to manage her dress, and by continually increasing large cushions behind, no one would observe, and fortunately the birth-days were over, until she should have got rid of her appearance. In this manner passed all the time of my confinement, at the end of which she sent Mrs. Fitzgerald to attend me to church, and when I went to pay my duty to Her Royal Highness after I went abroad again, she told me whenever I was quite stout, she would have the child christened; that she meant to stand in person, and I must find another godmother; Sir Sidney Smith would be the godfather. I named the Duchess of Athol, as a very amiable woman, of suitable rank, and said that as there had been a long friendship betwixt Sir John's family and the Athol family, I knew it would be very agreeable to him. Finding they were gone to Scotland, we wrote to ask her Grace; and she wrote word she would stand godmother with great pleasure, and enclosed ten guineas for the nurse. The Princess invited Sir Sidney Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Smith, and Baron Herbert, and Sir John Douglas, to dine with her. Miss Cholmondeley and the two Fitzgeralds were with Her Royal Highness, and in the evening they all came; I staid at home to receive her. The clergyman from Lewisham christened the child; the Princess named it Caroline Sidney. As soon as he was gone (which was shortly after the ceremony was over) the Princess sat down upon the carpet—a thing she was very fond of doing, in preference to sitting upon the chairs, saying, it was the pleasantest lively affair altogether she had ever known. She chose to sit

taking a few turns returned home. In about a fortnight we received a note, the Princess requesting neither Sir John or I to go to Montagu house, as her servants were afraid some of the children she had taken had the measles, and if any infection remained about the house, we might carry it to our child. We wrote a note expressive of our thanks for her obliging precautions, and that we would not go to Montagu house, until we had the honour of receiving Her Royal Highness's commands. The Princess never sent for us, and when I left my card before I went to pass Christmas in Gloucestershire, I was not admitted; so that *I never saw her after the 13th of October.*

Upon my return to Blackheath, in January, I called to pay my duty. I *found her packing a small black box*,* and an infant sleeping on a sofa, with a piece of scarlet cloth thrown over it. She appeared confused, and hesitated whether she should be rude or kind, but recovering herself, chose to be the latter; said, she was happy to see me, and then taking me by the hand led me to the sofa and uncovering the child, said, "Here is the little boy, I had him two days after I saw you last; is it not a nice little child? the upper part of his face is very fine." She was going to have said more, when Mrs. Fitzgerald opened the door and came

* And yet this woman has just told us she "never saw" the Princess "after the 13th of October!!!"

in. The Princess consulted what I had better have; what would be good for me. I declined any thing, but she insisted upon it I should have some soup, and said, "My dear Fitzgerald, pray go out and order some nice brown soup to be brought here for Lady Douglas." I saw from this the Princess wished to have spoken to me more fully, and Mrs. Fitzgerald saw it likewise, for instead of obeying, she rung the bell for the soup, and then sat down to tell me the whole fable of the child having been brought by a poor woman from Deptford, whose husband had left her; that Mr. Stikeman, the page, had the honour of bringing it in; that it was a poor little ill-looking thing when first brought, but now, with such great care was growing very pretty, and that as Her Royal Highness was so good and had taken the twins (whose father would not let them remain) and taking this, all the poor people would be bringing children. The Princess now took the child up, and I was entertained the whole morning by seeing it fed, and *every service of every kind performed for it by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.* Mrs. Fitzgerald aired the napkins, and *the Princess put them on;* and from this time the drawing-rooms at Montagu house were literally in the style of a common nursery. The tables were covered with spoons, plates, feeding-boats, and clothes; round the fire, napkins were hung to air, and the *marble hearths were strewed with napkins which were taken from the child;* for, very extraordinary to relate, *this* was a part of the ceremony *Her Royal Highness was particularly tenacious of always performing herself,* let the company be who they might.

At first the child slept with her, she told me, but it made her nervous, and therefore a nurse was hired to assist in taking charge of it, and for him to sleep with. The Princess said one day to me as she was nursing him, "He had a little milk for two or three days, but it did not do, so we bring him up by hand, with all kind of nourishing things, and you see how well he thrives;" so that I really always supposed she had attempted to suckle it. Another time she showed me its hand, which has a pink mark upon it, and said it was very singular *both our children* should be marked, and she thought *her child's* came from her having some wine thrown on her hand, for she did not look much at little Caroline's mark.

The Princess now adopted a new mode of inviting us to see her. She would invite either Sir John or I, but never both together as formerly. I concluded, from *this*, that as she found it so difficult to keep *even her own secret*, she could ill imagine I had been able to *keep hers*, and therefore under the impression that by *that time* I must have told Sir John, did not like to meet both our eyes; and if she saw Sir John without me, could better judge by his looks and manner whether I had divulged or not. I conclude she was at length satisfied I had not: for we were one morning both invited again in the former manner to a breakfast, and as it was a very curiously arranged party, I will put down

the names, for to the person who is to peruse this detail, it will confirm the idea that Her Royal Highness cannot always know correctly what she is about. When we entered, the Princess was sitting upon the sofa, elegantly dressed in white and silver drapery, which covered her head, and fell all over her person, and she had her little boy upon her knee elegantly dressed likewise. The guests were, Her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte of Wales, with Miss Hunt, her Governess, Captain Manby of the navy, Mr. Spencer Smith, the Fitzgeralds, and ourselves. She got up and nursed the child, and carrying it to Sir John, said, "Here, Sir John, this is the Deptford boy, I suppose you have heard I have taken a little child." Sir John only said yes, he had, and it seemed a fine baby. She seemed pleased and satisfied that I had not told him, and then sat down to table, putting a chair for Princess Charlotte on her right hand, taking me by the hand, and putting me on her left hand, told Captain Manby to sit at the top, and Mr. Spencer Smith at the bottom, and Sir John and the Fitzgeralds faced us. Princess Charlotte had a plain dinner prepared for her in another room, according to custom, and came in when our dessert was placed, when we all sat down again as we were sitting, except Miss Hunt, who was never ordered to sit, but stood a few yards from Princess Charlotte. About five o'clock her Royal Highness rose from the table, the little boy was brought in again, Princess Charlotte played with it, and the Princess of Wales wished all of us a good morning, and we broke up, totally at a loss to conceive

what amusement it could be to collect us together. This breakfast was a kind of *finale.*

We had very little intercourse afterwards. Her Royal Highness would walk past our house, for the express purpose of shewing she did not mean to come in, and when we did see her, she always abused Sir Sidney Smith. Often said, she wondered I liked to live at such a dull place as Blackheath, and, in short, gave us hints we could not misunderstand, that she wanted us away.* At this time Sir John received a letter from his division, expressive of the general's wish that he would go to Plymouth, and therefore (without an Admiralty order) he determined to go to emancipate ourselves from the Princess of Wales, and as soon as we could dispose of the furniture, I followed him, leaving the house empty, which was ours three months after I quitted it. The day Sir John was to set off, the Princess walked to our house, and though his trunks were in the room, and he was occupied, would have him sit down and talk to her, *overpowering* him and myself *now* with kindness, and said she could eat something. She did so, staid four hours in the house, and at parting took Sir John by both hands, wished him every good wish, and begged him always to recollect how happy she should be to see

* The Princess had too much discrimination not to see to the very bottom of characters so shallow, yet so full of guile!

him again, and that she would be *very kind to me in his absence*; however, after he was *gone*, she never came near me, or offered me any kind of civility whatsoever. When I was upon the eve of departure, I called upon her, and took her god-daughter and my other little girl with me. She was almost uncivil, and paid little or no attention if I spoke. I said the children were with me, but she did not answer, and after speaking four or five hours very unpleasantly, suffering all the unpleasant feeling of being where I had been courted and idolized, I begged permission at last to go away.

When I went out, to my surprise, I found the children had been kept in the passage near the front door, with the door open to Blackheath, in a December day, with four opposite doors opened and shut upon them, instead of being taken to the housekeeper's room, as they always had been. My maid had at length begged the footman to go to a fire, as the children cried dreadfully, and were very cold. I understand the man was a footman of the name of Gaskin, I think, and his answer was, if the children are cold, you can put them back into the carriage, and warm them. I took them home immediately, and was inclined to return and ask why they had been thus all of a sudden treated with this brutality and impertinence, and which was doubly cruel in Sir John's absence; but I deferred going until I meant to take my final leave, which I did on the 1st

lowing Sunday. Doctor Burnaby was standing in the hall, with everything prepared for the Princess to receive the sacrament. I was ushered through notwithstanding, and the footmen seemed to go to and fro as much at their ease as if no such thing was preparing. She was standing in the drawing-room, and received me with Mrs. Lisle and Mrs. Fitzgerald. I said I should have been gone before, had it been in my power; and in compliance with her commands, had come to take my leave.

She did not ask me to sit down, but said—"God bless you; good bye." I then said I was much concerned I had brought my little girls a few days past, and that I should never have done so, but from Her Royal Highness's repeated desire. She said, she was sorry; and asked who used them so. I told her, one of her livery-servants, and Sir John would not like to hear of it. Her Royal Highness said, "Stop a moment;" flew past me through the hall where Doctor Burnaby stood waiting for her, up to her own room, and returned with a white paper-box, pushing it into my hand—"God bless you my dear Lady Douglas." I said, I wished to decline taking anything; that my object in coming there was to offer her my duty, and tell her how ill my children had been used. I could not conceive how any footman could use the freedom of treating Sir John's children so, unless he had been desired.

She only answered, "Oh! no, indeed: good bye." I attempted to put the box into her hands, saying I had rather not have had it; but she dropped her hands, and turned away. I therefore wished Mrs. Lisle and Miss Fitzgerald good morning, and went away. Doctor Burnaby spoke to me as I passed him, and, looking back, I saw Her Royal Highness's head; she was looking out after me, to see if she had fairly got rid of me, and laughing immoderately at Doctor Burnaby in his gown. I quitted her house, resolved never to re-enter it but for form's sake, and wrote her word, that as I had long been treated rudely, and my children, whom she courted to her house, were now insulted there, I felt a dislike to accepting any present thrown at me, as it were, under such unpleasant circumstances; that I had not untied the box, and requested she would permit me to return it; that I was an English gentlewoman, and defied her to say she had ever seen a single impropriety in my conduct, and I would never suffer myself to be ill-used without a clear explanation.*

The Princess wrote back a most haughty imperious reply, desiring me to keep the box, styled herself Princess of Wales in almost every line, and insulted me to such a degree, that I returned an answer insisting

* What excesive vulgarity! Low minds *always* presume upon the condescension of superiors!

upon her explaining herself. This she returned me unopened,* saying, she would not open my second letter, and had therefore sent it to me to put in the fire, and that she was ready to put the matter in oblivion, as she desired me to do, wished me and my dear little children well, and should at all times be glad to see her former neighbour.† I did as she desired, and went away at Christmas without ever seeing or hearing more of Her Royal Highness, and found in the paper box a gold necklace, with a medallion suspended from it.

Thus ended my intercourse, for the present, with the Princess of Wales, and the year 1808.

When we resided in Devonshire, seeing by the papers that Her Royal Highness was ill, we sent a note of enquiry to the lady in waiting, which was answered very politely, and even in a friendly manner by her Royal Highness's orders. Upon the arrival of the Duke of Sussex from abroad, Sir John returned to town to attend him, and when we drove to Blackheath to see our friends, I left my card for Her Royal Highness, who was visiting Mr. Canning; the moment she returned home she commanded Mrs. Vernon to send me word never to repeat my visits to Blackheath. I gave Sir John the note, and must confess, accustomed as I

* Delightful! How the 'galled jade winces!'

† An instance of the Princess's goodness of heart, in the midst of mean and unprovoked malignity.

had been to her haughty overbearing caprice, yet this exceeded my belief of what she was capable of, being so inconsistent with her two last letters :* but the fact was, she thought we were gone above 200 miles from her, and should be there for many years; and she never calculated upon the return of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, having very often told me His Royal Highness would never live in England, in his Majesty's life-time; that she was certain of that, and had reasons for knowing it; and Sir John would never have him here. I suppose she had taken this into her head, because she wished it; and, therefore, the return of His Royal Highness was a mortal death-blow to all her hopes on this score; and when she found that His Royal Highness was not only returned, but that Sir John was in attendance, and that His Royal Highness was in Carlton House, where Sir John might see, and have the honour of being made known to the Prince of Wales, her *fear* and *rage* got the better of every prudent consideration, and she commanded Mrs. Vernon to dismiss me as I have mentioned. Had the Princess of Wales written to me herself, and told me, in a civil manner, that she would thank me to keep away, I should have acquainted her, that I wished and desired to do so, and had only called for the sake of appearances, and there the matter would have ended; unless I had ever been called upon (as I am now) by his Majesty, or the heir-apparent. *In that case*, as in this, I should have made it my sacred duty to have answered, as upon my

* Not at all.—One may write very civilly to a person whose ABSENCE is the greatest favor they can confer upon us.

bath; but the circumstance of being driven out of her house by the hands of the lady in waiting, as if I had deserved it, and as if I were a culprit, was wounding one with a poisoned arrow, which left the wound to fester after it had torn and stabbed me; it was a refinement in insult, for the Princess had always been in the habit of writing to me *herself*, and had commanded me never to hold intercourse with her through her ladies, but *always* directly to *herself;* and so particular were her direction and permission upon this head, that she told me never to put my letters under cover, but always direct them to herself. I felt so miserable that Mrs. Vernon, to whom I was known, and for whom Sir John and myself had an esteem, should think ill of me, and I therefore wrote to the Princess, saying, "From the moment she judged proper to come into my family, I had always conducted myself towards Her Royal Highness with the respect her high station demanded; and that when she forced her secrets upon me, I had (whatsoever my sentiments were) kept them most honourably for her, never yet having even told Sir John, although I gave him my full confidence in all other things; nor had I even, under my present aggravation, imparted it, or meant; that after such generous conduct on my part, I was at a loss to conceive what she proposed to *herself* by persecuting me; that I was afflicted at being so placed in the opinion of a good woman like Mrs. Vernon, and who was free to say what she pleased upon the subject *everywhere;* that it was half as bad to be *thought* ill of as to deserve it; and that I would wait upon Mrs. Vernon, and detail to her a circumstantial

account of everything which had occurred since I had known Her Royal Highness; and I would acquaint my husband and family with the same, and leave them, and the circle of my friends, to judge betwixt Her Royal Highness and myself; that I would not live under an imputation of having done wrong; and I took my leave of Her Royal Highness *for ever*, only first regretting I had ever known her, and thankful to be emancipated from Montagu house, and that she owed it to me to have, at least, dismissed me in a civil manner, by her *own hands*."*

This letter Her Royal Highness returned unopened: but, from its appearance, I had strong reason to believe she had read it. I was resolved, however, if she had not, she should be taught better, as she might not treat any other person so ill as she had me, and my mind was bent upon speaking to Mrs. Vernon; I was nearly certain, if I wrote to Mrs. Vernon, the Princess would make her send my letter back, and therefore I wrote Mrs. Fitzgerald nearly a copy of what I sent Her Royal Highness, and called upon *her*, as she had been always present, to say, if she ever saw anything in my behaviour to justify any rudeness towards me; that I was precisely what the Princess found me, when the Princess walked up *to her knees in snow to seek my*

* What a laughable specimen of spleen!!

vered she would give the Prince of Wales the credit, for she slept at Carlton house twice the year she was pregnant; that she often spoke of her situation, compared herself and me to Mary and Elizabeth, and told me when she shewed me the child, that it was the little boy she had two days after I saw her, that was the 30th of October; therefore her son was born upon the 1st of November, and I took a retrospect of things after I knew the day of his birth, and found Her Royal Highness must have gone down stairs and dined with the chancellor about the fourth day after she was delivered, with the intention, if discovered, of having him to say he dined with her in perfect health so early in November, that it could not be. Sir John recollected all her whims, and went over her whole conduct, and he firmly believes her to be *the mother of the reputed Deptford child.*

I then acquainted him of the pains she had taken to estrange my mind and affections from him, and he saw her purpose of changing sides, and endeavouring to estrange him from me, lest if we lived in a happy state of confidence, I might made known her situation to him; and we agreed, that as we had no means of communicating at present with his Majesty, or the heir-apparent, we must wait patiently until called upon to bring forward her conduct, as there

seemed little doubt we should one day be. Finding that Sir John Douglas did not choose to visit where his wife was discarded and hurt in the estimation of her acquaintance, her fury became so unbounded, that she sought what she could do most atrocious, wicked, and inhuman.(!!!) The result was, she made two drawings with a pen and ink, and sent them to us by the two-penny post, representing me as having disgraced myself with his old friend Sir Sidney Smith. They are of the most indecent nature, drawn with her own hands, and words upon them in her own hand-writing.* Sir John, Sir Sidney, and myself, can all swear point blank without a moment's hesitation; and if Her Royal Highness is a subject and amenable to the laws of this country (and I conceive her to be so) she ought to be tried and judged by those laws for doing thus, to throw firebrands into the bosom of a quiet family. My husband, with that cool good sense which has ever marked his character, and with a belief in my innocence, which nothing but facts can stagger (for it is founded upon my having been faithful to him nine years before we were married, and seven years since,) as well as his long acquaintance with Sir Sidney Smith's character and disposition, and having seen the Princess of Wales's loose and vicious character, put the letters in his pocket, and went instantly to Sir Sidney Smith. Sir Sidney was as much astonished as we had been. Sir John then told him, he put the question to him, and expected an answer such as an officer and gentleman ought to

* A most abominable falsehood,—as was afterwards proved in evidence.

give to his friend: Sir Sidney Smith gave Sir John his hand, as his old friend and companion, and assured him, in the most solemn manner, as an officer and gentleman, that the whole was the most audacious and wicked calumny; and he would swear to its being the handwriting of the Princess of Wales; and that he believed Lady Douglas to be the same virtuous domestic woman he thought her, when Sir John first made him known to her. Sir Sidney added, "I never said a word to your wife, but what you might have heard; and had I been so base as to attempt anything of the kind under your roof, I should deserve for you to shoot me like a mad dog. I am ready to go with Lady Douglas and yourself, and let us ask her what she means by it; confront her." Accordingly Sir John wrote a note to the lady in waiting, which was to this effect: "Sir John and Lady Douglas, and Sir Sidney Smith present their compliments to the lady in waiting, and request she will have the goodness to say to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, that they are desirous of having an audience of Her Royal Highness immediately." We received no answer to this note; but, in a few days, an answer was sent to Sir Sidney Smith, stating, that Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was much indisposed, and could not see any one at present. It was directed to Sir Sidney Smith, at our house, although he did not live there. This was an acknowledgment of her guilt: she *could not face us*,* it was satisfactory to us all, for it said I am the author, let me off; but to

* Ridiculous conceit!

make one's satisfaction upon this the more perfect, and to warn her of the danger she runs of discovery, when she did such flagrant things, I wrote the under-written note, and put it into the post office, directed to herself:

"MADAM,

I received your former anonymous letter safe; also your two last, with drawings.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

C. D."

It appears evident that Her Royal Highness received this safe, and felt how she had committed herself, for, instead of returning it in the old style, she sent for His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, and requested him to send for Sir Sidney, and by the post Sir Sidney received an anonymous letter, saying, the writer of that wished for no *civil dissensions*, and that there seldom was a difference where, if the parties wished it, they could not arrange matters. Sir Sidney Smith brought this curious letter to shew Sir John, and we were all satisfied it was from Her Royal Highness, who, thinking Sir Sidney and Sir John might, by this time, be cutting each other's throats, sent very graciously to stop them; in short, she called them *civil dissensions*.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, being empowered to negotiate, sent for Sir Sidney Smith, and

acquainted him, that he was desired by Her Royal Highness to say, that she would see Sir Sidney Smith in the course of a few days, provided, when he came to her, he avoided all disagreeable discussions whatsoever. His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent then sought from Sir Sidney an explanation of the matter; Sir Sidney Smith gave the Duke of Kent a full detail of circumstances, and ended by saying, "We all could and would swear, the drawings and words contained in those covers were written by the Princess of Wales; for, as if she were fully to convict herself, she had sealed one of the covers with the identical seal she had used upon the cover, when she summoned Sir John to luncheon at Montagu house." His Roval Highness the Duke of Kent, finding what a scrape she had entangled herself in, exclaimed, "abominable! foolish, to be sure; but, Sir Sidney Smith, as this matter, if it make a noise, may distress His Majesty, and be injurious to his health, I wish Sir John and Lady Douglas would (at least for the present) try to forget it: and if my making them a visit would be agreeable, and soothe their minds, I will go with all my heart, though I am not yet acquainted with them, and I will speak fully to the Princess of Wales, and point out to her the danger of doing such things; but, at all events, it would be very injurious to His Majesty's health, if it came to his ears just now." Sir Sidney Smith came from His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent to us, and delivered His Royal Highness's message. Sir John declined all negotiation; but told Sir Sidney Smith, that he was empowered to say to the Duke of Kent from him, that, of whatsoever

extent his injuries, and however anxious he might be to seek justice, yet when he received such an intimation from one of the royal family, he would certainly pause before he took any of those measures he meant to take: and if that was the case, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent was desirous of his being quiet, lest His Majesty's health or peace might be disturbed by it, his duty and his attachment to his sovereign were so sincere, that he would bury (for the present) his private calamity, for the sake of His Majesty's repose and the public good; but he begged to be clearly understood, that he did not mean to bind himself hereafter, but reserve to himself a full right of exposing the Princess of Wales, when he judged it might be done with greatest effect, and when it was not likely to disturb the repose of this country.

Sir Sidney Smith told us that he had delivered Sir John's message, *verbatim*, to the Duke of Kent; and, a short time afterwards, His Royal Highness commanded Sir John and Sir Sidney to dine with him at Kensington Palace; but the Duke of Kent did not speak to Sir John upon the subject, and the matter rested there, and would have slept for a time, had not the Princess of Wales recommenced a fresh torrent of outrage against Sir John; and had he not discovered, that she was attempting to undermine his and my character. Sir John, therefore, was compelled to communicate his

situation to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in order that he might acquaint the royal family of the manner the Princess of Wales was proceeding in, and to claim His Majesty's and the heir-apparent's protection. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, with that goodness and consideration Sir John expected from him, informed His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who sent Sir John word, that "He desired to have a full detail of all that passed during their acquaintance with Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and how they became known to her, it appearing to the heir-apparent, from the representation of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, that his Majesty's dearest interests, and those of this country, were very deeply involved in the question; His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has commanded them to be very circumstantial in their detail respecting all they may know relative to the child the Princess of Wales affected to adopt. Sir John and Lady Douglas repeat, that, being so called upon, they feel it their duty to detail what they know, for the information of his Majesty and the Prince of Wales, and they have so done as upon oath, after having very seriously considered the matter, and are ready to authenticate whatever they have said, if it should be required, for his Majesty's further information.

I have drawn up this detail in the best manner I

could; and fear, from my never having before attempted a thing of the kind, it will be full of errors, and being much fatigued from writing, from the original, in eight and forty hours, the facts contained therein, I *believe they are correct;* I am ready to assert, in the most solemn manner, that I KNOW them all to be TRUE. (!!!)*

(Signed) CHARLOTTE DOUGLAS.
JOHN DOUGLAS.

In the presence of
AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.
Greenwich Park Dec. 3, 1805.

* Even when this woman asseverates on the subject of TRUTH,—she equivocates!!

CHAPTER XVIII.

VISIT TO MR. ANGERSTEIN. LORD AND LADY BUCKINGHAMSHIRE; ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK. SUPPER AT LADY PERCEVAL'S. THOMAS CAMPBELL, THE POET: HIS EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF "A BRIDE FROM THE GRAVE!" DEPOSITIONS FOR AND AGAINST THE PRINCESS.

I accompanied the Princess to Mr. Angerstein's; it was towards evening, and Lord and Lady Buckinghamshire were dining there. I was sorry that it was so, as Lady Buckinghamshire always made a point of behaving in the rudest manner to the Princess: and on this occasion, with her usual vulgarity, she not only rose up and turned her back,—but ran out of the room! The Princess treated the matter with silent contempt—but still, it *must* have hurt her feelings. Mr. A——— told us a curious anecdote of the Duke of Brunswick. Before the latter left England, he had occasion to go to Shrewsbury: and while dining at the inn there, was very impertinently interrupted by Mr. Forrester (son-in-law to the Duchess of Rutland) and denounced as a French

prisoner, intending to escape from the country!—The Duke declared who he was: but the *sagacious* Mr. Forrester replied that 'he was sure the Duke of Brunswick was not such a trumpery fellow!!' He was treated, in brief, with excessive and contemptuous annoyance, and was about being conveyed to durance vile, when, he referred to a gentleman well acquainted with him, and was left unmolested amidst the most obsequious apologies, when it was—*too late!*—Some people are so exceedingly fond of meddling!

We went to supper at Lady Perceval's, and there met Thomas Campbell the poet. He was as enthusiastic and full of spirits as usual: and although he had not *then* been travelling about the shores of the Mediterranean, his imagination was quite oriental:—as the following story, which he told us, will prove.

A BRIDE FROM THE GRAVE

The French Consul at Alexandria, while reading one of Mehemet Ali's Proclamations, drinking his coffee, and smoking his *chibouk*,—was informed that a young countryman of his, was desirous of seeing him. "Introduce him:" said the Consul: "Ah! Julian! is it you?—why this ceremony? why not send up your name?" "I'm nervous, Lagarde:" replied the young doctor—and have need of something better than my own medicine to set me right!" "In love:—in love,—Julian? eh? Yet, Egypt has not many temptations for the sentimental love of a frenchman."

"Pardon me!" returned Julian, "Egypt has but too many temptations of that kind; and *I* am a victim to one of them!"

The Consul took two or three rapid whiffs of his chibouk; made a sign to the slave who stood at some distance from them, to bring coffee, pipes, and sweetmeats; settled himself into the attitude of a listener, and then desired Julian to be a little less mysterious, and relate matters like a reasonable being. Consul Lagarde was a little fat man, with an extremely good-natured expression of countenance:—Julian (I describe both, in order that my friend 'Liversedge' may make a picture of them:) was tall, thin, dark, and expressive rather than handsome: both were habited *à la turque* —except only that both wore the embroidered greek cap.

"You are aware my friend" said Julian, "That for the last year I have been residing at the pretty village of B———, in the vicinity of Kairo: *why*,—I hardly know unless it be, that I love everything oriental. Moreover, I think I have told you that I once, by the merest accident, saw in the gardens of the Seraglio, (where I had been admitted in my quality of Physician, a creature so beautiful—and in all respects so *loveable*, that I have never forgotten her and have felt as though there was a vacuity in my spirit that could only be filled up by *her*:—and the hope of again seeing her (how deceit-

ful is hope!) has acted as a spell upon me.—About six weeks ago, I was sent for by a Bey of some note in Kairo, to attend a lady in his harem, who was said to be dangerously ill of fever. Thither, I repaired, with my faithful servant Francisco: and was ushered into a saloon where the Bey received me very politely, informing me, at the same time that 'the lady, he was *afraid* (he looked somewhat sinister I thought as he spoke) was past even the skill of a *Frank* (European) Doctor.'—He then ordered two slaves to conduct me to the sick chamber;—where, lay before me on a low couch, a figure veiled from head to foot, whose breathing was evidently deep and laboured. I raised her small delicate white hand, and felt her pulse: it was low and irregular; I declared to the Bey, who had entered the room and stood near me, that I *must* see her face. He started back, in displeasure: but on my assuming an authoritative medical air, he consented. The veil was lifted,—and what was my astonishment at beholding the very being, who had been to me as a dream of beauty for the past twelve months!!—Yes—it was *she* "lovely and beloved!" but oh, so pale;—so death-stricken. She had—I saw it but too plainly,—she had been *poisoned!* Yet—knowing the accursed intrigue of Mamluke Palaces, I said nothing, as her dark and gentle eyes were fixed upon me with a subdued look of recognition:—aye, of *recognition* for there is a *fate in love*,—and she had evidently,—but why, should I speak of myself?—*I*, to whom hope itself must now be a blank for ever! To resume my story.—I wrote out a prescription and sent Francisco to a chemist's to have it made up: he re-

turned; I administered it; and promised to call the next day.

It was a very strong antidote, and I thought it probable that it might counteract the poison.

On the following day I repaired to the Bey's, and was ushered into a room surrounded with divans, and was received by the Bey himself, but not very amicably, for his brows were knit—and he seemed disturbed and chagrined. We were alone,—yet he desired me to approach close to him on the divan. "You have saved the life "said he" of Zuleika, contrary to my wishes,—Aye, you may start,—contrary to my wishes. She had been poisoned by my order, and had it not been for the new law of Mehmet Ali, which requires in certain cases that a European Doctor shall be called in, I should not, believe me, have sent for *you!*—As it is—you must be the instrument of putting her *to death!*"

"Never!" I exclaimed. "Indeed!" said he, smiling diabolically, "then behold your fate!" and clapping his hands, the room was filled with slaves, each holding a dagger. I was horror-struck at the dilemma in which I was placed. I would willingly have sacrificed my own life to *save hers*:—but *that* would not be the result of self devotion on my part. What was I to do?—A thought came into my head. I agreed to be the minister of death,—*provided I might have the corpse for dissection.* The Bey agreed, observing that he should be *glad to get rid of it.* I sent Francisco out with another prescription: he brought the Phial to me, and I entered the chamber. Zuleika, as I poured out

the mixture, looked at me first with fear, and then with an unbounded confidence, and drank off the potion.—She almost immediately sank into a state of syncopé. I rejoined the Bey, who ordered in (under the rose) some delicious wine, of which he did not partake sparingly, seemed in high spirits, and gave me a diamond ring worth about 5000 francs. In a quarter of an hour, a slave brought word that the lady Zuleika had become stretched out, as in the stiffness of death. The Bey all at once, for appearance sake, tore a few hairs out of his beard—beat his head against the wall—and uttered a hypocritical cry of grief. The shades of evening soon began to fall, and I sent Francisco to get my calesche ready, in which, after placing the corpse, I set off for my romantic *maison de campagne* at B——. "Shall we bury her in the garden?" said Francisco as we arrived. "Not yet;"—said I, "carry the corpse in, and lay it carefully on the large divan: see that the cushions are made soft—for to-morrow morning she will—COME TO LIFE AGAIN!!" Francisco appeared thunder-struck—but said nothing:—he was incredulous.

In the morning however, when he entered the room, I was bathing the brow of the reviving Zuleika! He fell on his knees before me—declared it was a miracle—and would almost have worshipped me,—but that I shortly explained, requiring him to preserve the most rigid secrecy.

In two days Zuleika became more beautiful than ever,—and in a week was quite restored to health.

How sweet were her tones,—how languishing her eyes,—as she expressed her gratitude and LOVE! She told me, that she was a daughter of Mehmet Ali, and had been presented to the Bey—whom however, she had refused to accept in quality of husband—and being in his power had chosen death as the alternative. *She had seen me,*—she said,—and had devoted her soul to that one thought of *being mine!* I will not tell you how tenderly we embraced, in the bliss of that long sought union! From that moment, she was indeed *mine,* and to heaven we appealed to ratify the contract and to watch over us! Having been well educated, Zuleika spoke French, English and Italian with great fluency; and she sang many of the airs of Rossini accompanying them on the guitar. She was therefore a charming and most interesting companion: and it was with intense rapture I gazed upon and listened to her, as we stole cautiously into our balcony overlooking the glorious Nile, in the cool of evening.—Alas! this indulgence, cost to us both, a result of unbounded misery. Some spy of the Bey's, passing in a capouk (covered boat) had seen us—and had made a report to his master. The latter, having few of the superstitions of his country, immediately suspected the whole affair: and resolved not to be foiled a third time. In the dead of night, he broke open and entered my house, surrounded by numerous armed slaves, and, while we were asleep in each others arms, tore her from me,—and conveyed her away! I resisted to the utmost, bewildered and furious, as I was,—but, of course, it was in vain—and

as to the law, *that* could give me no redress. For the last fourteen days I have sought her everywhere but without success.

The Bey, I ascertained did not convey her back to Kairo—but proceeded to Rosetta: I can learn no tidings of her *there*, and must now appeal to the kindly feelings of Mehmet Ali,—and, my dear friend, *your influence*, which I know is great.

Scarcely had Julian ceased speaking—his eyes filled with bitter tears,—when the door flew open, and *Zuleika* stood before him! Instantly, they were in each others arms. She had escaped the vigilance of her murderous persecutor who had by a feint gone as to Rosetta, but in reality to Alexandria, hoping by the injunction of Mehmet Ali, to bring her to obedience:—but LOVE was her guide and preserver, and had inspired her with the determination to seek the sanctuary of the French Consul's residence as the likeliest means of again seeing her Julian. She was now his,—never more, while life endured, to know separation! The form and benediction of marriage was pronounced upon them in the Consul's house,—and on the following morning they embarked for France, on board a vessel just about to sail.—CONSTANCY has, ever, its reward!"

I now return to the immediate subject of this work, and will place before the reader as an historical document the

DEPOSITIONS AGAINST THE PRINCESS,

By the hired menials of the P——.

ROBERT BIDGOOD

Had lived with the PRINCE twenty three years. (!) He went to the Princess in March, 1798, and has lived with Her Royal Highness ever since (1806.) About the year 1802, early in that year, deponent first observed Sir Sidney Smith come to Montagu house. He used to stay very late at night. He has seen him early in the morning there, about ten or eleven o'clock. Sir Sidney was at Sir John Douglas's, and was in the habit, as well as Sir John and Lady Douglas, of dining or having luncheon, or supping there almost every day. He saw Sir Sidney Smith one day in 1802, in the blue room, about eleven o'clock in the morning, which is full two hours before they expected ever to see company. Deponent asked the servants why they did not let him know that he was there. The footmen informed him that they had let no person in. There was a private door to the park by which he might have come in if he had a key to it, and have got into the blue room without any of the servants perceiving him. Deponent never observed any appearance of the Princess, which

could lead him to suppose she was with child. He first observed Captain Manby come to Montagu house, either the end of 1803, or beginning of 1804. Deponent was waiting one day in the ante-room, Captain Manby had his hat in his hand, and appeared to be going away. He (Capt. M.) was a long time with the Princess, and as deponent stood on the steps waiting, he looked into the room in which they were, and in the reflection in the looking-glass he saw them salute each other. He meant that they kissed each other's lips. Captain Manby then went away. He then observed the Princess take her handkerchief and wipe her eyes, as if she was crying, and went into the drawing-room. The Princess went to Southend in May 1804. Deponent went with her. They were there, he believes, about six weeks before the Africaine came in. Sicard was very often watching with a glass to see when the ship would arrive. One day he said he saw the Africaine, and soon after the captain put off in a boat from the ship. Sicard went down the shrubbery to meet him. When the captain came on shore, Sicard conducted him to the Princess's house, and he dined there, with the Princess and her ladies. After this he came very frequently to see the Princess. The Princess had two houses on the Cliff, Nos. 8 and 9. She afterwards took the drawing-room of No. 7, which communicated by the balcony with No. 8. The three houses being adjoining, the Princess used to dine in No. 8, and after dinner to remove with the company into No. 7: and deponent has several times seen the Princess, after having gone into No. 7, with Captain Manby and

the rest of the company, retire alone with Captain Manby from No. 7, through No. 8, into No. 9, which was the house in which the Princess slept. He suspected that Captain Manby slept frequently in the house. It was a subject of conversation in the house. Hints were given by the servants, and deponent believes that others suspect it as well as himself. The Princess took a child, which he understood was brought into the house by Stikeman. He waited only one week in three, and he was not there at the time the child was brought, but he saw it there early in 1803. The child who is now with the Princess is the same as he saw there early in 1803. It has a mark on its left hand. Austin is the name of the man who was said to be the father. Austin's wife is, deponent believes, still alive. She has had another child, and has brought it sometimes to Montagu house. It is very like the child who lives with the Princess. Mrs. Gosden was employed as a nurse to the child, and she used to bring the child to the Princess as soon as the Princess awoke, and the child used to stay with Her Royal Highness the whole morning. The Princess appeared to be extremely fond of the child.

WILLIAM COLE

Had lived with the Princess of Wales ever since her marriage. Sir Sidney Smith first visited at Montagu

house about 1802. He has observed the Princess too familiar with Sir Sidney Smith. One day, he thinks about February in that year, the Princess ordered some sandwiches; he carried them into the blue room to her. Sir Sidney Smith was there. He was surprised to see him there—he must have come in from the Park. If he (Sir Sidney) had been let in from Blackheath he must have passed through the room in which deponent was waiting. When he had left the sandwiches he returned after some time into the room, and Sir Sidney Smith was sitting very close to the Princess on the sofa; deponent looked at him, and at Her Royal Highness. She caught his eye, and saw that he noticed the manner in which they were sitting together. They appeared both a little confused when he came into the room. A short time before this, one night about twelve o'clock, he saw a man go into the house from the park, wrapt up in a great coat. He did not give any alarm, for the impression on his mind was that it was not a thief. Soon after he had seen the Princess and Sir Sidney Smith sitting together on the sofa, the Duke of Kent sent for him, and told him that the Princess would be glad if he would do the duty in town, because she had business to do in town, which she would rather trust to him than any body else. The Duke said that the Princess had thought it would be more agreeable to be told this by him than through Sicard. After this he never attended at Montagu house, but occasionally, when the Princess sent for him. About July, 1802, he observed that the Princess had grown very

large; and in the latter part of the same year she appeared to be grown thin, and he observed it to Miss Sander, who said the Princess was much thinner than she had been. He had not any idea of the Princess being with child. Mr. Lawrence, the painter, used to go to Montagu house about the latter end of 1801, when he was painting the Princess, and he has slept in the house two or three nights together. He has often seen him alone with the Princess at eleven and twelve o'clock at night. He has been there as late as one and two o'clock in the morning. One night he saw him with the Princess in the blue room, after the ladies had retired. Some time afterwards, when he supposed that he had gone to his room, he went to see that all was safe, and he found the blue room door locked, and heard a whispering in it, and he went away.

FRANCES LLOYD

Had lived twelve years with the Princess of Wales, next October. She is in the coffee-room. Her situation in the coffee-room does not give her opportunities of seeing the Princess. She don't see her sometimes for months. Mr. Mills attended deponent for a cold. He asked her if the Prince came to Blackheath backwards and forwards, or something to that effect, for the Princess was with child, or looked as if she was

with child. This must have been three or four years ago. It may have been five years ago. She thinks it must have been some time before the child was brought to the Princess. She remembers the child being brought. It was brought into her room. She had orders sent to her to give the mother arrow-root, with directions how to make it, to wean the child, and she gave it to the mother, and she took the child away. Afterwards the mother brought the child back again. Whether it was a week, ten days, or a fortnight, she cannot say, but it might be about that time.

Was at Ramsgate with the Princess in 1803. One morning when they were in the house at East Cliff, somebody, she does not recollect who, knocked at her door, and desired her to get up to prepare breakfast for the Princess. This was about six o'clock. She was asleep. During the whole time she was in the Princess's service, she had never been called up before to make breakfast for the Princess. She slept in the housekeeper's room on the ground-floor. She opened the shutters of the window for light. She knew at that time that Captain Manby's ship was in the Downs. When she opened the shutters she saw the Princess walking down the garden with a gentleman. She (the Princess) was walking down the gravel-walk towards the sea. No orders had been given deponent over-night to prepare breakfast early. The gentleman the Princess was walking with was a tall man. She was surprised to see the Princess walking with a gentleman at that time in the morning. She is sure it was the Princess. While they were at

Blackheath, a woman at Charlton, of the name of Townley, told her that she had some linen to wash from the Princess's house. That the linen was marked with the appearance of a miscarriage or delivery. The woman has since left Charlton, but she has friends here. She thinks it must have been before the child was brought to the Princess that the woman told this. She knows all the women in the Princess's house. She doesn't think that any of them were in a state of pregnancy, and if any had, she thinks she must have known it. She never told Cole that Mary Wilson, when she supposed the Princess to be in the library, had gone into the Princess's bed-room, and had found a man there at breakfast with the Princess; or that there was a great to-do about it, and that Mary Wilson was sworn to secrecy, and threatened to be turned away, if she divulged what she had seen.

Sworn on the seventh day of June, 1806.

DEPOSITIONS

Favourable to the Princess.

MARY ANN WILSON

To the best of her knowledge it will be ten years next quarter that she lived with the Princess of Wales, as housemaid; she waits on the ladies who attend the

Princess; she remembers when the child, who is now with the Princess was brought there. Before it came she heard say that it was to come. The mother brought the child. It appeared to be about four months old when it was brought; she remembers twins being brought to the Princess, before this child was brought. She never noticed the Princess's shape to be different in that year from what it was before. She never had thought that the Princess was with child. She has heard it reported. It is a good while ago. She never herself suspected her being with child. She thinks she could not have been with child, and have gone on to her time without her knowing it. She was at Southend with the Princess. Captain Manby used to visit the Princess there. She made the Princess's bed, and has been in the habit of making it ever since she lived with Her Royal Highness. Another maid, whose name is Ann Bye, assisted with her in making the bed. From what she observed she never had any reason to believe that two persons had slept in the bed. She never saw any particular appearance in it. The linen was washed by Stikeman's wife.

THOMAS STIKEMAN

Has been in-page to the Princess of Wales ever since she has been in England. When he first saw the child

who is with the Princess, it was about four years ago. Her Royal Highness had a strong desire to have an infant, which he and all the house knew. He heard there was a woman who had twins, one of which the Princess was desirous to have, but the parents would not part with it. A woman came to the door with a petition to get her husband replaced in the dock-yard, who had been removed. She had a child with her. Deponent took the child, he believes, and shewed it to Mrs. Sander. He then returned the child to the woman, and made inquiries after the father and afterwards desired the woman to bring the child again to the house, which she did. The child was taken to the Princess. After the Princess had seen it, she desired the woman to take it again, and bring it back in a few days, and Mrs. Sander was desired to provide linen for it. Within a few days the child was brought again by the mother, and was left, and has been with the Princess ever since. He doesn't recollect the child had any mark; but upon reflection he does recollect that the mother said he was marked with elder-wine on the hand. The father of the child, whose name is Austin, lives with deponent at Pimlico. His wife is a laundress, and washed the linen of the Prince. Austin is employed to turn a mangle for deponent. The child was born in Brownlow-street, and it was baptized there; but he only knows this from the mother. The mother has since lain-in a second time in Brownlow-street. He never saw the woman to his knowledge before she came with the petition to the door. He had no particular directions from the Princess to procure a child; he

thought it better to take the child of persons of good character, than the child of a pauper. The Princess is of that lively vivacity, that she makes herself familiar with gentlemen, which prevented his being struck with Sir Sidney Smith's staying late. He does not believe that at that time any other gentleman visited the Princess so frequently, or stayed so late. He has seen the Princess, when they were alone, sitting with Sir Sidney Smith on the same sofa in the blue room. He had access to the blue room at all times. There was an inner room which opened into the blue room. When that room was not lighted up, he did not go into it, and did not consider that he had a right to go into it. He had no idea on what account he was brought here. He did not know that the Princess's conduct was questioned or questionable. He was with the Princess at Ramsgate. When she was at East Cliff, Captain Manby was very frequently there; went away as late as eleven o'clock at night. He doesn't remember Fanny Lloyd being called up any morning to make breakfast for the Princess; he did not like Captain Manby coming so often, and staying so late, and he was uneasy at it. He remembers a piece of plate, a silver lamp, being sent to Captain Manby. He saw it in Sicard's possession. He told him it was for Captain Manby, and he had a letter to send with it. Deponent has never seen Captain Manby at the Princess's at Ramsgate before nine o'clock in the morning, but he has heard he has been there earlier. He had never any suspicions of there being anything improper, either from the frequent visits of Captain Manby, or from his conduct.

is Austin. The mother brought the child to the Princess when he was four months old. She was present when the child was brought. She, the Princess was in her own room up stairs when the child was brought. She came out and took the child herself. She understood that the child was expected before it was brought. She is sure that she never saw the child in the house before; it appeared to be four months old. The Princess was not ill or indisposed in the autumn of 1802. She was dresser to Her Royal Highness. The Princess could not be ill or indisposed without her knowing it. She is sure that she was not confined to her room or to her bed in that autumn. There was not, to her knowledge, any other child in the house. It was hardly possible there could have been a child there without her knowing it. She has no recollection that the Princess had grown bigger in 1802 than usual. She is sure the Princess was not pregnant. Being her dresser, she must have seen it if she was. She solemnly and positively swears, she has no reason to know or believe that the Princess of Wales has been at any time pregnant during the time she has lived with Her Royal Highness at Montagu house. She may have said to Cole that the Princess was grown much thinner, but she doesn't recollect that she did. She never heard any body say any thing about the Princess being pregnant till she came here to-day. She did not expect to be asked any question to-day respecting the Princess being pregnant. Nobody came over to the Princess from Germany in the autumn of 1802, to her knowledge. Her Royal Highness was generally blooded twice

a year, but not lately. She never had any reason to suppose that the Princess received the visits of any gentleman at improper hours. Sir Sidney Smith visited her frequently and almost daily. He was there very late, sometimes till two o'clock in the morning. She never saw Sir Sidney Smith in a room alone with the Princess late at night. She never saw anything which led her to suppose that Sir Sidney Smith was on a very familiar footing with the Princess of Wales. She attended the Princess of Wales to Southend. She had two houses, No. 9, and No. 8. She knew Captain Manby. He commanded the Africaine. He visited the Princess. While his ship was there, he was frequently with the Princess. She doesn't know or believe, and she has no reason to believe that Captain Manby staid till very late hours with the Princess. She never suspected that there was any improper familiarity between them. She never expressed to any body a wish that Captain Manby's visits were not so frequent. If the Princess had company, she was never present. The Princess was at Ramsgate in 1803. She has seen Captain Manby there frequently. He came to the Princess's house to dinner. He never stayed late at night at the Princess's house. She was in Devonshire with the Princess lately. There was no one officer that she saw when she was in Devonshire more than the rest. She never heard from the Princess that she apprehended her conduct was questioned. When she was brought here she thought she might be questioned respecting the Princess's conduct, and she was sorry she had to come. She doesn't know why she

thought so. She never saw anything in the conduct of the Princess while she lived with her, which would have made her uneasy if she had been her husband. When she was at Southend she dined in the steward's room. She can't say whether she heard any body in the steward's room say anything about the Captain, meaning Captain Manby. It is so long ago she may have forgot it. She has seen Captain Manby alone with the Princess at No. 9, in the drawing-room, at Southend. She has seen it only once or twice. It was at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and never later. She slept in a room next to the Princess in the house, No. 9, at Southend. She never saw Captain Manby in any part of that house but the drawing-room. She has no reason to believe he was in any other room in the house. She was at Catherington with the Princess. She was at Mr. Hood's house. She never saw any familiarity between her and Mr. Hood. She has seen her drive out in Mr. Hood's carriage with him alone. It was a gig. They used to be absent for several hours. A servant of the Princess attended them. She has delivered packets by the order of the Princess, which she gave her sealed up, to Sicard, to be by him forwarded to Captain Manby. The birth-day of the child who lives with the Princess is the 11th of July, as his mother told deponent. She says he was christened at Deptford. The child has a mark on the hand. The mother told her that it was from red wine. She believes the child came to the Princess in November.

SOPHIA AUSTIN

Deposed, that she knows the child which is now with the Princess of Wales. She (Sophia Austin) is the mother of it. She was delivered of it four years ago, the 11th of July next, at Brownlow-street Hospital. She has lain-in there three times. William, who is with the Princess, is the second child she laid-in of there. It is marked on the right-hand with red wine. Her husband was a labourer in the dock-yard at Deptford. When peace was proclaimed, a number of the workmen were discharged, and her husband was one who was discharged. She went to the Princess with a petition on a Saturday, to try to get her husband restored. She lived at that time at Deptford New-row, No. 7, with a person of the name of Bearblock. He was a milkman. The day she went to the Princess with the petition, was a fortnight before the 6th of November. Mr. Bennet, a baker in New-street, was their dealer, and she took the child to Mr. Bennet's when she went to receive her husband's wages every week, from the time she left the hospital till she carried the child to the Princess. She knew Mr. Stikeman only by having seen him once before, when she went to apply for a letter to Brownlow-street Hospital. When she went to Montagu house, she desired Mr. Stikeman to present her petition. He said they were denied to do such things, but seeing her with a baby he could do no less.

He then took the child from her and was a long time gone. He then brought her back the child, and brought half-a-guinea, which the ladies sent her. He said if the child had been younger he could have got the child taken care of for her, but desired that she would come up again. She went up again on the Monday following, and saw Mr. Stikeman. Mr. Stikeman afterwards came several times to them, and appointed her to take the child to Montagu house on the 5th of November, but it rained all day, and she did not take it. Mr. Stikeman came down to her on Saturday the 6th of November, and she took the child on that day to the Princess's house. The Princess was out. She waited till she returned. The Princess saw the child, and asked its age. Deponent went down into the coffee-room, and they gave her some arrow-root to wean the child, for she was suckling the child at this time, and when she had weaned the child she was to bring it and leave it with the Princess. She did wean the child and brought it to the Princess's house on the 15th of November, and left it there, and it has been with the Princess ever since. She saw the child last Whit-monday, and she swears that it is her child."

Thus far I have impartially detailed the evidence *for and against*, of persons in the immediate service of the Princess: and I shall hereafter give a brief summary of the *Decision of the Commissioners* employed in this

notable enquiry,—so disgraceful to those who instituted it!

CHAPTER XIX.

FEELING, ALMOST UNIVERSAL, IN FAVOR OF THE PRINCESS. HER EXULTATION. SLIGHT DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE PRINCESS AND HER DAUGHTER. MR. BROUGHAM AND THE HOUSE IN TOWN. PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE: SHORT PETTICOATS. THE MIDDLESEX ADDRESS: DECISION OF THE COMMISSIONERS. LETTER OF THE PRINCESS TO THE KING. PARTY AT MR. VILLIERS: MADAME DE STAËL; MR. ARBUTHNOT AND HIS YOUNG WIFE; SIR HENRY E—— AND HIS PIQUANT STORY OF THE "WONDERFUL DIAMONDS!"

THE *oppressed* will always find the people favourable to their cause—and the Princess experienced the most gratifying evidences of the love and sympathy which prevailed towards her throughout the nation. To this turn of affairs, was probably owing the

quietude of the *Ruling Powers*, who had intended to establish a second tribunal, and to banish the Princess out of the kingdom, or, as a fate even less tolerable, to Holyrood palace. After, however, the splendid speech of Mr. Whitbread in the house of commons, the defeat of ministers, a public declaration of the innocence of the Princess, and of the foul malignity of her accusers—it would have been dangerous indeed to goad the populace by fresh outrage against an unprotected woman!

This was probably the happiest period of the Princess's public life; but alas! her enemies were too many, and too powerful to permit that this should continue! There is a period of our days, wherein the sentiments are but too easily influenced even against those whom at heart we esteem—and this appeared to be, occasionally, an error into which the Princess Charlotte fell, with reference to her mother;—so difficult is it for the young to sift the misrepresentations of the evil-minded. A coldness and constraint of manner was frequently the consequence of this unhappy estrangement while it lasted; but, in the end, that filial love, which was a paramount virtue in the young Princess, triumphed; and the whisperers who would have divided mother and daughter, were discomfited. It was extremely fortunate for the Princess of Wales that she had opportunities of being counselled by Mr. Brougham—who, more perhaps, than any other person, was capable of at once detecting the schemes of her enemies. He, for instance, *contrived to prevent* her having a residence in town, aware that that would be

a pretext for depriving her of Kensington, and of injuring her in public opinion; at the same time the Princess never knew that her favorite scheme was thwarted by her firmest friend!

The Princess Charlotte had now begun to excite general admiration; her face possessed much of the highest description of beauty—the beauty of *expression;* and her feet and ancles were unexceptionably pretty,—a fact of which she was probably well aware, for she was remarkably fond of wearing *short petticoats.* This of course was the origin of the fashion which prevailed, and which was a very unfortunate one for five-eights of my lovely countrywomen, who were *compelled* (so imperious is the *mode*) to exhibit *understandings* of a most fearful circumference!

One of the most numerously signed addresses was that presented by Mr. Byng, from Middlesex, wherein it was distinctly and strongly urged that the people were on the side of the Princess: and if anything could have confirmed this feeling it must have been the following decision of her *judges,* in the Infamous Investigation affair.

DECISION.

"We are happy to declare to your Majesty our perfect conviction that there is *no foundation whatever* for believing that the child now with the Princess *is the child of Her Royal Highness,* or that she was delivered of any child in the year 1802; nor has anything appeared to us which would *warrant the belief*

that she was pregnant in that year, or at any other period within the compass of our inquiries.

"The identity of the child now with the Princess, its parentage, the place, the date of its birth, and the time and circumstances of its first being taken under Her Royal Highness's protection, are all established by such a concurrence both of positive and circumstantial evidence, as can, in our judgment, leave no question on this part of the subject. That child was, beyond all doubt, born in the Brownlow-street Hospital, on the 11th day of July, 1802, of the body of Sophia Austin, and was first brought to the Princess's house in the month of November following. Neither should we be more warranted in expressing any doubt respecting the alleged pregnancy of the Princess as stated in the original declarations,—a fact so fully contradicted, and by so many witnesses, to whom, if true, it must in various ways, have been known, that we cannot think it entitled to the smallest credit. The testimonies on these two points are contained in the annexed depositions and letters. We have not partially abstracted them in this report, lest, by any unintentional omission, we might weaken their effect; but we humbly offer to your Majesty this our clear and unanimous judgment upon them, formed of full deliberation, and pronounced without hesitation on the result of the whole inquiry."

ERSKINE.
SPENCER.
GREVILLE.
ELLENBOROUGH.

June 4, 1806.

The Princess's letter to the King, so affecting in its appeal to one who was her *only remaining friend* among her royal relatives, must have considerably added to her claims on the good-will of the people of England. It ran as follows:

LETTER FROM THE PRINCESS TO THE KING.

Blackheath, Aug. 12, 1806.

"SIRE,

With the deepest feelings of gratitude to your Majesty, I take the first opportunity to acknowledge having received, as yesterday only, the report from the lords commissioners which was dated from the 14th of July. It was brought by Lord Erskine's footman, directed to the Princess of Wales; besides a a note enclosed, the contents of which were, that Lord Erskine sent the evidences and report, by command of his Majesty. I had reason to flatter myself that the lords commissioners would not have given in the report, before they had been properly informed of various circumstances, which must for a feeling and delicate-minded woman, be very unpleasant to have spread, without having the means to exculpate herself. But I can in the face of the Almighty assure your Majesty that your daughter-in-law is innocent, and her conduct unquestionable; free from all the indecorums and improprieties which are imputed to her at present by the lords commissioners, upon the evidence of persons who speak as falsely as Sir John and Lady Douglas themselves. Your Majesty can be sure that I shall

be anxious to give the most solemn denial in my power to all the scandalous stories of Bidgood and Cole; to make my conduct be cleared in the most satisfactory way for the tranquility of your Majesty, for the honour of your illustrious family, and the gratification of your afflicted daughter-in-law. In the mean time I can safely trust your Majesty's gracious justice to recollect, that the whole of the evidence on which the Commissioners have given credit to the infamous stories charged against me, was taken behind my back, without my having any opportunity to contradict or explain anything, or even to point out those persons who might have been called, to prove the little credit which was due to some of the witnesses, from their connexion with Sir John and Lady Douglas; and the absolute falsehood of parts of the evidence which could have been completely contradicted. Oh! gracious King, I now look for that happy moment when I may be allowed tc appear again before your Majesty's eyes, and receive once more the assurance from your Majesty's own mouth that I have your gracious protection; and that you will not discard me from your friendship, of which your Majesty has been so condescending to give me so many marks of kindness; and which must be my only support, and my only consolation, in this country. I remain with sentiments of the highest esteem, veneration and unfeigned attachment,

Sire,

Your Majesty's most dutiful, submissive,
and humble daughter-in-law and subject,

To the King. CAROLINE.

At a very pleasant party at Mr. Villiers' about this time, I met with Madame de Staël, and was more than ever charmed with her conversation. What brilliancy of talent, and what felicity of expression! I never met with any one who made it so evident to me that I had not as yet sufficiently *thought* upon any given subject, —and yet she is so manifestly sincere, and so free from pedantry, that she occasions no uncomfortable feeling of inferiority.

Mr. Arbuthnot was there and his young bride,—with whom he seems deeply in love: I *envied her:* for what happiness is comparable to that which is derived from mutuality of affection! Sir Henry E—— came in during the evening, and was as amusing as usual: though a young man, he is the very perfection of a gossip, and having surrounded himself with a circle of listeners, he gave the following little bit of scandal with much effect, and plainly, with much enjoyment.

THE WONDERFUL DIAMONDS!

A Tale of Carlton Palace.

"The following colloquy" (observed Sir H. E——.) "will best introduce the subject."

Lady H. Vraiment, elle est déesse de la danse, our fair Princess!* How delightfully she waltzes with Prince B——!

* The Princess Charlotte.

Lady C. J. The "Melody of motion!" as de Staël calls it. Bertini's '*Valse Provençale*' will be doubly valued as a composition, henceforth.

Lady H. What a display of Diamonds! The shops of all the *Bijoutiers* must have been ransacked ——but,—as I live my dear,—look there!

Lady C. J. Where?

Lady H. Near the *Pavilion du trône.*—Do you see,——

Lady C. J. The Princess A——.

Lady H. O no,—no Princess,—but Lady ——* who would fain attract her notice. Why, how is it possible my dear?—Lady ——* is a blaze of jewels, and yet I, who am aware of the *dessous des cartes*, know well that Sir —— is too fond of his money to allow her anything for such ornaments.

Lady C. J. She is far too good for him,——

Lady H. Infinitely—the stingy wretch,——

Lady C. J. *She*,—all heart: very pretty:—full of pleasantry; *naïve*, and *espiegle*:—*He*, sulky, crabbed, *avare*, and ugly.

Lady H. And yet a better wife does not exist. I know not how it is, but these blue-beards are always blest with angels! Here she comes,—all smiles, and *amitié*,—and intent on a *petite confiance.*

Lady C. J. "*I* shall be *de trop.*" (going)

Lady H. (aside) "It will be told *me* as a secret; and *I* will tell it *you* as one." Lady C. J. mingles with the dazzling crowd; and Lady ——* seats herself near Lady H. After a bantering conversation between the

fair friends, Lady ——* thus reveals the marvel of her El Dorado, or in other words of the

WONDERFUL DIAMONDS.

"You must know, my dear," observed Lady ——* "that the last six months, I have been pining for a suit of *Diamonds*: and various public announcements have tended to inflame this wish. Mademoiselle Bellecœur, the *Danseuse*, for instance, was presented by the Czar with a very handsome present of the kind: so was Madame Bias by the King of Prussia: and last, not least, the Austrian Duc d'A—— brings over an incomparable *bouquet de diamans* for the young Princess. It was vain to think of Sir ——: but a 'woman's will' is something you know after all!—At the same time anything in the shape of a *bargain* tempts my dear stingy hubby—and in the midst of my importunities, he promised that if I could obtain by some means or other, jewels worth £10,000 or more, he did not mind (particularly as I meant to display them at the Palace:) advancing *one-third*,—by way of purchase.—Do you think, my dear, I was *au desespoir?*" "Not at all. My plan was laid instantly. "You must know I have two platonic admirers (Lord B—— and Sir A. E——) both of them on the wrong side of seventy, and very rich. '*Chose faite*' you will say,—but no such thing; for my hubby, though heaven knows he has no reason, is immensely jealous, and would on no account, if he knew it, suffer me to receive a present. Nevertheless both of my ancient admirers wished to make me one: and as I was

now, I believe, Minister of War in Russia. Napoleon immediately summoned Marshal Clarke (Duke de Feltre) and demanded how this could be accounted for The chiefs of the Ministry of War were examined when it appeared that every day a report, from which Rowakin evidently had his information, was brought to the Emperor from the War-office by a messenger who could neither read nor write. 'That is not the man,' said the Emperor, 'who prepares those reports. Two clerks only—M. N. (whose name has escaped us) and Michel. Look to it.' The order was complied with; an investigation took place, and the guilt of Michel clearly established. He was accordingly arrested.

On the same day the wife of Michel repaired to the Tuileries and managed to obtain an audience of the Emperor. She threw herself at his feet and implored pardon for her husband. Napoleon's reply was brief: —'The affair is unfortunately not mine; it is that of the state. The law must take its course.' "

which he was then remarkable, said, "I will invade Russia. I have ample means. I have so many hundred thousand men, &c." "Excuse me Sire," observed Rowakin, "you have only so many," mentioning the precise number, "Eh!" said Napoleon, and turned on his heel.

CHAPTER XX.

THE P——'S WANT OF PROBITY, SUPPORTED BY DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE. LETTERS ADDRESSED TO HIM ON THE SUBJECT OF HIS SCANDALOUS TREATMENT OF THE PRINCESS. CONTEMPORARY EVENTS. ENTRY OF THE ALLIES INTO PARIS. NAPOLEON'S STRUGGLES. THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, AND THE "DIVORCE OF FORTUNE." ARRIVAL OF THE EMPERORS IN ENGLAND. THE DUCHESS OF O——. PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AND THE PRINCE OF O——. THE PROJECTED MARRIAGE BROKEN OFF. THE PRINCESS NEGLECTED BY ALL THE ROYAL GUESTS. "A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE." HER DETERMINATION TO GO ABROAD.

I HAVE in some measure lost sight of the P—— in describing the afflictions of his wife,—and of which *he* was the author. It is difficult to conceive a human being more devoid of right principle than he was,—as may be proved by adverting to transactions wholly unconnected with the Princess. Even on the turf, and one of a committee of gentlemen, to whom he should have set an example of probity there happened an

affair so *ugly*,* that he was politely requested to retire from the association!

His conduct to a jeweller, named Jefferys, was still more unprincipled and disgusting. This poor fellow was completely ruined by serving the P——; and yet, when his means were exhausted, was treated by him (the P——) with the most heartless indifference and neglect. In a statement which I have now in my possession. Mr. Jefferys says,

"Within a short time of the marriage of the P——, His Royal Highness being alone with me, asked if I had any money to spare for a few days, I replied, that I had in my pocket six hundred and thirty pounds; that it was destined for a particular purpose, or I should not have it about me; but as it was only for a few days, any part of it was at his service. His Royal Highness took four hundred and twenty pounds; and thanking me in very warm terms, assured me of its return in ten days:—I refused to take any memorandum for the loan of this money, for the return of which I waited con-

* I allude to the following circumstance: His Highness had a horse called Escape; he ran at Newmarket; the first day he was beaten by the whole field; his paces could not have been more tardy had he travelled with our modern reforms; however, the next day he beat his *former competitors and others too in a canter!* Chiffney rode and swore for His Highness, but the Jockey Club thought that Chiffney kept too tight a rein upon Escape, while he let his own conscience run without a bridle; a halter was thought more fit for him; afterwards he was permitted to ride, and His Highness retired from the Club. Lords Foley and Darlington prevailed on him to become *again* a member, but some ill-conditioned persons could not bear the *lustre* of His Highness; they were 'obstinate refractory' men, and therefore His Royal Highness determined *not to mix with them!!*

siderably more than a year. I had now retired from business, but put myself in the way of the P—— as often as I could, in the hope of receiving this money, but no notice was ever taken of the debt, till my necessities becoming very pressing, I was compelled to make an application, accompained by circumstances which I will explain.

Having relinquished my business, I had not the opportunity of seeing the P—— as before; my access to Carlton-house became difficult, and my reception was cold and distant, not as it used to be, which greatly alarmed me, as I saw the hour of calamity was fast approaching in my affairs, from the severe and sudden disappointment I experienced in not receiving the whole sum awarded by the verdict of the jury.*

Through the medium of Mr. Tyrwhitt, then secretary to the P——, I solicited an audience of His Royal Highness. I attended twice, each time by appointment, and waited many hours. At last, the P——, coming into the room with several gentlemen, asked me in a hasty tone of voice, what I wanted? I was so agitated with the contemplation of my own situation, so confused by the mode in which His Royal Highness spoke to me, as scarcely to be able to make any answer. His Royal Highness then said,—'I believe I owe you some money,—four hundred and twenty pounds; do you want it *now?*'—I replied, when it suited His Royal Highness's convenience. The P—— said, '*very well,*' and left the room without another word."

* The sum awarded for Jewels supplied the Court, was £16,000 *short* of that claimed

By writing a strong letter at the instance of Admiral Payne, this money was afterwards recovered:—but the entire losses of the unfortunate tradesman by his transactions with the P——, amounted to no less than £16,000!—No restitution was made.—But Mr. Jefferys *did* hope that the promises of the P—— in return for many and great services rendered, would be in some measure fulfilled. No common representations, however, having any effect, he wrote as follows.

Pall-Mall March 12.

SIR,

I beg to refer your Royal Highness to Mrs. Fitzherbert and to Gen. Hulse, for the truth of the following facts, which, I presume, will be considered as affording a reasonable ground of claim upon the assistance of your Royal Highness, *now* that assistance is so amply in your power.

Several years since, your Royal Highness asked my interference, as a very great favor, to arrange the settlement of a debt of nearly Sixteen Hundred Pounds, due from Mrs. Fitzherbert to a creditor, who had demanded the payment in a way so peremptory, as to cause great uneasiness. I requested your Royal Highness not to consider as a favor anything which I could perform, for that I was entirely at your service. The next day I discharged the whole of the debt; and upon that occasion, your Royal Highness expressed yourself as *most particularly obliged* to me, and declared repeatedly in the presence of Gen. Hulse, that you *never*,

could forget my zeal and readiness, to meet your wishes, and that I might *ever* rely upon your support and assistance. In the course of the same day, Sir, your Royal Highness came to my house, with Mrs. Fitzherbert, for the express purpose, as you said at the time, in the presence of a person now living with me, that Mrs. Fitzherbert, as well as your Royal Highness, might thank me for the useful service I had performed, and to assure me again, that I might *ever* rely on your Royal Highness's support and protection.

At another time, Sir, when Lady Jersey was at Carlton-house, I supplied your Royal Highness, at a *minute's notice*, with several hundred pounds, when I received from you a repetition of the same satisfaction at my conduct, and similar assurances of future support. Since that time, Sir, during an adversity of nearly ten years, occasioned by farther unlimited confidence in your Royal Highness, I have never received the consolation of any assistance from you.

To ask your support, that myself and family may be preserved from farther adversity, upon the ground of the circumstances I have stated, cannot be considered as an unreasonable claim. I hope and trust your Royal Highness will decide, upon this occasion, in a manner gratifying to the public opinion, to your own exalted station, and to my urgent case.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

N. JEFFERYS.

His Royal Highness
the P—— of Wales, &c.

This letter was *returned:* and in consequence, Jefferys wrote a strong remonstrance to Col. Mc Mahon, and was shortly after sent for by Lord Moira, who told the jeweller that his conduct was "scandalous" in threatening to publish the transaction, and dismissed him with a promise to see him righted: a promise which, like those of the P——, was *never kept.*

I cannot altogether acquit Mrs. Fitzherbert* in this matter. She had a boundless influence with the P——, and should, I think, have exerted it in favour of this most harshly treated individual. Let it not be supposed that the Press of this country was passive in the midst of Royal turpitude. The P——, even at a period when it was by no means free from danger, was fearlessly arraigned at the bar of public opinion. With reference to the maltreated Princess, a celebrated writer of the day oberves,

"I live in a country that was once, I hope is, illustrious and free; where every subject has or ought to have equal rights, and is or ought to be governed by equal laws. God knows he pays most enormously for their preservation: he is however content so to do. The Princess of Wales is also a subject; (she is exempted, it is true, from pay-

* The origin of this lady is little known. She is of a reputable Catholic family of the name of Smith, in Staffordshire. She married early in life Mr. Wild, a gentleman of fortune, in Dorsetshire; upon whose death she was again married to Mr. Fitzherbert, and after a few years became a second time a widow. On the death of Mr. Fitzherbert (being a very rigid Catholic) she passed a great deal of her time on the Continent.

ments which others make) but, as she is amenable to the law, why has she not the privilege of every other subject? Can her exalted rank, as your wife, elevate her above the laws, or deprive her of their sacred and unerring operation? Should it substitute in their place a mode of inquiry alike repugnant to their spirit as to the security an Englishman thinks he has, when he believes that every investigation of moral obliquity or civil wrong is openly made, fully examined, and freely discussed, in the face of the country? When moral turpitude—or moral rectitude is to be shewn, have we any process so fancifully worded, as to talk of a 'delicate investigation?'—We have not: our law books define *crim. con.* our statues the different acts of treason, not one word is found in either of a 'delicate inquiry.' Let any Englishman have a daughter—friend—an acquaintance placed like the Princess of Wales, in a foreign land, with such a stigma attempted to be fastened upon her; let him know, that an unusual course of inquest is adopted, (itself a circumstance not altogether satisfactory,) a commission sent to commissioners privately to examine, and secretly to report, that she hears not the whispers against her, nor the libels of her defamers, loaded with malignant fictions and credulous exaggerations, yet not present to answer—to refute. When he had seen and felt all this, I would ask him his opinion of the laws, the government, the humanity, and impartiality of that country if the result of such inquisition had been withheld—and innocence, guilt, defamation, veracity, or perjury, were left to float in alternate light and shade

upon the husband, wife, informers, and the laws? If he were a good man, he would, in spite of his senses, discredit the fact. If a sensible man, he could not account for it. If a religious man, as marriages are registered in heaven, his faith would be perplexed. He would say, the proceeding might suit a country like Turkey, but he could not believe that any humane and enlightened nation would adopt such a method of investigating a question, immediately involving the reputation of a Princess, the honour of a P——, and connected in its consequence, perhaps, with the safety of the throne itself.—That whispers, pestilential as the vapour of the poison tree, should be collected, and reported by you, to His Majesty, so that their deadly venom should *as oil* the future Queen of England; that an *inquiry* should follow; but that neither her guilt nor innocence should be proclaimed, is nefarious!—Yet all this has happened in ENGLAND —my countrymen know it, and the guilty still go unpunished—nay, not even publicly exposed!

I have been somewhat diffuse in these statements with respect to the P——, in order that his character may be viewed in its true light; and, as a further proof of the axiom, that the Gentleman in *manners*, may be anything—but a Gentleman in *character!*"

It is now fit that I return to *contemporary* events—marked, as they were, by that surprising and colossal invasion, the entry of the Allies into Paris.

Assuredly, there never was a period more fraught with great and startling events. In despite his tiger-like struggles on his own territory, the mighty con-

queror who ever made play-things of Kingdoms was reduced within one little month to become like Sancho Panza, the King of a petty Island!—Yes,—Elba, became the *Barrataria* of Napoleon Buonaparte; of the hero of a hundred fights: of him, who but yesterday was Emperor of Western Europe!

Napoleon had become so tyrannical that he was no longer beloved in France; but I cannot permit it to be said that his enemies, the allies, were received with open arms by the Parisian multitude. Enthusiasm, there was *none:* and quiet submission was not only an act of necessity, but resulted from the humiliations to which a warlike people were subjected amidst unexampled reverses. As to Napoleon himself, when torn from splendor, and denuded of the tokens of his power, he became an object to moral contemplation, less of pity and sympathy, than of marvel and of scorn. Marvel,—that with so few great moral qualities he had obtained so vast a despotism over human influences; and scorn—that seeing he possessed such dominion, it had not improved his moral vision and taught him that the very first duty of a magnate of the earth is to *ameliorate the condition of man.* Such was *not* Napoleon's aim: he openly professed to despise mankind: to use them as tools for a sordid ambition: to make them "*bread for cannon*:" and therefore, he died in his exile, shunned and unlamented.

In his military capacity, however, it must be conceded that in ancient or modern times Napoleon has never had his parallel—and I doubt not the Duke of Wellington will accord him this praise. The latter

(though not so great a warrior) possesses a much more enviable renown: he fought in a good and righteous cause—the cause of the oppressed: and he was above all things solicitous to preserve an *economy of human life*. War is a dreadful trade!—and, with the progress of further enlightenment, I do trust that nations will see it in this light, and shun it as a pestilence worthy only of hell, and hell's rebel minister!—A remark of Canova the sculptor, was remembered at this period as it proved truly prophetic:—when the artist heard of the separation of Napoleon from Josephine, he observed "He has *divorced Fortune!*" And truly he deserved, as a mere earthly retribution that this should await him; for a more devoted wife than the Empress never breathed,—nor did she long survive the shock to her best affections conveyed through the heartlessness of the man she adored!

On the arrival of the Emperors in England in the summer of 1814, the Princess had every expectation that they would wait upon her at Connaught-house—but in this, she was disappointed: the intrigues of the P—— were too formidable. Even the King of Prussia did no more than send a civil message,—although the father of the Princess fell fighting in his cause!—So much for the gratitude of those who are called the *Great!* In fact, the Princess was completely forsaken. I am not disposed to include the Duchess of Oldenburgh in this censure, for although she did not call upon the Princess, she did I believe entertain a sincere friendship for her: but she imagined that the Princess had purposely omitted some point of etiquette. The

fascinating Duchess, was, however, continually with the Princess Charlotte, and was a very great favorite with her. The latter communicated her indifference as to the Prince of Orange, and her aversion to quitting England—in fact her determination not to do so. The Duchess informed her that on marrying she must yield all power to her husband: but the Princess declared that she would do no such thing, and that she, being "Queen," her husband should only be "*King Consort.*" It is probable that subjects like these, so rife of dispute, occasioned the final resolve of the Princess Charlotte (which she at this period communicated in writing to her mother:) not to become allied to the Prince of Orange. In other words, the match was *off.*

The annoyances to which the Princess was subjected by those in power, were in some measure equalized and compensated for by the eagerness wherewith the *people* (the true Sovereign!) assured her of their sympathy. At the opera, for instance, and in the very face of the Regent, the Czar, and the King of Prussia, the Princess was vehemently applauded,—although with infinite grace and tact, she did not reply to this demonstration until after her husband *had left the house.* When *she* left it, the enthusiastic cheers of the people without, knew no bounds—and at that moment there was no sacrifice they were not ready to make for her. She, however, forebore with dignity and kindness, and bade her friends retire peaceably to their homes. The subsequent means of irritation (during the stay of the Sovereigns) were carried to a length, that in other

cases would be esteemed simply ridiculous. Orders were given that no box should be reserved for the Princess at Covent Garden: and the *City* was required not to invite her, although other ladies were present. It must be allowed that many of the highest nobility, did, at this time visit the Princess, as if to countenance her under oppression—among others, the Hardwickes, Greys, Paulets, &c., and our dinner parties at Connaught-house, presented a very agreeable assemblage. Sir J. B——d was frequently with us: he was the least time-serving person I ever met with; and although the intimate of the Prince, was a very great favorite with the Princess. He would not hear a word uttered against her reputation either by the Prince or any one else.—His observations reminded me of those which were addressed to the Prince about this time by an anonymous correspondent:

"As to the duties Your Royal Highness owes to the Princess, referring myself to the accusation of infidelity,—A husband is the *most natural protector of his wife;* he is bound by those laws you are hereafter to administer, to support and answer for her. If the situation of a wife did, under any circumstances, imperiously call upon a husband for protection, more than that of Her Royal Highness upon you: and by whatever unhappy differences you have been separated, I do assert, that in regard to your own honour as a husband, you should have personally, openly, and and assiduously inquired into the nature of the accusation against your wife, the cause of it, the truth, probability, or falsehood of it; upon all these points I

submit, you ought to have satisfied your own mind first, then have taken your measures as guilt or malice, or innocence appeared. Dignity is not shewn in indifference; even the conciousness of right will not justify supineness and inaction, if honor be attacked. Moderation and impartiality are always desirable, but to have acted somewhat ardently and partially, would have been more honourable than not to act at all, if your proceedings had been openly conducted! It is absurd to say delicacy could restrain your exertions: what is more delicate than the honour of a husband, except it be that of his wife, and she so situated, as probably to become the Queen of a great and mighty nation, whose misconduct, if true, may have sown the seeds of desolation; of War with all its train of horrors; or even the usurpation of the throne,—and the extermination or banishment of your Royal Highness's family!

They who urge this delicacy, have not much modesty, for I will venture to assert, that no English husband, under the rank of a Prince, would have left so important an investigation to any one, not even to the great and able men who form the Special Commission: but grant that the indefatigable tongue of adulation or selfishness, could sooth Your Royal Highness' better sense, and persuade you to become passive so far as your own honour was implicated, by what opiate could they lull to sleep those sentiments of generosity, humanity and solicitude, which are kindled by the misfortunes, the distresses, and the afflictions of a woman! Surely Your Royal Highness will not deny

that her fate is cruel; her condition forlorn; that it called for pity, for at least a manly interference in her behalf, whether the accusation shall be substantiated or not; but whatever reasons, good or bad, Your Royal Highness may have had, for neglecting and leaving without protection or vindication, the person and conduct of the Princess, however justly she may have provoked Your Royal resentment, or "dignified moderation," or "delicacy," or what you will against her, yet a claim upon your heart, springs up so connected with Her Royal Highness, and so endearing and irresistible too, that to common parents, possessing the mere feelings of nature for their children, it became difficult to ascertain, how Your Royal Highness could separate the reputation of the mother from the welfare of the child. I thought at any rate that in your bosom remained *some* softness for the mother who bore it; some consideration for her happiness; and some anxiety that her behaviour should be correct and her fame unsullied!"

How true are these sentiments, and how forcibly do they bring to mind the exquisite poetry of Coleridge!—

"You were a mother. That most holy name,
Which Heaven and Nature bless,
I may not vilely prostitute to those
Whose infants owe them less
Than the poor caterpillar owes
Its gaudy parent fly.
You were a mother—at your bosom fed
The babes that loved you. You, with laughing eye,
Each twilight thought, each nascent feeling read,
Which you yourself created. Oh, delight!

A second time to be a mother,
Without the mother's bitter groans;
Another thought and yet another,
By touch, or taste, by looks, or tones,
O'er the growing sense to roll,
The mother of your infant's soul.
The angel of the earth, who, while he guides
His chariot planet round the goal of day
All trembling gazes on the eye of God,
A moment turned his awful face away;
And as he viewed you, from his aspect sweet
New influence in your being rose,
Blest intuitions and communions fleet
With living nature in her joys and woes."

Alas! the Princess, though a devoted mother, was no longer permitted the society of her child! Who, as Lady C—— L—— observed to me, could have been astonished, if under such circumstances the Princess had evinced a disposition to *revenge?* But far—far was such a feeling from *her* bosom. "I know," said Lady Charlotte, as she sat with me in a pretty little boudoir at my relative Lady M——'s, overlooking Hyde Park, "a circumstance which proves how soon a bitter feeling in some female breasts, may become a source of scarcely imaginable crime. It has been communicated to me by a person of literary eminence, and who is acquainted with the facts. It will picture to you what *may* result from

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE!"

"In a small village on the coast of Brittany there lived a few years back two maidens, who were on all

hands allowed to be the flower of the surrounding country. In consequence of their parents being neighbours, Agnes Dumont and Helene Laval were from their infancy bound together by the holy ties of friendship. In their childhood they shared each other's joys and sorrows, their gaities and griefs; together they would sport over hill and dale; together they would chase the gaudy butterfly, or hunt the squirrel to his nest. Hand in hand would they thread the intricate paths of the neighbouring forests, to seek some beauteous wild flower, and cull the opening blossom or the perfumed bud. And as they grew towards womanhood, their affection appeared to increase till it amounted almost to idolatry: and yet, bound as they thus were by bonds so strong and apparently so indissoluble, both in form, disposition, and fortune, they were wholly dissimilar. Helene was gentle and kind as the dove, affectionate and confiding; guileless herself, ignorant of the deceits of the world, to which she was a stranger, she suspected not treachery from others. She was, too, a fair creature to look upon. Her charms, which even in early life were conspicuous, bloomed, as she progressed towards womanhood, into more mature loveliness; nor were those qualities of heart which gain for us the respect and admiration of such as surround us, less conspicuous in Helene than her personal attractions. To her superiors she was respectful; to her equals gentle and loving, and ever seeking to yield assistance to those whom misfortune had rendered incapable of assisting themselves. True, she was not rich, nor was she enabled to afford much pe-

cuniary assistance; but it is not in this alone that true charity consists. It is not the valuable present, the gift of money, that constitutes true charity; it is rather the look of love, the glance of sympathy, when others fly from beside the bed of sickness, that gain for us the love and thanks of those to whom they are extended. It may appear to many but a simple and thankless thing to give a cup of water, but when the frame is racked with the tortures of fever, this draught will cool the boiling blood, and send a shock of rapture through the system! It is an easy, and may almost seem an unprofitable, task to speak a word of comfort and consolation; yet to him who, either from his crimes or his misfortunes, has been shut out from communion with his fellow-beings, who thought to die alone, unhonoured and unwept,—to him the word of pity or of sympathy sounds like strains of heavenly music! Such was Helene; and who then can wonder that she was beloved by the whole village? By the young, a smile from her was ever deemed an object worthy of their greatest anxiety; and from many a lowly roof and humble heart, a prayer for the happiness of Helene was wafted to the Divine Ruler of the world. Not so was Agnes. Proud and unbending to all around her; haughty to her inferiors, to her equals unconfiding, she became an object of universal dislike. Her charity was scarcely received with gratitude, for the cold and unpitying manner in which it was given outweighed the value of the gift. But it was not in manners and person alone that Agnes and

Helene thus differed. In point of fortune they were equally divided. M. Dumont was a large landed proprietor, and Agnes being his only child, she was of course an heiress. The good Laval, on the other hand, was a poor but honest yeoman, renting a small farm under M. Dumont; and having a large family, it was with difficulty that he maintained his footing. It may appear perhaps extraordinary that, separated as were these two maidens by fortune, there should ever have sprung up so great an intimacy between them. But thus it was:—Shortly after the birth of Agnes, Madame Dumont died, and for a long time after her death the sorrowing widower could scarcely bear the sight of his child, who by her presence never failed to recal to him the recollection of his irreparable loss. To Dame Laval's charge was the little Agnes delivered, and thus commenced the friendship of the two children. Shortly after this M. Dumont was returned as a deputy for *Isere*, since which he had been continually engaged in political warfare; so occupied was he in the furtherance of his ambitious projects, and in the strife for the supremacy of his party, that he had altogether omitted the education of his daughter. When she had, however, attained her ninth year, M. Dumont thought it high time that her education should be commenced. The old chateau was therefore fitted up for her, and masters of the highest eminence were engaged for the cultivation of the mind of the young heiress. But this did not greatly interfere with her friendship with Helene; for it may well be inferred

that the course of study on which the young heiress entered was not very severe. Her intimacy with Helene continued therefore unbroken; and in this state of things years glided unheeded by.

When Agnes had attained her eighteenth year, she received a summons from her father to spend the ensuing winter in London; and, much against her wishes, she was compelled to obey. Poor Helene was overwhelmed by grief at the loss of her friend's society, nor was Agnes less affected. With many protestations of friendship, and vows of unalterable love, they tore themselves from each other's arms, and Agnes was soon borne away from the peaceful scenes of her infancy to the gaiety and bustle of the metropolis of the world.

Soon after the departure of Agnes, the curiosity of the villagers was raised by the unwonted circumstance of a stranger taking up her abode in a pretty little cottage, situated in the immediate vicinity of the farmhouse of the Lavals. No one accompanied her but her son, a young man who had just attained his majority. None knew from whence she came, or what had induced her to take up her residence in that secluded village. The curiosity of all the inhabitants was raised to the highest pitch; but nothing concerning her history was discovered: she was a widow possessing some little property, and this was all that was known of her. From her vicinity to Laval's farm, an intimacy soon sprang up between herself and its inmates; and this intimacy brought about its usual, I had almost said its necessary consequence love be-

tween the younger portion of the families. No opposition was offered to the match by either of their parents, and Helene and Victor Le Brun were considered as betrothed lovers.

The winter glided by calmly and happily, and spring

> "Swept o'er the world again,
> Shedding soft dews from her ethereal wings:
> Flowers on the mountains, verdure on the plain,
> And music o'er the waves and woods,—"

Every where the trees put forth their blossoms; the modest violet, the yellow cowslip, and the beauteous rose, reared their heads; the streams and rivers, loosened from the icy fetters of winter, poured their sparkling waters as a tribute to the ocean. From every bush and tree the carol of birds was heard, and all the earth was clad with a fruitful loveliness. Helene would listen to the feathered tribe wafting their hymns of gratitude to the Great Creator; gaze on the opening blossom, and the perfumed flower; view the water leaping through grove and glen, and listen (a feeling of ecstacy ever pervading her,) to the soft murmuring of the rivulet. She was happy, and shed a portion of her own happiness on every one around her. Nor was her joy lessened when she heard that her beloved friend, the sharer of her childhood's joys and sorrows, was about to return to the chateau. Fancy pictured to her mind the joyous hours that she would pass, when blest with the love of her husband and her friend, and how calmly and serenely life would glide on. But, alas! her dreams of happiness were never

destined to be fulfilled, and life, which she fondly believed would be to her but a calm and quiet lake, was eventually but a sea of misery and misfortune.

Agnes at length returned; but there was a coldness and restraint about her manner to which poor Helene was altogether unaccustomed. And when, a few days afterwards, she was presented in due form to Victor, Helene's astonishment was rendered greater to find that a glance, as of recognition, escaped them both. Agnes's after-conduct increased, if possible, the mystery; her features were suffused with a deep crimson, her eyes flushed, her manner was confused and hurried, she either remained silent when a question was put to her, or her answer was wide of the purpose.

To Helene, who, from her constant seclusion in the country was unacquainted with the world and its ways, this was altogether incomprehensible. The father of Victor was descended from a high family, and had, at an early age embraced the profession of arms. At a public ball which took place at a town in which his regiment was quartered, he had seen, and become enamoured of, the daughter of a highly respectable though rather needy merchant, and against the direct wishes of his family he had married her. Although his relations would never see or speak to him from that time, still they were too proud to allow him to live otherwise than in affluence. A sum sufficient to maintain his rank in life was therefore annually allowed him.

His rank and descent of course gained him the entrée into the first circles; and amongst the number of his

acquaintance was included the ambitious M. Dumont; and thus it was that Victor and Agnes first met. Agnes was struck with the handsome person and fascinating manners of Victor, and her admiration soon ripened into the most ardent love. Her love was not, however, returned; and although a constant intercourse was maintained between the families, still Victor never looked upon Mademoiselle Dumont as anything beyond a mere acquaintance.

This was the state of things when Colonel le Brun died: at his decease, the money which was annually supplied to him was stopped, and his widow reduced from affluence to a state of comparative penury, determined to leave Paris, and in some quiet village live on the little property which she herself possessed. By a strange coincidence, she had chosen for her residence the very locality near which Dumont's mansion was situated. Here Victor was struck with the artless manners and personal charms of Helene; and to this was to be ascribed the strange conduct of Agnes.

The day appointed for the nuptials of the young pair at length arrived. Agnes had been requested to grace the ceremony with her presence, but greatly to the astonishment and regret of the gentle Helene, had most positively refused. The marriage passed off as all marriages do; and for three years the sunshine of happiness beamed upon the young pair. Victor took a small farm which thrived exceedingly. Helene had presented him with two lovely children, and every thing seemed to prosper with him; but these favourable appearances were, alas! deceitful, and were but the

precursors of misfortune. The cloud of adversity was lowering over them, ready to burst with violence on their heads. It could scarcely be expected that, possessed as was Mademoiselle Dumont of the strongest passions, she should calmly watch the happiness of those she deemed her enemies. No! from the first she had resolved to work out their destruction; her love for Victor had turned to the most deep and deadly hate; and she awaited only the opportunity of satiating her revenge. This opportunity was not long in abeyance.

When they had been married about three years, Madame Le Brun died, and with her the little property she had enjoyed. Nor was this the only loss sustained by the young pair; Helene's parents both died within a few months after; and now commenced all their misfortunes. Nothing seemed to prosper with Victor Le Brun. His crops failed; murrain fell upon his cattle; his stacks were fired by an incendiary; and, to complete his misery, he himself fell sick. His rent became due; he did not possess wherewithal to meet this demand: his landlord was inexorable, and his goods, aye, even the very bed from under him, was seized for rent. This was more than his spirit could bear, and he sank. Before Helene could overcome the shock occasioned by his death, her children, unable to endure the privations to which they were exposed, sickened, and soon followed their father to the grave. Her own health yielded to such accumulated misfortunes, and she was conveyed to a neighbouring hospital, where her life was despaired of; but

with the aid of a good constitution, she did recover—to a full knowledge of her miserable situation.

During this time, Agnes was not known as at all concerned in the production of these calamities. True it was that every appeal from Helene for assistance was unnoticed; but beyond this, not the least suspicion that it was her once faithful friend who had brought about all her misfortunes, ever crossed the mind of Helene; nay, even to a more shrewd observer than the poor widow, it might have appeared improbable; but the power of money is great, and will work wonders; and it will be easily understood from what has been said, that Agnes Dumont was the chief cause of all Helene's misery. She it was who had bribed a ruffian to fire Victor's stacks; through her, the *Societé D'Aumone* had turned a deaf ear to all the widow's applications for relief; yet, even then, when every joy was banished from Helene's heart, when she had ruthlessly dashed the cup of happiness from her lips, her revenge was far from gratified. When the poor widow was discharged from the hospital, she returned to her native village, and tried every honest means to earn a livelihood; but all failed her; and, as a last resource, she determined once more although dreading the result of her application, to request succour of her former playmate. This time she was successful; and was installed to the situation of femme de chambre to Agnes.

One morning, about three weeks after her arrival at the *Chateau* she was surprised at being informed that two persons requested to see her; nor was her

astonishment at all diminished, when they informed her that they held a warrant for her apprehension, on a charge of stealing jewels to a large amount, the property of Mademoiselle Dumont. Her room was instantly searched, and at the bottom of a small trunk, in which she was accustomed to place trinkets and of which she kept a key, the missing property was discovered. Need we say that her protestations of innocence were totally disregarded? She was taken before a *commissaire*, and the evidence against her appearing clear, she was forthwith committed to the *Fort du Hâ* to take her trial for felony.

At the close of the evening which preceded her trial, poor Helene was seated in her cell brooding over the miseries which she had undergone since she had quitted the retirement of her own dear native shades; revolving in her mind the eventful scenes in which she had been a principal actor. Fancy pictured to her view the joyous hours she had once spent when beneath her parental roof: she had, with all a daughter's care and love, watched over her beloved parents, hovered round their sick couch, assuaged their pangs, ministered to their wants, and smoothed their path to the grave.—The happy years revived, wherein, blessed with the fond and devoted affection of her husband and her children, she had felt no care nor sorrow, and never dreamed even of the trials she had since been compelled to endure. She started!—she remembered with dread her husband's death; the slow, lingering decline of her poor

children, who one by one had sunk into the grave, the victims of starvation—and she alone saved; but for what? to be branded with infamy—to be shunned by the virtuous, and compelled to herd with those only whose vices had rendered them outcasts of society—to be charged with the commission of a crime of the deepest cast—perhaps to die a felon's death! All this and more, much more, rushed upon her memory—her brain reeled, and she fell fainting on her couch. Happy had it been for her had she then terminated her sorrows and her life; but no—fate decreed it otherwise. Slowly her senses returned, and tears, hot and burning tears, gushed to her relief.

But a few minutes elapsed ere the gaoler entered, followed by a female figure closely enveloped in a large cloak. The turnkey placed a lamp on the low wooden table and withdrew, barring the door after him. Helene rose to receive her unexpected and unknown visitor, and a gleam of hope, that perhaps some means of escape from her misery might be near, burst on the darkness of her soul. The stranger remained silent and motionless. Helene in a voice tremulous with agitation, timidly inquired her visitor's pleasure. Slowly the cloak which encircled the stranger's form fell to the ground, and there with a smile of triumph, fiendlike and malicious, stood Agnes Dumont! Helene started in alarm at thus beholding her ceaseless and unrelenting persecutor. The dreary and comfortless cell wrapped in the darkness of night; the small and dim lamp which served but to exhibit the horrors of

the place; the crouching form of Helene, the haughty yet motionless form of Agnes—all would have made a subject worthy the pencil of 'Maclise.'

'Helene,' said Agnes, after a long pause, and the words fell slowly and distinctly from her lips, wakening the echoes of the arched and dreary cell; 'Helene, you wonder, perhaps to see me here—nay, answer me not,' she continued, as she saw that Helene was prepared to speak; 'the very tones of your voice—those tones to which I once listened with love and rapture—are hateful to me. You, you yourself, are hateful to me! The adder which basks beneath the noon-day sun, whose envenomed bite would destroy me, is far less loathsome to me than you are!"

"But why thus persecute me;" ejaculated Helene. "*I* have never harmed you."

"Not harmed me!—not harmed me, do you say? No, not as *you* would say—harmed me. Listen!—Long ere you knew Victor, I had seen and loved him—aye, loved him with all the devotion of a woman's love. He was wedded to another; that other was—you! On the hateful day which witnessed your nuptials I swore, by every thing we deem holy, never to rest till I had brought to destruction you and yours! To-morrow sees my oath accomplished. The evidence against you is strong, although you are innocent. It was I that placed those damning proofs of your guilt where they were found! Yet, for all this, you cannot save yourself—your death on the scaffold is already decreed! With this conviction I leave you for ever—farewell!"

The door closed heavily behind her as she ended, and Helene was once more left to solitude.

But a few more words are necessary to complete our sad history. The next day saw Helene arraigned at the bar as a felon. The first witness who appeared against her was Agnes; her evidence was given with great apparent reluctance, and accordingly carried greater weight with it. She merely stated that she had lost the property in question; that from some statements that had been made to her she had been induced to suspect Helene, that she had accordingly had her apprehended, and her apartments searched. The gendarmes by whom she had been arrested, spoke as to the finding the missing property in her trunk; several other witnesses corroborated this evidence in many points, and the jury without hesitation pronounced a verdict of guilty! Scarcely had the awful word been uttered than a shudder ran through her frame, one wild shriek of agony burst from her lips, and she fell senseless into the arms of the huissier. She was carried into an adjoining room, and every means which medical skill could suggest used for her recovery; but all was of no avail—Helene was a corpse!"

O Woman! how truly has it been said by one of our greatest poets—that thy

> "Revenge is like the tiger's spring,
> Deadly, and quick, and crushing!"

And, how deserving of commendation is the forbearance of the Princess of Wales,—who, had she chosen, might not simply have brought misfortune upon a single family, but have plunged a whole nation into the horrors of civil warfare!—in lieu of this, she sought only the tranquility of retirement, until *time* should obtain that consideration for her wrongs, which *personal representation* had hitherto failed to achieve: and with this view, she determined to leave England.

CHAPTER XXI.

PREPARATIONS FOR FOREIGN TRAVEL. SOMPTING ABBEY. DON ESPARTERO: MEMOIR OF HIS SON THE CELEBRATED CHRISTINO GENERAL. MR. HOPE, THE AUTHOR OF "ANASTASIUS." RECOLLECTIONS OF BRUNSWICK. THE STUDENT OF HEIDELBERG.

On the 25th of July, 1814, Mr. Canning received from the Princess a letter addressed to the Regent, on the subject of her intended departure from the Kingdom. Therein it was stated, that her brother, the reigning Duke, not being able to escort her to Brunswick (her first place of resort before crossing into Switzer-

land and Italy) had sent a gentleman of his household for that purpose.

The Regent in his answer was more than commonly gracious, and gave her unlimited permission as to her future movements. Prior to this, the Princess had repaired to Norbury, and thence to Sompting Abbey. It was at the dead of night, amidst a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, that the King's Messenger arrived with the Regent's letter: and I can hardly deem it superstitious on such an occasion to perceive in the agitated elements the first dark revealings of a future destiny!

Yet who can blame the unhappy Princess for her eager desire to leave a country that to her, had been prolific only of oppression, contumely, and wretchedness! And who can marvel that her spirit found vent in lines like the following;—dedicated to her bosom-friend Lady C. L——.

THE LAND OF THE SUN.

O, HAD we the wings of the swallow, we'd fly
  Where the roses are blossoming all the year long;
Where the landscape is always a feast to the eye,
  And the bills of the warblers are ever in song;
O, then we would fly from the cold and the snow,
  And hie to the land of the orange and vine,
And carol the winter away in the glow
  That rolls o'er the evergreen bowers of the line.

How light we would skim where the billows are rolled
  Through clusters that bend with the cane and the lime,
And break on the beeches in surges of gold,
  When morning comes forth in her loveliest prime!

We would touch for awhile, as we traversed the ocean,
At islands that dwell in the sun evermore,
And winnow our wings with an easier motion,
Through the breath of the cedar that blows from the shore.

And when we had rested our wings and had fed
On the sweetness that comes from the juniper groves,
By the spirit of home and of infancy led,
We would hurry again to the land of our loves:
And when from the breast of the ocean would spring,
Far off in the distance that dear native shore,
In the *joy of* our hearts we would cheerily sing,
"No land is so lovely when winter is o'er!"

A noble Spaniard then on a visit at Sompting Abbey, (Don Baldomero Espartero*) was desirous that the

* Father of the celebrated Christino General of the present day. The latter, (Espartero, Count Luchana,) pursued his early military career in America, where he showed both courage and a ready genius. He served during the commencement of the civil war, principally under Cordova as a general of division. By birth a Castilian, he entered the army originally without any considerable protection from wealth or family interest; he might therefore be termed a soldier of fortune. The distinction to which he has now risen, may also be far more attributed to personal and chivalrous acts of bravery than as a proof of uncommon talent. He himself admits that his education has been neglected; nor does he possess that power of mind necessary to command an army. On the whole, however, Espartero may be said to have deserved well of his country; and in many instances he has shown considerable skill and great energy. At Arrigoriaga, where the Carlists, commanded by Eguia, gained a decided victory over the Christino forces, owing in a great measure to the inferior generalship of Espeleta, and drove them back to the very gates of Bilboa

Princess should in the first instance visit his country; but this, her previous resolution, and the advice of Mr. Hope overruled.

with considerable loss, Espartero by his personal valour, aided by two companies of the British auxiliaries, checked their impetuosity, and saved from annihilation his retreating, or rather flying, army, which with hurried steps sought shelter within the walls of the city of Bilboa; and in so doing, he was severely wounded. Count Luchana married a handsome, rich and distinguished lady of Logrono, who possessed considerable property in that town, and many have more than once enjoyed the hospitality of his Palazzo there, and the excellent Riocca wine from his own estates. He is now minister of war. Time will prove his fitness for such an appointment; I doubt his capabilities, and doubt still more his popularity as a minister, although he is decidedly a favourite with the army. His great success as a general took place at the relief of Bilboa, on the morning of christmas-day, 1836, for which he received the rank of Count. I was told on that occasion, that his gallant army marched through heaps of snow to victory and glory. I grant them all due praise, and pity most sincerely their sufferings and misery; I equally doubt however, on this occassion, the military tact of Espartero or the gallant daring of his army. Forced by the example of both officers and men of the British navy, and goaded with despair and discontent, the Christino army did advance in the midst of numerous difficulties, I fully admit; and the Carlists, taken by surprise, panic-stricken, fled; but on this occasion the Carlist chiefs were to blame, as they held positions with which we were well acquainted—by nature so impregnable, that nothing but a surprise or sudden attack could have enabled the Christinos to have gained them. "The fortune of war" was, however, on this occasion, on the side of Espartero, and he won the day; but the day only, for the morrow saw the Carlist battalions reformed, reorganized, and ready, had the weather permitted, to return to the battle.

There are numerous anecdotes connected with this unhappy siege, which I could here allude to: some of them, however, bear a stamp so truly romantic and heart-breaking, that by many they would be scarcely credited, and by others, perused with little satisfaction. One, however the truth of which I can rely on, as being related by an eye-witness, I

Of Mr. Hope, one of the richest men even in this opulent country, and withal, one of the most talented, I still entertain a lively remembrance. His manners

still here mention. I have already stated that the night of the attack was cold and tempestuous in the extreme, much surpassing the severity experienced at that period in England, and the advancing troops were almost buried in the snow, which fell in flakes so thick as to obscure the moonlit scene of horror. Such was the state of many of these unhappy men, that several were seen, protected partly by the rocks, and partly by the still warm and bleeding dead bodies of their companions. They were drawn towards the living, who cherished the heat thus imparted, and lost entirely the hideous notion of the corpse. Numbers were actually frozen to death in the ranks; in fact the elements committed as much depredation in the mass of these brave men, both Carlists and Christinos, as did the shot and steel of the contending armies.

In a deplorable civil war like the present one raging in unhappy Spain, there are naturally many occasions when it is absolutely necessary to make serious punishments, and the example of one life sacrificed, might be admitted; I cannot, however, uphold the principle on which Espartero has acted; neither do I, in any manner, agree with the necessity of depriving many unhappy and misled beings of their lives, whatever be their political crimes, for such only can they be termed.

Espartero *appears* to find satisfaction in these fearful acts. His first career of shooting took place at Vittoria, in 1838, when a battalion was decimated for some trifling theft; and he now appears to be parading the country on the same principle of destruction on the mere ill-collected and unsatisfactory evidence of a Spanish drumhead court-martial. Iriarte, a brave, gallant, but misled and unfortunate Navarrese, suffered only recently at Pampeluna, by command of Espartero, a death, we fear, which will not add to the facility of appeasing minds already irritated and distracted by these many and daily afflictions and trials; but Count Luchana would scarcely dare thus to trifle with men's lives, was he not decidedly popular with the army under his command, to which he himself is so attached, that nothing in his power is left unattended to, that can add to the comforts and wants of his men.

were delightful and his intelligence never flagged: so that although his exterior was, at first sight, truly repulsive, he insensibly won upon, and captivated, all who were ever for a brief period in his society.

I remember a story of Wilks (who was the ugliest man of his day) which comes in aid of this statement. He made a bet with Charles Townsend, (who was what the animal-magnetists call a *Beauty-man*) that he (Wilks) would produce a more favourable impression on the mind of a very elegant woman, fixed upon, than Townsend with all his personal attractions.

Townsend paid her a visit of an hour: he was at first exceedingly well received:—but it was soon evident that he thought much more of *himself* than of the *lady*, a conduct which every woman is prepared to resent. But although the fine outward appearance of Townsend went for little; the excessive ugliness of Wilks, when he afterwards entered, quite revolted the fair one. Marvellous, however, was the effect of voice, manner, brilliant wit, the charm of *voluble trifling*, deference and amiability! The lady prefer-

In person, Espartero is about the middle height, and slight; his countenance is extremely swarthy and expressive, to which, his dark and brilliant eyes, and large mustachios, add not a little. His manners are totally unaffected, mild and pleasing, although there is undoubtedly an expression of ferocity in his general demeanour, which at times is startling. No man in the Spanish army can boast of more decorations for personal feats of bravery than Espartero: indeed, when in full dress, his breast is literally covered. He smokes incessantly, both on the line of march and in his apartments; and, for a man who is constantly in exercise, is moderate in his habits to a degree.

red Wilks ere the hour elapsed, infinitely, to his handsome rival!

So plain was Mr. Hope personally, that in a painting exhibited at Somerset House of "Beauty and the Beast," *he* was pourtrayed as the latter. In revenge he took out a penknife and cut the picture to atoms: an action was brought, and damages were recovered. There was one portion of the picture that he doubtless, might have desired to save,—the portrait (as the beauty) of his lovely and accomplished *Louisa*,—whose attachment to him, putting aside all considerations of outward form, looked to the far more estimable,—nay, the priceless qualities of mind and heart! Who can read 'Anastasius' and not feel himself spell-bound by the mastery which pervades every page of that extraordinary romance? And if those who entertain doubts of its authorship, had known Mr. Hope as well as I did—they would no longer be sceptical.

I think it was the night after the receipt of the Regent's letter, that a party of us having requested a *German* story (in compliment to the Princess's intended journey to Brunswick) Mr. Hope began the following tale, nearly in the words in which it was originally communicated to him by a friend.

THE STUDENT OF HEIDELBERG.

Carle Von Sturm was the father of three children—two sons and a daughter; and for these his divided possessions, at his death, made but slender provision;

the elder son, in right of seniority, inheriting of course by far the larger share. Aware of this, the Baron decided on educating the younger, Carle, for some profession which might enable him to procure an independence for himself, and thereby prevent his becoming a burden on his brother, when time should have bereft them of a father. In pursuance of this determination, at the usual age, the promising and handsome boy was sent from the paternal roof, and entered as a student at the college of Heidelberg, there to commence a course of study which should ultimately open the way to learning, fortune, and honour, in whatever path his future inclinations might prompt him to act.

Industrious, quick, and tractable, Carle soon became a favourite with the professors of his college, whilst his gay and open manner, joined to much daring and courage when necessary, rendered him equally liked by his fellow-students. At the expiration of a couple of years, Carle saw himself at the head of a class which was supposed to consist of those young men who held forth the best promise of future talent, and on whom the eyes of the whole university were fixed, as on men destined, when launched into the world, to play a high and distinguished part on its eventful stage. A third year glided peacefully on, and still Carle pursued with ardour his routine of study; when accident made him acquainted with a young man who had entered but a few months, and had in a very short space of time established himself, in the opinion of all, as a person of most profligate and dissi-

pated habits, but at the same time as being possessed of talents of no common order, and of manners fascinating in the extreme, from their light joyousness and apparent frank generosity. Their rooms were contiguous —and soon Carle and Jules Kretznac were inseparable.

And now the exertions of the young student, in his laborious studies and efforts at distinction, began to relax; hours heretofore entirely devoted to reading and the duties of his college, were dedicated to dissipation, or lost in idle sports, harmless perhaps in themselves, but to be dreaded as leading the unthinking boy still further from those pursuits which had hitherto been his pride, and had bestowed so much happiness on those interested in his welfare. His tutor for a time beheld this defalcation in his favourite pupil with silent grief, only endeavouring to lure him back to wisdom by means so gentle, that the return might appear voluntary—but in vain;—hours of absence were soon lengthened into days—days became weeks—months—until the studio of the professor was altogether deserted.

Longer silence would have been blameful; therefore one morning—a morning following a night that had been passed in more than wonted revelry (for vice had been added to folly)—the Professor entered the bedchamber of the exhausted Carle: unreservedly he spoke of the sorrow he experienced in witnessing an almost total blight of that harvest of talent the first years of Carle's residence at Heidelberg had promised —adverted to his parents, and spoke of the bitterness of their disappointment; in short, drew so forcible and yet so true a picture of the fatal end Carle was prepar-

ing for himself in thus wasting time, abilities and wealth, that the penitent boy determined he would henceforth chase the companions of his idle hours, and endeavour again to draw around him those young men whom, by his late follies, he had almost entirely estranged.

First on his list of friends had formerly stood Henry Watteville, son of a much-esteemed companion in arms of Carle's father, who was the proprietor of a large domain in the immediate neighbourhood of the town of Heidelberg. There had some of Carle's happiest hours been passed: there in the society of the sisters of his friend;—young innocent girls, brought up in all the strict propriety of a German province, of sweet and simple manners, and possessing a great portion of personal beauty, particularly the elder—at least so thought Carle. Elena was about seventeen, tall and delicately formed, and gifted with that dazzling clearness of complexion and profusion of fair hair, which renders most of the German girls so peculiarly pretty.

The chosen friend of her father, and his frequent guest,—Elena could not long remain insensible to the evident love of Carle. Their mutual affection was confessed, and with the consent of either family they were considered as betrothed.

So matters stood when Jules became the corrupter of the hitherto virtuous Carle. Few now were his visits at Watteville; and Elena, warned by her anxious brother of the course Carle was pursuing, received him, when he did seek her, with coolness, or with tears and reproaches but ill-brooked by the now intemperate

youth, who, courted, flattered, and caressed by those who where leading him fast on to ruin, almost forgot in their society the love he owed his betrothed: or thought of it only as a clog and interruption to pleasures dazzling and intoxicating, but which concealed a path tending to the inevitable destruction of both body and soul.

As the professor left his room, all this occurred to his mind with most painful accuracy, and he could not conceal from himself that he had wantonly forfeited the approbation of the worthy tutor, the friendship of the Watteville, and the love of the gentle Elena.

The whole of that wretched day he tossed on his feverish pillow, with aching head and bursting heart; cursing his own folly and the vice of others, and firmly determining to lead a better course of life for the future.

Towards evening, the cool breeze and a rich setting sun tempted him from his chamber, and he went forth to walk; choosing the most unfrequented paths—fearful of encountering, in the more busy city, those young men, who would endeavour to enlist him in some plan of debauchery for the night. Lost in thought, and unmindful of his steps, he at length found himself, as twilight closed around him, in a retired part of those beautiful grounds which surround the stupendous ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg. Fatigued mentally and bodily, he threw himself on the cool refreshing turf; whilst the moon, now rising in an almost cloudless sky, streamed brightly on him through the archway which

still stands to commemorate the ostentatious love of the monarch who once "held sway therein."

In the stillness of that beautiful evening he ruminated on the sage counsels of the good old tutor, the repeated warnings of Henry, and the gentle repinings of Elena. As these thoughts crossed his mind he wondered he could have allowed Jules thus to engross him; yet aware that hours passed with that extraordinary man and his dissolute companions had not been deficient in delight. "How is it," mentally asked the captious boy, "that almost all in this world we hail as pleasure, we are told is just what, as prudent youths, we ought most to shun?—Lovely woman, rich wine, fellowship with the gay and joyous—in short all that excites and sets the mantling blood swelling through our veins, in that warm full tide which almost makes us forget our humanity, and gives an insight into joys old legends tell us were the privileges of the gods alone! How is it, that all this we are to forego—for what? To pore over musty books, or listen to the drone of some aged kill-joy; and in our turn, to become as wise and crabbed, and equally skilled in curbing and curtailing the pleasures of buoyant youth. By yon moon which now looks on me so mildly and modestly, I feel more than half inclined to throw off all restraint, drink my fill of pleasure, *and then*—ay, there it is—who can solve that?—*and then*—it is that thought which startles and restrains those not lost to all!—no—I feel I am not formed to be an entire villain; neither have I moral courage sufficient to keep me in the narrow

path of virtue—but shall crawl through life a compound wise men will not trust, and one whom rogues will find a stumblingblock in their way. Still, I must now make a selection: on the one hand fame, riches, and honour, with sweet Elena, await me; but to be earned with toil and self-denial:—whilst on the other, stand ready for my acceptance, intoxicating delights, hours free and uncontrolled—ecstatic joys, and—the soul-entrancing Julia!—Oh, that I possessed but the power of uniting these joys; by day, study, prudence, virtue, and Elena—by night, wine, gaiety, forgetfulness, and Julia! Oh, that I had the magic power of combining all this!"

"I will give you that power," was whispered in silvery tones close to his ear.

"Who speaks?" asked the student, startled at thus hearing his very thoughts replied to, and lookinghastily around him, in expectation of seeing he knew not what.

"*I* spoke," again sounded in his ear. "It is hopeless to expect to see me; but listen and profit. I know the subject of your inmost thoughts, and entirely sympathize with you as to the reasonableness of your complaint, which resolves itself simply into thus much—you would have the outward seeming of a most virtuous man, would rise to fame, wealth, and honour, and take a virtuous wife to your bosom—whilst, in fact, you are an unprincipled profligate, and would revel in every forbidden pleasure—ha-ha-ha! Nay, start not; you see I read your mind aright. Now, the means of being with impunity this consummate hypocrite I will empower you to obtain, under certain trifling condi-

tions. Fancy not that I am Lucifer himself, which your scared looks declare to be the case. I want not your soul, young man: only lend me your person, and I am content. No, I am not that exquisite Prince of Darkness; I am only a wandering spirit, unfortunately imbued with mortal passions without the power, as a mortal, of satisfying them. I began my fanciful existence in the half-crazed brain of a metaphysician, who put out all his capabilities towards producing, in this world of yours, the perfectibility of human nature; in furtherance of which, and as an example, I suppose, to his proselytes, he led a life that would have shocked an American savage; and at the height of one of the orgies celebrated by him and his neophytes, I sprang into my mystery of being—invisible, incorporeal, but yet retaining so much of the spirit of my progenitor, that I burn to engage in mortal life. Now, boy, listen; for this is the pact I would form with you. You lamented, but saw the incompatibility of a life of what is called pleasure and a life of virtue. Now, I can, if so you will, enable you to quaff to the very bottom the intoxicating draught you thirst for; I will fulfil your every wish from sunrise till sunset,—if, in return, you will allow my immaterial essence to inhabit the grosser materials which compose your body, consenting to lose all control over your actions though retaining perfect consciousness; and then, young sir, from sunset until sunrise you shall taste delights your dull mind has never dreamed of, not even in the society of your brilliant Julia, or of that purer goddess of your love, Elena."

Carle, with all the impetuosity of youth, was on the point of closing with this specious and wicked compact, when voices, calling on his name, sounded through the garden, and, in the next moment, a form rushed through the archway, and Carle was locked in the embrace of his brother. Every thought and every feeling was now absorbed in pleasure at this most unexpected meeting; and as the brothers, arm linked in arm, returned to the city,—home and all its delights were vividly recalled to the recollection of the younger one, by the affectionate converse of the elder. Seated in Carle's little study, their communications became still more unreserved, and Edgar adverted, though with feeling and delicacy, to Carle's late falling off from the paths of virtue and duty.

"If you could see the grief of our dear mother, Carle, or know the mortification your conduct has occasioned our now aged father, I am convinced you would not by your thoughtlessness and frivolity, oblige the Tutor so often to complain. As your father's friend, the good old man had much pride in you; and his anger at your present levity is great in proportion as this pride was gratified by your former diligence. Do, my brother, I entreat you, break through the delusions which enthral you; delusions leading you from all that is just and honourable, to guilt and inevitable misery. Never let it be said, a Sturm could be a profligate—a gambler! That I love you with an affection passing that of brothers in general, you know full well; and you also know that were we deprived, this moment, of our excellent father, I would willingly

share with you my last crust—but alas! Carle, I am not a free agent. In a few months my marriage with the Countess Fellenberg takes place, and whatever wealth may then, or hereafter, be mine, is but held in trust for those who may come after me. I speak thus because I know to what an extent you have been imprudent. Oh! Carle, were you but aware of the inconveniences you have occasioned our parents, aged as they are, and ill able to deprive themselves of habitual luxuries, I think you would pause before you squandered in a debauch, or staked at a gaming-table, a sum which if lost, leaves you without other means of payment than the despoiling those, whom both love and duty should teach you to succour. At dawn of day I must quit Heidelberg—I have come many miles out of my direct route to have this conversation with you; let it not I beseech you, be that I have spoken in vain. Pause and reflect, ere too late, and be to us again that son, that brother, on whom we poured our love and blessings."

Carle remained silent, his face buried in his hands, which were placed on the table before which he sat; his countenance was consequently entirely concealed; but by the convulsive heaving of his shoulders, and the quickly-drawn breath, Edgar concluded that his brother was deeply moved. He approached, and bending over him, whilst he removed from his burning forehead the clustering hair, said affectionately, "I perceive Carle, that you weep—hide not those tears from me, my brother, for I regard them as the promise of a reformation which will bring happiness to us all; and believe me I would rather witness

those tears, and hear those deep-drawn sighs, than see you the merriest speaker, or loudest laugher, in one of those orgies which have of late, so strangely fascinated you."

Carle ook the hand of his brother and pressed it to his throbbing temples—to speak was impossible—tears choked his utterance—he arose from his chair, and falling on the neck of the pitying Edgar, there wept in bitter repentance. At length after a severe struggle, he said "Edgar, I trust you will find me worthy of this interest; for I will strive to be all that you could wish me: but I have a weak and wavering spirit, and can never hope to emulate your worth. Yet bear with me, I implore you, Edgar! cast me not off, and the knowledge of possessing your friendship—your esteem—may stimulate me to deserve it. Heaven bless you, my brother!"

In the morning they parted. Carle, more calm than on the preceding evening, re-assured the anxious Edgar that his admonitions should not be unheeded. Taking his brother's hand, he said "Your nuptials are soon to be celebrated; I will be with you then Edgar, and you shall indeed find me an altered man. Now, farewell! claim for me the blessing of my much loved parents, and think of me with kindness."

Edgar returned with all a brother's love the warm pressure of Carle's trembling hand—his heart was too full to allow his speaking—they embraced in silence, and Edgar was soon far on his way to his paternal home, whilst Carle returned to his lonely study sad, and out of humour with himself, and with all around

him. His life had latterly been one of much excitement: joyous in the extreme whilst it lasted, but ever, in the intervals of pleasure, visited by pain and remorse. Still it had been *excitement*, which is as absolutely necessary to a young and vigorous mind, as exercise is to the body. Happy that youth who, from choice or principle, lets nought constitute the exercise of his mind or feelings but what virtue may permit, or his conscience approve. Carle now felt that days, nay weeks, and months, must be dragged through within the walls of that gloomy college; that he must devote himself to abstruse study, and to dry and uninteresting reading; avoiding all intercourse with that joy-inspiring band he once falsely called his friends—must withstand all their temptations, and, with courage, repel their lures. And Henry and Elena? Ay, there was the oasis in this desart: he would devote himself to virtue for the sake of Elena.

For many months he persevered in the course of life his good sense had dictated to him to pursue. The mornings were dedicated to arduous study, the evenings to innocent recreations in the society of Elena and her virtuous family. The time too now approached for the marriage of his brother, and Carle could look forward to a meeting with his relatives with unmixed pleasure. He had weaned himself, he thought entirely from pursuits unworthy of his birth and talents, and was once more regarded by all, but his late libertine companions, as a young man of high worth and promise.

He had been deeply occupied during a sultry day

in the month of August, in the translation of an abstruse and difficult Latin work. His whole mind had been employed in the task, and he was unmindful of all around him, until the intense warmth of his chamber recalled him from his abstraction. The burning evening sun streamed in at the unopened casement, and fell full on the desk of the now exhausted student. Every thing bespoke the languor attendant on the closing of a summer day: even the usually active spaniel, who was wont to play around him the moment her sagacity informed her he was unoccupied, now slumbered extended at his feet, lulled, it should seem, by the hum of numerous insects, who alone appeared busy in that oppressive atmosphere, and were droning their little songs in the broad sunbeam. Finding the closeness of his room unbearable, Carle rose to open the window; the chapel bell struck the half-hour past six, and as he leaned forward to look into the court beneath, he saw several of the students issuing from the different portals, loitering in groups, arranging their plans for the evening.—"Ah!" he almost sighed, "there are young Wolfstein, Count Moor, and that very genius of mirth —Jules! When did that dare-devil return to Heidelberg?—and see they approach this way. Heavens! what a shout of laughter. But I must withdraw, for, if seen, Jules will not even let the strong lock of my chamber be a security against his intrusion." So saying, he left the window and threw himself pettishly into the chair he had just quitted. Soon his name, called in the joy-inspiring voice of Jules, impelled him almost involuntarily to the window,—but he did resist

the call, and firmly remained in his place: again was he called, and challenged to come forth by that most musical voice. "Carle, book-worm, runagate, answer man, or I will storm your citadel, and show no quarter. What! no answer? Then let us try what music can do:" and, in rich mellow tones, the party began a well-known bacchanalian chorus. Carle listened, and his power of resistance wavered, but the last tones of their song now sounded faintly in distance, and his fortitude was spared further trial.

Long did he remain in sad rumination, gazing on the distant mountains: the setting sun now prepared to dip behind their summits, and the mysterious whisper in the garden of Heidelberg recurred to the memory of Carle: that whisper so long forgotten, so unfortunately remembered.

"Could it have been fancy?—was I dreaming?—It proffered fairly, I must allow, be it what it might; and, when I look at these ponderous tomes, and know how much of their essence I must infuse into my already-tired brain, I could almost wish it were indeed reality, and that I had in truth a Spirit so accommodating at my call."

"Command me," sounded most musically in his ear. Carle started—looked around his antique chamber, and, like a second Don Cleofas, almost expected to see an *Amodée* walk out of the ink-bottle. But no—all was still, and he was assured that he must be alone.

"This will never do!" he at length exclaimed. "I must banish these fancies, or I shall become as mystified as any German student past, present, or to come,

who has lived on ghosts, witches, spirits, and hobgoblins. Come Latin, come Greek!—bring me to common sense and plain matter of fact. And here is honest Jaques to dispel, by his presence, the mist of these illusions."

As he spoke, his servant entered, bringing a note which, by the superscription, he saw at a glance came from Jules. He laid it on his desk unopened, whilst a cold shudder ran through his frame. Again the voice sounded in his ear, tempting him to read. He broke the seal, and read as follows:

"Carle, why have you forsaken us? Have wine, love, and beauty lost *all* charm for you? We are now at the paradise of Julia—come to us, and all will be forgotten.

Yours,

JULES."

Under this was written in pencil, in a beautifully delicate character—"*All* will be *forgiven*.

Your

JULIA."

"Jules is at the house of Julia—*your* Julia," again whispered the spirit in his ear. "Will you not now make essay of my power?"

"I am thine, demon, or whatever thou art," answered the infatuated youth; and rushing from the college, was soon in the splendid saloon of the beautiful, but erring Julia.

When he entered, Jules was leaning over the couch

on which she was seated, and he fancied he saw a glance of much meaning exchanged by them, as he approached; but Jules received him with an air so open and unembarrassed, and Julia so undisguisedly expressed her happiness at again seeing the long-estranged Carle, that, seated by her side, all was soon forgotten, save the brilliant creature with whom he conversed. The night was spent in every species of refined dissipation. Julia avowed her esteem—her love—the gaming-table spread its lures—and wines, rich, and exquisite, tempted the most fastidious to drink, even to excess.

Carle remained unscathed. Many times that night was his purse emptied of its contents; yet, at a wish, behold! it was replenished. Goblet after goblet was drained, still Carle retained his senses cool and unimpaired. Satiety was dispelled—fatigue unfelt:—his dissolute companions regarded him with wonder, and to himself he was incomprehensible. Morning, pure, calm morning, at length dawned; and, as Carle entered his own quiet room, the superhuman excitement which had held him the whole of the night began to subside; the fresh breeze from the open casement blew on his flushed cheek: the sun too, he observed from the reflection on the opposite mountains, was rising. The power of the demon was for the time gone, and Carle could reflect.

"Would that I could recal this dreadful night!" was his first thought.

"That is not possible," sounded in his sickening ear. "But the sun is up—it is for you to command."

Carle, when he had changed his dress, and washed the wine-stains from his face, felt perfectly refreshed, and in every way competent to the morning duties.

His head was more than commonly clear; and, in a metaphysical argument, he evinced so much perspicuity, that he was complimented by the professor of logic on his composition, both for the skill he had shown in conducting his argument, and for the elegance and purity of the style and language. Carle was astonished himself at the power of disputation he had shown, and at the ease with which he had accomplished a most difficult task, and that too within a few hours of quitting a scene of most unbridled debauchery. He returned from the schools to his study, animated by the praises that had been poured upon him.

"Have you further commands?" was demanded in that mystical silver tone.

"Commands, did you say, most delightful spirit?—Yes, a thousand," exclaimed the excited student. "Only let me have such mornings and days of triumph as this has proved, and you may rule me, even on such nights of misrule as the last: for I seem but the better for it."

"The *better* for it!" echoed the good genius of Carle—that is to say, his conscience, as though in mockery repeating; and, for a moment, conscience did prevail—alas! but for a moment—for, with this demon at his call, every thing appeared in his power—fame, wealth, Elena, and Julia.

Brilliant and mysterious was now the existence of the student. Winning and deserving high academic

honours, his rooms were crowded by day with men of science and learning—until the sun dipping behind the western mountains, the sway of his directing demon began, and then each succeeding hour was marked by revelry—mad, fiend-like revelry:—folly led to folly, and crime to crime, until the star of day compelled this "busy devil," by his compact, again to servility. Oh, how hateful this bondage soon became to Carle!—but he had thoughtlessly embarked in it, and was now become tood eeply engaged not to be forced into the consequences, be they what they might.

Disturbances now grew frequent in the streets of Heidelberg; dreadful tales were told of the misconduct of the students; and, to the surprise of the professors of the college, the hero of every nocturnal riot was Carle! The young and beautiful wife of a respectable citizen was torn from her home: chance directed the distracted husband to the place of her concealment—a lone house, in the suburbs of the city, inhabited by wretches whose profession was but too unequivocal. She was alone, it is true, when her husband entered the ruinous and squalid chamber; but she persisted in affirming that it was the young Count Sturm who had lured her away—with what intent she shuddered but to think of.

The only son of the pastor of a neighbouring village, placed at the college in order to enable him to take up the profession of his aged father, whose infirmities were fast growing on him, had been enticed to the house of Julia, and there, intoxicated by the blandishments of beauty, the power of wine, and every other fascination of

this Circëan abode, wrecked all that had hitherto made life happy! his self-esteem was lost, entirely lost, in one short night—and the tempter who had urged him on, was Carle!

The lovely daughter of the college gardener had been seen at midnight rushing from the turret staircase which led to the apartments of Carle, her dress in disorder, her hai dishevelled, and shrieking in a voice of agony, "Mercy, mercy! save me from Von Sturm!" Aza was clasped to the bosom of her affrighted parent —but not in innocence.

The only son of a widow had been ruined at a gaming-table—ruined past hope. To live a beggar—and, above all, to see a sick and sorrow-worn mother pining in penury—was more than human courage could endure. —Albert Kellerman was found a disfigured corpse in the cemetry of the college. A note addressed to Carle, was found on the table of the unhappy man; it contained few words; but when delivered to Carle, at mid-day, those few words were as a dagger to his heart."

"You have destroyed the son—pity and protect the mother.—A. K."

And did Carle bear this worse than slavery, without a struggle, to free himself from the sway of a master become too mighty for him?—No—often when day has dawned, and the bright and joyous sun has dispelled, with the darkness of night, the power of the fiend, the enormities committed in the form of Carle, but by the agency of the demon who enthralled him, have staggered him with the weight and amount of the sins he

felt he was thus so heedlessly incurring; and he has vowed to free himself from that power which was hurrying him to sure destruction both here and hereafter. But then the labyrinth of learning in which he had embarked, and the giddy height he had attained, solely by the spirit which ruled him, rose to his contemplation, and pride, that worldly despot, held him still enslaved to his destroyer.

And Elena?—was she entirely forgotten in this intoxicating alternation of the daily acquisition of fame and honour, and the nightly revel and debauch? No; not forgotten, but wilfully shunned, as a being of too pure a mould to be contaminated by the presence of such a wretch as Carle could not but feel he had become. Her birthday approached, and an affectionate billet from his betrothed prayed for his presence; to refuse was impossible, and yet the hour of meeting was fixed for that of *sunset*—for that hour, when, losing all control over himself, Carle was doomed to be the passive agent of a demon. He determined to see her, to plead indisposition, and excuse himself from attending on the night of her fête. She received him with all the affection she felt, and, laughing at his plea, said, "You bookworm, it is the air of that gloomy college which has stolen the ruddy hue from your cheek. I will listen to no excuse: the fresh breeze of the river will refresh you, dear Carle, and you shall guide my boat to the pavilion which my brother has raised for me on its bank, and which is to be our ball-room. To-morrow at sunset I shall look for you."

"At sunset, Elena?" half muttered the student.

"Never—I would sooner tear this bursting heart from my tortured breast, than be with you after sunset."

Tears rushed to the eyes of Elena, and, mournfully shaking her head, she said, "I fear it is too true, that I am but second in the heart of Carle, a heart in which I would reign alone. Can you not spare me one short evening? Are hours passed away from her who, rumour has told me, has supplanted me in your affections, so irksome that not one can be endured from her side?—fie on it. I could have thought all were false in this world:—father—brother—sister—friend—even my mother—all, save Carle. Now is the hated truth forced on my conviction, and in to-morrow's fête, desolate, wretched, and alone, I shall be pointed at by all as the forsaken one of Count Sturm."

"Elena," gasped the agitated Carle, "I am on the very brink of madness, and yet you urge me forward. I *will* be at your fête.

"Carle," said Henry, who then joined them, "I think by Jove, you are indeed mad!—what is all this? My sweet Elena looks heart-stricken, and you the counterpart of Faust, when in the clutches of Mephistophiles.

A low unearthly laugh was the only reply of Carle, who, turning to Elena, said, "At sunset expect me;" and left the castle.

That night was passed as many a preceding one had been. Julia was the Armida of the hour—all was bacchanalian riot and excess, and Jules the presiding god. Again morning dawned, and with the sun came remorse and shame to Carle—the morning, too, of the

fête of her whom, when he was not under the influence of the fiend, he loved so fondly, so purely. Again he decided not to join the evening festival; and as the time approached that was appointed for quitting the city, he hastened to the apartment of his friend, but there learnt that Henry had quitted Heidelberg some time, on a summons from his father.

This absence was a sensible relief; and, immediately returning to his chamber, Carle threw himself into a chair, fully determined nothing should induce him to quit it till the bright sun, which was now dipping behind the western hills, should return to the eastern hemisphere, bearing life and joy, and when the dominion of the demon would cease, who had given such direful proof of his power and evil propensities. Lost in thought, the student pondered on the means of ridding himself of a thrall which had become so intolerable, but in vain, all was hopeless.

The last golden ray faded from the so lately burnished sky, and slowly the young and silver moon assumed her modest reign; all was hushed in the now deserted courts of the college, and the soft evening air as it entered the open casement, fanned gently with its freshness the fever-flushed cheek of Carle. Presently his head dropped on his chest,—he dosed; anon he roused himself, but an unusual heaviness overpowered him, and he slept—soundly slept, until suddenly awakened by the sound of gay music, and the blaze of numerous lights. Gazing around, he perceived that, in rich attire, he was seated on a mossy couch by the side of Elena, in a pavilion which appeared a wilderness

of flowers; gay dancers hovered round them, and Elena, bright in simple beauty, seemed the very soul of love.

Dazzled by the uncommon brilliancy of the scene, all appeared to the bewildered Carle as enchantment, and he might have deemed the whole to be an illusive dream but for a fiendish laugh which rang in his ears, and a voice, not to be mistaken, which whispered, "Fool —idiot—did you think to rob me of to-night? a night, too, which gives to me the long coveted Elena!"

Sturm started on his feet, and essayed to quit the scene of festivity, which now seemed to him a charnel-house filled with mouldering spectres—he would have said, "Fly Elena!" but his voice was lost in a murmuring sigh, and he felt but too truly that he might *wish* to avoid and avert the horrors about to be accomplished—but that to *act* was no longer in his power. Instead of warnings, he poured into the chaste ear of the yet innocent maiden vows of the most impassioned love; instead of leading Elena to the side and protection of her mother, she was in his arms, and they were lost in the mazes of the waltz; and giddy with the intoxicating dance, soon forgot earth—heaven—all, save love.

Midnight sounded—the guests were departing, and Carle and his Elena were sought for in the windings of the brilliantly illuminated walks that surrounded the pavilion—long and vain was the search —vain the repeated name of Elena, and of Sturm—all was dismay and confusion. The wreath which had adorned the hair of the ill-fated girl was found

faded and trampled on—the veil of silver gauze which had shaded her lovely figure, was discovered torn and soiled on the bank of the river, which slept in peace, save when, gently rippled by the light night-breeze, it danced in the glittering moonbeam—all unconscious that its now unruffled bosom had so lately proved the grave of betrayed and self-immolated innocence! Silence soon reigned in the late joyous scene—desolation seemed to make the spot her own from that terrific hour—and even now, as they pass that ruined bower, fearful mothers press close to their bosoms their trembling daughters and sigh for Elena!

An hour after midnight, the Count Sturm was seen striding through the streets of Heidelberg, with a flushed countenance and disordered dress. None dared to impede the rapidity of his progress, and unstayed, he reached the house of Julia. An immense crowd was tumultuously assembled round the gates, but all made way for the impetuous Carle, though they muttered as he passed—"Ay, go and see what you have brought about. Jealousy and murder go hand in hand." Still he strode on until he reached the saloon of Julia—that room, the scene of all his guilty pleasures. There, on a couch by which stood one solitary menial, was extended the lifeless form of the still beauteous Julia. The flowers which had ornamented her bosom, scarce faded, were clotted with the blood which flowed from a wound in her temple, in one single stream, finding its way down her marble neck, and staining in one or two places the white satin robe in which she was attired. Her features were composed, and but for those crimson

stains, it might have been thought she slept; so calm, so placid looked in death that guilty one. It was a soul-harrowing sight even for the fiend-bound; and, turning from it with horror, he beheld, through the opposite door, Jules stretched on a bed, insensible, if not dead. He was attended by a surgeon, who appeared to be dressing a wound. Carle approached the bed, when Jules in the extreme of agony, uttered a fearful groan, and unclosing his glazed eyes, glared in horror on Sturm.

After a dreadful pause, he uttered, in a voice barely articulate, "Ah, wretch! and are you come at last, to see and to enjoy your work? Who triumphs now, Jules or Sturm? I have removed her from your intermeddling love, and would have lived to have sent you also to your reckoning, but for these officious fools!" and, as he spoke, he drove from him with a sudden effort, the trembling and panic-struck surgeon: and, springing from the bed, clutched Carle by the throat, and would have strangled him in that superhuman grasp, had not the agonies of death at that instant seized him. His convulsive hands relaxed their hold, and the same moment saw him a corpse on the floor.

In the confusion which ensued, Carle rushed from that fatal house, and, through unfrequented streets, reached the college. The gates were closed for the night, and he was turning from them, when he fancied he saw a figure in white move within the portal, and thought he heard a sob of distress. He approached, when again the fiendish laugh burst forth—with

"Woman, you escaped me once, but now you are mine, in spite of fate."

It was the once honoured and adored wife of the worthy citizen—now an outcast, driven by a jealous, heart-broken husband, with blows and curses from his door—a lost-one, lone and unsheltered. Where she wandered that fatal night, none can tell; but at day-break, she was found in an obscure alley, dying, and in a state which baffles all description, and her last sigh was a curse on Sturm. And Carle?—the whole of that turbulent night he wandered through the city, joining in every scene of profligacy and riot he chanced to fall in with. At length morning dawned; a bright and heavenly sun arose, and the power of the now sated fiend over the unfortunate student was at an end,—but not for ever!

Carle left the city, and sought, none knew why, the fearful catacombs of the monastery of Reigelt.

A countryman passing by at a late hour, was startled at hearing sounds of wild and unearthly laughter from the desolate ruin, mixed with the groans—the heart-wringing wail, as of some one "*alike tormented in body and in soul!*"—such was his expressive phrase.

O! how fearful it is to think upon the end of him, who, at the instigation of pleasure, forsakes Virtue and FORGETS HIS GOD!"*

* The real names are suppressed in the above narrative, whose bearing will be evident. The name of the talented individual from whom it emanates, will be given in the 'Glossary.'

CHAPTER XXII.

LAST HOURS IN ENGLAND. DOVER. THE PACKET-BOAT. EUGENE GUIZOT. A PARISIAN ADVENTURE. FAREWELL OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

It was fixed that I should meet the Princess on the Continent, and I was glad that such an arrangement had been made,—for in order to enjoy travelling in perfection, one should be wholly unconstrained. The presence of Royalty would have interrupted the current of tranquil reflection, and have prevented my *getting out of myself* as it were. O! what a relief it was to know, that if only for a brief interval, I could repose upon my own thoughts, and create out of the beautiful nature around me, the happiness for which I had vainly panted amidst the turmoil of public life!

It was early in the morning as I approached Dover, and the sea; but on arriving at the crest of the hill which overlooks perhaps the loveliest vale in the world, the scene changed to one best described in the following stanzas:

> The sun is up! by heaven a glorious sight!
> And o'er the wave,—and o'er the mountain's brow,

Creates each misty shadow into light;
And gilds to brightness, the rose-laden bough
Down in the vale beneath: dispelling night
In forest-circled ruins; while the flow
Of murmuring far-off waters, softly clear
Falls with mysterious sweetness on the ear
And o'er you castled-height, the panoply
Floats, of our realm supreme!
A blushing band
Of peasant girls, go gaily o'er the lea
Telling old tales of joyaunce, hand in hand;
And gypsies, black-eyed, grouped in some green lane
Run merrily to beg,—and, frown'd at,—beg again!

The Inns at Dover were, for the most part full, and as the town is anything but attractive in itself, I was in no disposition to remain beyond the lapse of a day. This, I allow, would have been unpardonable, had I not at a former period made my pilgrimage to the Shakspear Cliff, and to the Castle. I therefore, after an excellent *dejeuner à la fourchette*, embarked, and bade my native land a mental adieu.

An inexpressible yet not unpleasant melancholy came over me as the White Cliffs faded from my sight; but during the latter half of our three hours voyage, I was engaged in an agreeable *tête a tête* with an old friend of my mother's, the eccentric *literaire* Eugene Guizot.*

* Eugene Guizot, though little known by name, was a highly talented person, and one of the cleverest of the French Journalists. He never wrote under his own name, and I believe there is no collection of his works. He had passed some of his earlier years in India, and on one occasion had a very narrow escape of being murdered in the vicinity of Madras, by one of those horrible miscreants the THUGS, (*a secret society*

I know not when I have met with a more pleasant frenchman: for with all his intelligence, and desire to please, he is devoid of the *frippery* so common to our

of assassins :) which government is now attempting to put down.—A few particulars of these systematic MURDERERS will be interesting.

"The fraternity carry on their system of assassination in the following manner :—They wait at the choultries (or caravanserais), linger about high roads, or near towns where travellers rest. Emissaries are employed to collect information respecting the movements of travellers. Children, and even attractive women, are initiated as agents into the horrid practices, the object being to gain the confidence of travellers, to join their party, and to await a favourable time and place to rob and murder them. The most general mode of perpetrating the act is the following :—Whilst travelling along in friendly converse, two Thugs contrive to place themselves on either side of each traveller. One of them (the strangler or bhurtote) suddenly throws the cloth or rope round the neck of the victim, holding one end, the other held by the accomplice. A third villain, in readiness behind the traveller, seizes him by the legs; he is then thrown down and disabled from resistance, whilst the operation of the noose is aided by kicks on the most vital parts of the body. The sacred pickaxe is then called into play; a hole, three or four feet deep, receives the unhappy victim, who is buried with his face downwards. The corpse is usually mangled after death, in order to expedite decomposition and prevent inflation of the body, which, by causing fissures in the earth, might attract wild beasts and reveal the corpse. If the Thugs are liable to be discovered during these operations (though they have many modes of diverting attention), the bodies are thrown into rivers, wells, or tanks, for irrigating the fields. An effusion of blood is avoided, and an impenetrable veil of darkness is thrown over their atrocities. The plunder, which is sometimes considerable, is disposed of, and the product divided in an orderly manner, part being appropriated to the expense of ceremonies, and a portion allotted to the widows and families of deceased Thugs. They have a peculiar dialect, like the Gipsies, and employ a variety of signs, known only to each other. But their most efficient means of being directed to prey, and of disposing of the plunder, may be traced to the connexion which the gangs keep up with various descriptions of

neighbours, and so destructive of confidence in all they say and do.

There was a light and fast-flying scud over head, but the sea was far from rough—although, sufficiently so, to upset the physical tranquility of more than one on board. For my own part, I am not, whatsoever may be the state of the weather, subject to this *least noble* of infirmities. Getting as far aft as possible, Eugene and I, sat and chatted about a thousand things: and he even contrived to narrate to me an incident which I shall christen—

IS SHE A PRINCESS?

A Parisian adventure.

"What a lovely night! how softly the moonlight

tradesmen and money-dealers throughout India, who are really sleeping partners in the several concerns, receiving a large share of the profits, though affecting to know nothing of the sources from whence they are derived. In former times, it is said, the Poligars, or native chiefs of southern India, used to take the most valuable articles of the booty in return for their protection. The Thugs refrain from murdering the inhabitants of places adjoining the spot where they commit the act, and they avoid, from conscientious scruples, throwing the noose over certain castes or classes of Hindus and women, though upon this last point some Thugs are not over nice. Amongst the persons exempted from the noose are poets. A cow is always a protection to a traveller. This impediment is, however, sometimes removed by artifice. A party of Thugs projected the murder of fourteen persons, including several women, but the victims were protected by a cow which was with them. They were persuaded to sell the cow to the Thugs, who piously presented it to a Brahmin, and the travellers, women and all, were strangled a few hours after!" [*History of the Thugs: Parbury & Co.*]

sleeps on all around, and seems as though it subdued into its own tranquility the rugged face of things!" Such were my reflections as I traversed the *Port Neuf* at midnight, on June —, 18—; and took in at a glance the expanse of waters as they swept with glossy transparency up to the *Champs Elysées.* Wrapped as thus in delightful contemplation, I was leaning over the parapet of the bridge, when I perceived something dark in hue floating slowly along, and watching it narrowly, I perceived what appeared to be a *hand* raised up. No longer in doubt as to its being a fellow-creature, I instantly ran off the bridge, gained the sloping shore to the right, and stripping off my coat, plunged into the Seine. The body, now nearly exhausted, was passive, it was that of a female; and I drew it without difficulty to land. I seated the unfortunate one on a coil of rope, reposing her head against a pile of the same material, and separated from over her forehead the long fair hair which hung down to her waist like a veil. Pale though it was, a more lovely face, I had never beheld. The features possessed that *morbidezza,* —that exquisite softness,—that blending of earth and heaven,—that scarcely definable beauty, which, nevertheless the poet of all hearts has so well defined in the being of "Sunny climes, and starry skies,"—

> "———all that's best of dark and bright,
> Met in her aspect and her eyes!"

And, while gazing on such an one how self-evident is the ensuing conviction, that she must possess

"A heart whose love is innocent!"

Alas! thought I, thou hast loved but too truly, too confidingly, and hast reaped the harvest that, but too often awaits the unsuspecting! As she revived to consciousness, she stared somewhat wildly around her, but after a little explanation, thanked me fervently for having saved her from death, and for my continued attentions. She then reverted as I thought somewhat suddenly to her dress, which was extremely neat, and that of a Grisette, "Excuse it——," she said, "it is not fitting to my rank:—in me,—(here she burst into tears) miserable me,—you see the Princess de ——!" My astonishment, was indeed great at this announcement; and she appeared even then, willing to satisfy my curiosity—but this I would not permit, seeing the state she was in—and I therefore conveyed her to the *Porte-cochere* of the nearest mansion, rang the bell, and by means of a bribe to the portiere, procured the rescued and unfortunate girl—who had not yet arrived at her eighteenth summer,—a change of apparel. The good old dame of the lodge, brought out a cordial-stimulant, of which we, both more or less, stood in need, and calling a *Fiacre*, I conveyed her in the direction of her present residence, which she described as being No. —, Rue ——, near the Boulevard, St. Martin. Seated in the vehicle, she informed me that about a year

before she had been betrothed to the Prince de ——, whom she tenderly loved: a day was fixed for the nuptials, and

"All went merry as a marriage bell!"

But evening approached;—the festivities abated: the guests began to retire: and night,—the night which awakens a whole world of mutual sensibilities that before lay dormant in the heart,—arrived! How glorious is the apostrophe of Juliet to the sunset of such an eve—

'Gallop ye fiery steeds
And bring in *Night* /——"

Laura had retired to her chamber, when one of her bride-maids running in hastily, gave into her hands a note, saying, that the Prince de —— had desired that it might be given to her soon after he left the house. She opened it tremblingly, and read as follows:—

"My Adored Laura,

The circumstances under which I write this to you, are not less mysterious than agonizing. A dreadful calamity has befallen my family:—so great indeed, that I am compelled to leave you—for ever!—You know that this match was contrary to the wish of my father—he is on his death-bed; my obedience alone can save him—adieu—I am heart-broken!—adieu!

Achille de ——."

On receipt of this blight to all happiness, the miserable Laura fainted away, and remained for many hours in a state of unconsciousness. On coming to herself she determined to bury in obscurity her grief and her desertion—if life might be, under the weight of her afflictions, tolerable.

For twelve months, she had borne the gnawing pangs of wretchedness, but, at length, driven to madness by gloomy reflection, she had thrown herself into the Seine, a victim to the sternness of destiny.—As she concluded this recital, her tones became fainter and fainter, and on looking at her, I perceived that she had fallen into a profound sleep. This I deemed fortunate, as a means of more complete restoration to her exhausted frame. Never had I been so bewildered, so interested in the fortunes of another. I was a married man or assuredly my sympathies would have taken a very serious turn: as it was, I simply wished for a more full explanation from those with whom Laura resided, and to whom she had described herself as being much attached, and thus with her head reclining on my bosom, in a state of profound somnolency, we arrived at the Rue ——, Boulevard, St. Martin.

Leaving my fair charge in the Fiacre, I ran up stairs to the suite of rooms occupied by the good Pere Joinville, his aged dame, and their son. The former was a house-proprietor of moderate wealth, and the son held a situation of small income under the Government. The features of the latter, were not handsome, but kind and dignified in expression, and inspirative of the most entire confidence. At the moment I entered all

were manifestly in a state of agonizing perplexity as to the fate of Laura,—more especially the son—who had just returned home from an ineffectual search —and was about to wander out again after having in some measure quieted his parents. Their first and simultaneous exclamation to me, was,—"Have you seen her!—In God's name—we implore you to inform us!" I had scarcely uttered a word, when the son rushed from the room and brought up the lovely, the much coveted, Laura, still in deep sleep. She was placed gently on a couch, and as she breathed freely, it appeared desirable not to disturb her. I therefore drew a chair to the table, and listened to the old man's recital. "Laura D'Estrennes," he observed, "is the daughter of a dear friend of my youth, a native of Limoges. From that department, I came to Paris, where, engaged in commercial and other speculations, I have since resided.

It is some years since Laura and my son became deeply attached to each other, during her father's stay in this metropolis; and at his death, she was confided to me.

There was one point in her education which has tended to bring about all her subsequent miseries. She was in her early years, associated with a female as her nurse, who filled her head with the most absurd fancies as it respects the advantages of high rank, and counselled her on no account to accept of anything less than a *Prince* in marriage.—Nevertheless her love for my son insensibly increased,—and we all beheld in her his future *Fiançee*. "But," said I, "she was married to

them. I have ever felt, and still feel, that, if they should think, either of pursuing these accusations, or of bringing forward any other which the wickedness of idividuals may devise, to affect my honor; since my conscience tells me that they must be as base and groundless as those brought by Lady Douglas, while the witnesses to the innocence of my conduct are all living, I should be able to disprove them all; and whoever may be my accusers, to triumph over their wickedness and malice. But should these accusations be renewed; or any other be brought forward, in any future time, Death may, I know not how soon, remove from my innocence its best security, and deprive me of the means of justification, and defence.

There are, therefore, *other* measures, which I think indispensable to be taken, for my honor, and for my security. I shall publish them.

If these measures be taken, I hope that they will prove satisfactory to the public mind, and that I may feel myself fully restored, in public estimation, to my former character. And I shall indeed be delighted to think, that no further step may, even now, appear to be necessary.

What then is my case? Englishmen will do me the justice to remark, that, in the letter of the Prince of Wales, preceding our *separation*, there is not the most distant surmise, that crime, that vice, that indelicacy of any description, gave occasion to his determination; and all the tales of infamy and discredit which the inventive malice of my enemies has brought forward on these charges, have their date, years, and

years, after the period to which I am now alluding. What then, let me repeat the question, is my case? After the receipt of the above letter, and in about two years from my arrival in this country, I had the misfortune entirely to lose the support, the countenance, the protection of my husband—I was banished, as it were, into a sort of humble retirement, at a distance from him, and almost estranged from the whole of the Royal Family. I had no means of having recourse, either for society or advice, to those from whom my inexperience could have best received the advantages of the one, and with whom I could most becomingly have enjoyed the comforts of the other; and if, in this retired unassisted, unprotected state, without the check of a husband's authority, without the benefit of his advice, without the comfort and support of the society of his family, a stranger to the habits and fashions of this country, I should, in any instance, under the influence of foreign habits, and foreign education, have observed a conduct in any degree deviating from the reserve and severity of British manners, and partaking of a condescension and familiarity which that reserve and severity would, perhaps, deem beneath the dignity of my exalted rank, I feel confident, (since such deviation will be seen to have been ever consistent with perfect innocence,) that a British public, will never visit it with severity and censure!

With this brief reclamation, I bid adieu to England, —perhaps for ever!

CAROLINE,
Princess of Wales.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INFERENCES FROM THE PRINCESS'S FAREWELL. DOCUMENTS OF HISTORICAL IMPORTANCE. THE PRINCESS'S LIST OF ADVERSARIES, PUT ON RECORD. LETTER OF THE INTRIGUING OLD QUEEN. DID THE PRINCESS RETAIN THE LOVE OF HER CHILD THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE?—PROOF.

What gentleness—what kind-heartedness—what forgetfulness of injury,—does not every word and action of this persecuted scion of Royalty make manifest to us! How few are there, who, by a religious effort, rising above the perversity of fortune into a calm and celestial atmosphere,—call down blessing upon their enemies; upon those, who, perhaps at that very moment, assail them with malversation, with curses, and with wrath?

In agreement with the above remarks, I deem it necessary in this place to present my readers with some other documents of an historical nature,—without which, these memoirs would be deficient in solidity.—I select as

No. 1.

A letter from Her Royal Highness to Lord Liverpool, first Minister to the Prince Regent, dated Connaught-house, 25th July, 1814.

"The Princess of Wales requests Lord Liverpool to lay before the Prince Regent the contents of this letter.

Actuated by the most urgent motive, that of restoring tranquility to the Prince Regent, as well as to secure the peace of mind of which she has been for so many years deprived, the Princess of Wales, after mature reflection, has resolved to RETURN TO THE CONTINENT. This resolution ought not to surprise the Ministers of the Prince Regent, considering the trouble and disagreeable experience of the Princess for so long a time; and still more, after the indignity and mortification to which she has been exposed, by being withheld from receiving her nearest relations, and the most intimate friends of the late Duke of Brunswick her illustrious father.

The Princess is extremely anxious that the Prince Regent should be informed of the motives, and clearly comprehend her past conduct as politically exhibited. In exacting a justification from this noble nation, her sole protection since the unfortunate indisposition of the king, she is to be understood as solicitous only to maintain her rights and her honor, which are dearer to her than life itself.

The Princess of Wales would have undertaken her projected tour long before, if she had not been prevented by the projected marriage of the Princess Charlotte with the Prince of Orange. She could not resolve to leave her daughter without protection, at a period so critical. The Prince Regent having planned to establish the new-married couple at the Hague, the Princess Charlotte, on that account principally, declined the match. Unwilling to prove any obstacle to future arrangements favourable to the happiness of her daughter, the Princess of Wales has at length resolved to return to Brunswick, her native country. She may afterwards travel into Italy and Greece, where she may probably, be able to select an agreeable abode, and live in it for some years. The Princess flatters herself that the Prince Regent will have no objection to this design.

The Princess of Wales requests Lord Liverpool to represent to the Prince Regent, that she resigns Montagu-house, and the title of the ranger of Greenwich Park, in favour of her daughter, as also the house bequeathed to her by her mother. The Princess of Wales hopes the Prince Regent will grant this favor, the last she will solicit.

The Princess embraces this opportunity to explain the motives which have induced her to decline the grant of £50,000 voted to her by the nation in Parliament. She expresses her most lively acknowledgment to this liberal and generous nation, for its willingness to grant her such a pension during life; but she has only taken £35,000, because, as the gift was intended to

support her in her proper rank, and to enable her to hold a court as became the wife of a Prince Regent, the receipt of it would interfere with her views of travelling, and her purpose to quit England for a season. Such is the substance of her present communication to Lord Liverpool, which the Princess would have made before, but for the fear of producing new debates in Parliament. She has therefore waited the rising of parliament, and is now about to depart for Worthing, to embark; not intending to return previously to London.

The Princess of Wales is happy to assure Lord Liverpool, that she will ever be ardently solicitous for the prosperity and glory of this generous nation."

No. 2.

A Letter from the Princess of Wales to Mr. Whitbread and to his friends, dated 25th July, 1814.

"The Princess of Wales has the pleasure to inform, and frankly to avow to Mr. Whitbread, that she is about to take the most important step in her life. She has embraced the resolution of quitting this country for a time; and has written to Lord Liverpool to immediately inform the Prince Regent of her intention. The Princess incloses a copy of this letter to Mr. Whitbread, to inform himself and friends of the plan of conduct which she has adopted.

The Princess is so persuaded of the well-known

integrity of Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Brougham, that she cannot doubt but they would have proposed such a step, if motives of delicacy had not prevented them. The Princess is deeply penetrated with gratitude for the attentions which they have shewn her, at all times and on all occasions. This kindness on their part has withheld her from asking their advice on the present occasion; in every other instance, she assures them she has always followed the suggestions of her advisers and friends, and conformed to their superior intelligence.

Her conscience tells her, that her conduct is worthy of her character and of her sentiments, and will always remain so. She has had sufficient leisure to reflect maturely before she adopted her present resolution. People who know not the character of the Princess may be disposed to believe that she has been induced to adopt this measure in a moment of ill-humour; but she takes the Almighty to witness, that she has been intending to travel ever since 1806, although reasons, too long for explanation, have prevented her. No person possessed of pride and feeling, could endure to be degraded below her rank in this kingdom, as Princess of Wales; or even, as a simple individual, bear to be so hated by the Sovereign, as to be debarred from his presence both in public and in private. The Princess of Wales knows not how to support so much debasement and mortification. She cannot allow herself to be treated as a culprit by the Prince and his family, when her innocence has been acknowledged by ministers and by parliament, after an investigation which has done away the accusations of traitors and enemies.

The Princess having obtained this public satisfaction, cannot in conscience remain a burthen to her friends any longer. Events are continually occurring which obliges her zealous and generous advocates to step forward in her defence, and this devotion has even proved a source of disagreement between Mr. Whitbread and a part of his family. He cannot but remember that the Princess has been the cause of this difference, and it is with a view to its removal that she takes the part which she announces.

The Princess of Wales is deeply penetrated with the generosity of this brave nation, which after having taken so lively an interest in her misfortunes, and in her sufferings, as cruel as they are unjust, so willingly affords her the means of living peaceably in future. She hopes that her gratitude, which will only cease with her existence, will be one day renewed in the Princess Charlotte, and that her daughter will give proofs of it by her zeal for the glory and happiness of this kingdom; by defending the rights of her people; and proving by her conduct, that great and powerful as she may be, she will not tyrannize over any one, merely because they have not the good fortune to please her.

The Princess of Wales would probably have not departed so soon, had not the marriage of the Princess Charlotte with the Prince of Orange been broken off at her own instance. Dear as her daughter is to her, she could not resolve to leave her without protection in a situation so critical. The Princess, aware that the match was ardently desired by the people, wished

neither to impede the happiness of the nation nor that of her daughter. On this account she is solicitous to depart at once, for it is pitiable to see a child rendered on all occasions a source of dispute between her parents The Princess of Wales is assured, that in future the Princess Charlotte will be more happy and tranquil; and she is led to make this sacrifice, that if she remains some time longer unmarried, there may be fewer obstacles to her appearance in public. Her father the Prince Regent may thus choose the most suitable of her nearest relations to introduce her into society, that she may enjoy the pleasures belonging to her age, and become acquainted with the character of the most distinguished persons of the nation; of which knowledge, she has hitherto been deprived by means which I proceed to detail. The Princess Charlotte will the less feel the privation of her mother's society, as she has been deprived of it for the last two years. During that time, five or six months in succession have passed away without the mother being allowed to see her daughter. She has even been refused the consolation of receiving any of her letters, and thus her regret at leaving her is lessened; for although living in the same capital, they were not allowed to speak, even when they met in their airings. Her daughter's coachman was forbidden to stop, and directed to act as if he knew not the carriage of the Princess of Wales. Thus to quit her will be but the grief of a day, whilst to remain is to plant daggers in the bosom of both mother and child. The Princess cannot rest in a situation so unfortunate for herself, and so uneasy to others, and is sure that

Mr. Whitbread and his friends will be affected by these considerations; that their sentiments will accord with her own, and that they will approve of her resolution.

The Princess, before she ends this long letter, is solicitous to explain to her advisers the most urgent reasons for her quitting England, and to shew them that delicacy has obliged her to put herself under the protection of this great and generous nation, having no other refuge since the indisposition of the King.

That which renders her situation still more embarrassing, is, that this generous nation has shewn more devotion towards herself than to its ruler, who ought to be the blessing and glory of his people. The Princess hopes, that when she has quitted England, the Prince Regent will make public his conviction that her conduct and character have not merited reproach, and thereby regain popularity, which is due to him on the part of this noble nation.

The Princess cannot end this letter without assuring Mr. Whitbread and his friends of the unalterable sentiments of lively gratitude and perfect esteem, that can end only with her life."

No. 3.

Letter from Mr. Whitbread to the Princess of Wales, dated the 1st of August, 1814.

"Mr. Whitbread assures Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, that he has not been at all surprised

at the resolution with which she has been pleased to acquaint him; it cannot but give him much pain to think that he will not be able to enjoy the amiable society of Her Royal Highness for some time. In her absence, his utmost zeal shall be exerted for her future happiness; and his unalterable attachment shall be evinced by his efforts to promote the well-being of the Princess Charlotte, the integrity of whose character would of itself, suffice to command his esteem and veneration.

In concluding this letter, Mr. Whitbread only wishes to reiterate his sentiments of devotion to Her Royal Highness, and of zeal for her re-establishment in all the rights of the empire over which she is one day to reign.

S. WHITBREAD."

No. 4.

A letter from Lord Liverpool to the Princess of Wales, dated the 28th of July, 1814.

"Lord Liverpool has had the honour to receive the letter of Her Royal Highness. Having communicated it to the Prince Regent, he has ordered him to inform Her Royal Highness that he can have no objection to the intention of Her Royal Highness, to effect the design which she announces to the Prince Regent, of returning to her native country, to visit her brother, the duke of Brunswick, assuring her, that the Prince

Regent will never throw any obstacle in the way of her present or future intentions as to the place where she may wish to reside.

The Prince Regent leaves Her Royal Highness at liberty to exercise her own discretion as to her abode in this country or on the Continent, as it may be convenient to her.

Lord Liverpool is also commanded on the part of the Prince Regent, to inform Her Royal Highness, that he will not throw any obstacles in the way of the arrangements of Her Royal Highness, whatever they may be, respecting the house at Blackheath, which belonged to the late Duchess of Brunswick, or the rest of the private property of Her Royal Highness. But that for reasons rather too long to explain, the Prince Regent will not permit the Princess Charlotte to be Ranger of Greenwich Park, nor to occupy any of the houses at Blackheath, which Her Royal Highness has hitherto occupied.

Lord Liverpool has also been enjoined, on the part of the Prince Regent, before he closes the letter which he has the honor to send to Her Royal Highness, to tell her, in relation to the two articles which Her Royal Highness has put in her letter concerning the rupture of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte with the hereditary Prince of Orange, as well as the reasons for which the allied sovereigns did not, previously to their departure from England, pay their visit to Her Royal Highness,—that, as to the first article, Lord Liverpool is commanded by the Prince Regent to inform Her Royal Highness, that the Prince Regent is not persuaded that

the private considerations of the circumstances in which the Princess is placed, can have been an obstacle to the marriage of the Princess Charlotte. As to the second article, Lord Liverpool is also enjoined, on the part of the Prince Regent, to signify to Her Royal Highness, that the Prince Regent never opposed himself to the allied sovereigns making a visit to Her Royal Highness during their stay in London.

Lord Liverpool has the honor to be, with all esteem and the highest consideration. &c.

P. S. The Prince Regent can make no difficulties on the subject of the directions which the Princess has the intention of giving as to the house at Blackheath; neither will the Prince Regent oppose Her Royal Highness's retaining the apartments in the Palace at Kensington, in the same manner as she possessed them while in London, for the convenience of herself and suite."

I think it is the duty of every public writer to copy down, and so ensure the transmission to posterity, of the names of those who by advising the separation of the Princess and her daughter *embittered the life of both.* Yes! let those names be held up to scorn—as they

"Fester in the infamy of years!"

The following is the ADVICE to a Prince by whom they were HIRED

"In obedience to the commands of your Royal Highness, we have taken into our most serious consideration

the letter from Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, to your Royal Highness, which has appeared in the public papers, and has been referred to us by your Royal Highness, in which letter the Princess of Wales, amongst other matters, complains that the intercourse between Her Royal Highness and the Princess Charlotte, has been subjected to certain restrictions.

We have also taken into our most serious consideration, together with the other papers referred to us by your Royal Highness, all the documents relative to the inquiry instituted in 1806, by command of His Majesty, into the truth of certain representations, respecting the conduct of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, which appear to have been pressed upon the attention of your Royal Highness in consequence of the advice of Lord Thurlow, and upon grounds of public duty, by whom they were transmitted to His Majesty's consideration ; and your Royal Highness having been graciously pleased to command us to report our opinions to your Royal Highness, whether, under all the circumstances of the case, it be fit and proper that the intercourse between the Princess of Wales and her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, should continue to be subject to regulation and restraint.

We beg leave humbly to report to your Royal Highness, that after a full examination of all the documents before us, we are of opinion, that, under all the circumstances of the case it is highly fit and proper, with a view to the welfare of Her Royal Highness the Prin-

cess Charlotte, in which are equally involved the happiness of your Royal Highness in your parental and royal character, and the most important interests of the state, that the intercourse between Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, should continue to be subject to regulation and restraint.

We humbly trust, that we may be permitted without being thought to exceed the limits of the duty imposed on us, respectfully to express the just sense we entertain of the motives by which your Royal Highness has been actuated in the postponement of the confirmation of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, as it appears, by a statement under the hand of Her Majesty the Queen, that your Royal Highness has conformed in this respect to the declared will of His Majesty; who had been pleased to direct, that such ceremony should not take place till Her Royal Highness should have completed her eighteenth year.

We also humbly trust, that we may be further permitted to notice some expressions in the letter of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, which may possibly be construed as implying a charge of too serious a nature to be passed over without observation. We refer to the words—'suborned traducers.' As this expression, from the manner it is introduced, may perhaps, be liable by misconstruction (however impossible it may be to suppose that it can have been so intended) to have reference to some part of the conduct of your Royal Highness, we feel it our bounden duty not to omit this opportunity of declaring, that the docu-

ments laid before us afford the most ample proof, that there is not the slighest foundation for such an aspersion. (!!!)

(Signed)

C. CANTUAR,	SIDMOUTH,
ELDON,	J. LONDON,
E. EBOR,	ELLENBOROUGH,
W. ARMAGH,	CHAS. ABBOTT,
HARROWBY, P. C.	N. VANSITTART,
WESTMORLAND, C. P. S.	C. BATHURST,
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,	W. GRANT,
BATHURST,	A. MACDONALD,
LIVERPOOL,	W. SCOTT,
MULGRAVE,	J. NICHOL.
MELVILLE,	

A true copy, SIDMOUTH."

The "foudnation" which appeared so marvellously visionary to these lovers of the loaves and fishes, has, since their time been found to be both broad and strong, and bearing the sign manuel of *Royalty*, beyond all contradiction!!

What did Mr. Whitbread say TO the Lords Ellenborough, Erskine, and ministers in the honse of Commons in allusion to the Douglases?—Aye, to their teeth, he said it.

"Gracious heaven! is it come to this? Does the Lord Chancellor lend himself to these sinister and obscure proceedings? Are persons united in office in times of peril, separately carrying on secret investiga-

tions? Is this the way state affairs are now conducted? Is this false or true?" Sir John Douglas says he will have redress—"He knew more," he said, "and his lady knew more than she had disclosed; and the people should be acquainted with all, since they were so wronged." He (Mr. Whitbread) had advised a conciliating approach by Her Royal Highness to the Prince, but these proceedings rendered such advice unavailing. Emissaries had been dispatched to pry into every petty circumstance of private life, in every dirty corner—to inquire of every human being who would swear to circumstances he neither saw nor knew. The noble Lord knows nothing of all this; it is the Lord high Chancellor who undertakes to provide a case! to be art and part in this offence against decency, justice, and morality! *(Hear, hear, hear, from all sides.)*—Are there any individuals conducting these proceedings concealed from the cabinet ministers? If so, had the noble Lord, (Castlereagh) any option but to decline serving a master who was secretly served by others? *(Hear, hear.)* In the *Herald* and *Post* of Saturday last appeared the deposition of Lady Douglas, whose evidence had been by the noble Lord pronounced perjured. The sentiments of the *Herald*, (from its display of the royal feathers—whose reverend editor had recently been distinguished in an extraordinary manner by *church preferment and other hononrs)*, he must suppose were well accomodated to the PERSONAGE of whose patronage it boasts. Through this channel, those disgusting and contaminating documents had been given to the public. When Mr. Perceval prepared them for

publication, he did it with a view to the vindication of Her Royal Highness; and he had prepared a comment, to prove the utter falsehood of the details. Now, however, when Her Royal Highness's former advisers had abandoned her—when she had been

> Deserted at her utmost need
> "By those her former bounty fed,"—

when she had been unanimously declared guiltless by two cabinets—then the public mind is polluted by the publication of these very documents, for directly the the reverse purpose,—that of calumniating the woman whose innocence they were designed to prove! He (Mr. W.) was an advocate for JUSTICE only: he claimed it for the Princess of Wales, for it might be the case of any man's wife or daughter! Her Royal Highness demanded justice. No, say ministers; you shall be tried in every ale-house in the land, by the ignorant and the vile—we will expose you shameless, degraded, naked, unprotected, to the wondering multitude. Good God! Is this the way justice is administered in England? Mr. W. said, he had thought that a prosecution should be commenced against Lady Douglas; but he was informed that this was not legally possible. But something should be done—both the Prince of Wales and the monarchy were interested in the determination. Her Royal Highness in 1795 was married to the Prince—in a year she was the mother of the heir-apparent; but fifteen months had hardly expired, when she was

separated from her husband without a whisper having been heard against her conduct. Thus she was suddenly stripped of the trappings of Royalty, and without friends to render seclusion tolerable, she was sent into privacy. She bore her lot with fortitude till 1802, when the voice of calumny was heard. But supposing she had been guilty of improprieties, what would be the decision of the law in a private case? A foreigner had been *exposed and deserted by her natural protector—her husband*—and the court would say, "That husband had neglected his guardian care, and it was not less his fault than hers, if her conduct was irregular." The Princess of Wales' case was most severe—she had been turned upon society without the ordinary means of amusement—without parents to solace her for the loss of her husband, "who had perhaps taken an unfounded disgust, or might have other objects in procuring a separation." Lady Douglas had sworn positively that Her Royal Highness had been delivered of a male child. If true, this child, unless the offspring of adultery, was the heir to the throne. Did not this require investigation? (Mr. W. here spoke of the other evidence adduced,—of Mrs. Lisle's in particular,—a woman of rank and respectibility.) He would ask, how she came to stay with Her Royal Highness, if her conduct had been as she described? Various improper questions had been put in the examination of this lady, and Mr. W. thought that Lords Ellenborough and Erskine had made inquiries not becoming the character of grave lawyers! Mr. W. called the house to the recollection of the

cruel fate of the King's sister, the late Queen of Denmark, who had been unjustly imprisoned on a similar charge, and had died of grief at the early age of twenty-four. What protection had the Princess of Wales? Her father was dead—her husband had withdrawn his protection—she had therefore only the people of England to call upon; and Mr. W. now called upon them to protect an innocent, traduced, and defenceless stranger, the mother of their future Queen!"

The poor Princess continued her correspondence with various influential persons, hoping for some relaxation of the severity, and unnatural hardships wherewith she was visited. But of what avail was it? Had she written for a thousand years, she could not (supposing contemporary intrigue to have endured so long) have removed one of the main causes of her suffering—the malignant hate of the old Queen!! Who, that reads the following note, can doubt that woman's *gracious* feeling towards her daughter-in-law?

Windsor Castle, May 23, 1814.

"The queen considers it to be her duty to lose no time in acquainting the Princess of Wales, that she has received a communication from her son, the Prince Regent, in which he states, that her Majesty's intention of holding two drawing-rooms in the ensuing month having been notified to the public, he must declare, that he considers that his own presence at her court cannot be dispensed with; and that he desires it to be understood, for reasons of which he alone can be the judge,

to be his fixed and unalterable determination, *not to meet the Princes of Wales upon any occasion, either in public or private.*" (!!)

Ere the Princess's departure, slander had been busy with the state of the Princess Charlotte's sentiments, as it respected her mother. The latter it was stated, being no longer respected was no longer loved; and that the coldness had *increased.* The letter I now subjoin, will stand as a recorded proof to the contrary. It was written two months before the *accouchement* of the Princess Charlotte: and as it is therefore rather out of date, as it respects the due *progression* of these memoirs, I must apologise for the irregularity.

"My dearest Mother,

A very few days will elapse before I may claim to be addressed by the endearing appellation with which I have commenced this letter; when Providence may develop to me new duties, which may in some measure temper, but can never supersede, those moral and pious obligations which have been heretofore imposed upon me. Were I to diguise my true sentiments, or to affect feelings other than those which occupy my bosom in the prospect of becoming a mother, I should feel myself unworthy of that parental affection which constitutes at least the second bliss of life.

United to a man whose whole attentions are directed to the promotion of my happiness, I cannot but feel a pleasure in the anticipation of that hour of perilous hope which shall enable me to present to him a new

tie of connubial love, and to the nation a new and abundant source of future promise and consolation. Political considerations, in this instance, stand in competition with the more near and natural feelings of the heart. While, as a wife, I am alive to all those anxious susceptibilities which accompany my peculiar situation, I am compelled by circumstances to extend my views to contemplations widely different in their kind as in their latitude;—contemplations involving the nearest and most durable interests of a people to whom I owe a debt scarcely to be liquidated,—gratitude for unbounded affection.

To relieve, in some degree, this weight of obligation, and to justify the universal confidence in the trength and consistency of my character, I have determined, should it please Providence to bless me with offspring, so to regulate its early reason and to direct its infant energies, that the lessons I have received from you, and the wisdom which time and observation have confirmed, may be handed down to my child with a view to the perpetuation of the great principle, that the legitimate end of all governments is the welfare of society, and that political and private virtue is the surest foundation and the best bulwark of a throne.

But, O my mother! when my timid imagination revolves upon the uncertainty which veils futurity,—when I look to the dark possibilities which may put a period to the dreams of hope, even shadows shake my courage, and I feel myself the victim of terrors which reason would almost demonstrate absurd. At such a trying moment, why am I debarred from the

consoling voice of maternal affection? Why is not my mother allowed to pour cheerfulness into the sinking soul of her inexperienced and trembling child? I have no friend, no relation near me, whose advice may guide, or whose admonitions may check my conduct. Surrounded by strangers, with a single exception, my heart feels itself alone; and should the protection of Heaven for a moment leave me, and I fall, the presence of a mother would assuredly impart a serenity and resignation to my mind which would smooth the pillow for my dying head, and prevent my distracted soul from erring in the hour of her severest trial.

Secluded from the giddy world, I have learned to set a true value on that retirement which has taught me a more perfect knowledge, not only of myself, but of the society over which I may one day be called to rule. Folly and pride no longer wear to me the imposing blazonry which they exhibited to my early years. I have read, reflected and conversed,—and I trust the evidence of a future day will rescue me from the imputation of having read, reflected, and conversed in vain.

The sufferings of my early years, acute as they were in their operations have not been unproductive of instruction. Their effect has been to correct that sanguineness of disposition which was too commonly a source of severe disappointment, and which uniformly led me to view things through a prejudiced medium: a sort of premature experience has given me that insight into human life and human character, which, in ordinary cases and circumstances is the result of the study and observation of years.

Your virtues, my dearest mother, and your afflictions added strength to the affections which nature had entwined about my heart, and urged me to cling to you, in all changes and under all shades of persecution, with a constancy which those who hated you termed obstinacy, but which those who loved you elevated by the name of honorable perseverance,—I felt that I was not merely acquiescing in the first of my moral duties.

In proportion, however, as I have loved you, do I now feel the bitterness of your absence. You have no substitute in this heart: there is none to occupy your place to my seeking eyes. Even the affectionate attentions of an amiable consort are insufficient to supply the chasm in my bosom, but leave it unsatisfied. I have illustrious relatives, it is true, but they offer me no kindness; and if they did, there are certain slumbering recollections which would awake in my brain, and check my ardour to receive them. I have but one mother, and no variations of place or circumstances can remove her from my sight. Heaven impressed her image on my soul, and time has established it there as its native and legitimate sphere.

By a refinement of cruelty, indeed we may be separated on earth; and I, as well as yourself, may be doomed the victim of an unjust and malignant spirit of persecution. But in a better world our congenial spirits will rush to meet each other, where no envious or hating fiends can intervene, or impede the pleasures which flow from the pure fountain of filial and maternal love.

Such sentiments as these naturally arise out of

the contemplation of my situation at this moment. Should it be the pleasure of Providence that I survive the hour of approaching danger, I may at some future period be endued with power to restore you to that situation which you were formed to embellish; but if an all-wise decree should summon me from this sphere of anxious apprehension, not for myself, but for my mother, a pang of terror shoots across my bewildered brain:—even *then*, however, my last prayer would be to Heaven to gift you with that sublime feeling of pious resignation which would teach you to bow submissively to the chastening stroke of our common Father, and to console your afflicted heart with the anticipation of our reunion in a world where felicity is unimpaired, and to which malice is inadmissible.

Believe me, my adored mother, I fear less to die than to live. The prospect of protracted existence is so blended with dangers and difficulties, so shadowed with clouds and uncertainties, so replete with anxieties and apprehensions, that I must shrink from the contemplation of it, and fly for refuge even to the probability of my removal from so joyless an inheritance! The page of history has determined that happiness is not the possession of those who move in the lofty circles to which my birth entitles me to look. I cannot hope for an exception in my favour. All the joys of life are centered in my present retirement; and even they are poor, because you are not a participator in them. But even this unqualified enjoyment of them must be brief; and I must emerge into a situation uncongenial to my soul, and destructive to all my

hopes of felicity on earth. What cause then have I to shun that issue which others may behold with horror? What cause have I to covet that existence which others so highly prize? Death would obliterate no image of delight from my heart, save that which, in the portrait of a beloved mother, nature has still left to the hoping, doubting, yet fearing

CHARLOTTE.

Claremont, October 10, 1817."

Accompanied by Lady C. L——, Lady ——, and *Willikin*, Captain King and others, the Princess embarked on board the *Jason*, off Worthing, August 9th, 1814. There were several persons on the shore, as she departed, who waved handkerchiefs, kissed hands, &c. in token of their sorrow and good wishes. Her appearance was that of *firmness under suffering:* she was pale, but imperturbable of feature;—and her dress (a dark gold-braided pelisse, with prussian velvet cap, and feather) contributed to throw over her an air of antique romance. Alas!—fiction entered not into the composition of *her* fate. The curtain was closely drawn, but *behind it*, what a DREADFUL REALITY!

I purposed staying a day in Calais to recruit, and little imagined, I should have to visit and be visited, during so short a period:—but so it was. Lady Hamilton (the celebrated) called on me, and although the circumstance of having once seen me when she was living with the hero of Trafalgar, was her only ground for so doing, I *could not*, since her fortunes were so

much changed for the worse, receive her otherwise than kindly. How completely has this woman's ambition been gratified, and behold its result—poverty, self-condemnation, and the scorn even of those who once professed to be her friends! Even in this world, vice exhibits itself perpetually before our eyes as punished,—and if virtue be not ostensibly rewarded, the inward peace resulting from it, is surely beyond all price. When my ideas take this turn, I am forcibly reminded of the story (which I will here briefly sketch) of

CAROLINE LECZINSKY.

Part 1.

Stanislaus Leczinsky, King of Poland, after his dethronement by Peter the Great, took refuge with his beloved and only daughter Caroline, in the wilds of Weisserland. There the good old man constructed a villa more worthy of a fallen Prince than the rude cottage assigned him: cultivated his garden; and in the society of his daughter contrived to make banishment, tolerable.

Such a daughter!—I will attempt to describe her: yet it is no easy matter, for her beauty was essentially that of expression. In saying that she had large dark love-beaming eyes and delicate features,—I have said all, for in conversation their phases were infinite, and even to a portrait-painter like Sir Thomas Lawrence, would have presented difficulties scarcely surmountable.

There was a mixture of impulsiveness and dreamy abstraction about Caroline Leczinsky, which communicated an indescribable charm to all she said and did, more particularly as these qualities were combined with the very *beau ideal* of womanly tenderness. Most completely did she soothe the regrets of her kingly father; and though she ventured not to talk of hope, she could pour into his bosom the sweet words of tranquility, which depictured comforts still within reach, and an entire freedom from the harrassing cares of a throne. They had lived in this solitude, no less than three years, without having had any visitor of note,—for with too much truth may it be said, that, the summer birds, depart with the summer flowers!—"The reclamations of the injured" observed Stanislaus to his daughter, "awaken conscience, and inflict the stings of remorse; and therefore, it is the world's policy never again to recognise them. We are altogether forgotten: our banishment is a living tomb."

"Dearest father!" rejoined Caroline, throwing her arms around his neck "give not way to these melancholy fancies: if the world forgets us, cannot we *forget the world?*—but hark!—what strange noise is that without?—some traveller in danger, perhaps, in attempting to pass at this late hour the precipitous rocky road to the right?" "Dear child! I hope not—but give me my cloak and hat—I will see into this." Caroline would willingly have accompanied her father, but he forbade her; and in a few minutes returned, leading in a stranger wrapped up in heavy travelling habiliments, who appeared to have been injured by a fall.

His carriage, in truth had been upset on the edge of the steep embankment, down which he had in part been thrown, but being young and vigorous, had saved himself by clinging to the roots of the wild larch, and had eventually regained the road. He felt considerable pain in one of his arms, but on examination, it did not appear to be more than bruised by the violence of concussion; and the horses and carriage having been secured by the servants of Stanislaus, his unexpected visitor was made welcome to all the hospitalities of the royal cottage. And what had brought the Comte D'Etrennes from the gaities and splendour of Paris, to the dangers and desolation of Weisserland? The fact was, that although brave as his sword, and of one of the first families in France, the Comte D'Etrennes was *poor;* and as such, he felt that in the brilliant circles of the gallic metropolis, his position was a false one. To him, therefore while not engaged with the armies, *travel* was the most independant mode of existence; and to this he had devoted himself. Little did he conjecture that his host had once held the rod of Empire, and that the angelic creature who was so solicitous to yield him succour and welcome was but 'yesterday' a Princess!

Romance of situation materially aids the developement of the passion of love—a passion of which the Count found himself a devotee within one week of his stay at the cottage. Not all the beauties of all the Capitals of Europe had produced an impression so apparently indelible upon the heart (generally reported to be a fickle one) of the young nobleman: and there-

fore it will surprise no one, that he readily agreed to prolong his stay.

The sentiment at length became so powerful, that he permitted himself to be carried away by it; and in confidence, revealed to Stanislaus the state of his mind. "And what says my daughter?" was the brief question of the latter. "To her" returned D'Etrennes "I have never spoken on the subject of love: speech has failed me whenever I have determined so to do." "I *know* the sentiment she entertains for you," observed Stanislaus, "for she conceals nothing from her father:—it consists in esteem;—warm esteem that *under other circumstances* might ripen into love: but as it is, *that* is impossible." The Count was perplexed, and *looked* the wish for an explanation. Stanislaus briefly stated to him who he was.

It would be impossible to depict the astonishment, confusion and dismay of the Count, at this announcement—but he at length found words (for passion sees no obstacle) to urge his suit. Stanislaus became angry, and drew himself up withall the *hauteur* of Royalty,—and of Power which he no longer possessed. "Were your feelings less ardent young man, I should reqnire your immediate departure from this roof; as it is, I duly estimate their force, and pardon you. Nay, I would *encourage*,—but that my own degradation of rank, and poverty, would only by such an alliance as you propose, be a means of ensuring *your* misery. I know that I am no longer in the calendar of the Magnates of the earth—and can be satisfied with little—but I will confess that for my child I am still

ambitious;—and although the feeling may be a delusive one I cannot cease to cherish it. Hear my last words. Leave Weisserland *this day:* return to Paris: become *Duc* D'Etrennes: obtain a situation with an income sufficient to maintain your rank: do this within twelve months: return,—and Caroline shall be yours. Her happiness, is, to obey her father:—I promise you her love!"

Part 2.

The young Count lost no time, as it may be supposed in journeying to Paris.

On the day after his arrival, he was closeted with *Monsieur* Regent, brother of Louis XV. "Well D'Etrennes," exclaimed the Regent, "what brings you so soon back to Paris?—I thought you intended making the grand tour?" "Such was my intention,—but an accident, has, your Royal Highness, *happily* frustrated it." "Ha! ha!—this is strange: who would have imagined the *D'Etrennes* all at once mysterious?—he, who wore his heart upon his sleeve, and never kept a secret in his life!" "Nor," rejoined the Count, "do I now intend to be other than perfectly ingenuous in my communications to your Royal Highness.—*I am in love.*" This assertion, made with the utmost *naiveté,* was alone wanting to occasion the Regent to burst into an *eclât de rire:* the Count, however, remained silent and even grave: assured his Royal Highness that his happiness,

his life, depended upon obtaining the hand of Caroline Leczinsky, and prayed his intercession with the King for the required honors. The Regent made no other comment on this last demand, than by again laughing heartily and agreeing to accompany him to court on the morrow. Louis received the Count with that affability which was peculiar to him, and begged to know his request. D'Etrennes, timidly informed the King of his late adventure, but perceiving that his story created an interest in the Royal bosom, he went on to describe Caroline, as in mind and person truly insurpassable: a very

"Pattern-work of Creation!"

and he finished by asking to become *Duc* D'Etrennes, with a suitable provision as the only means of arriving at so priceless a jewel. "Moderate! assuredly:" observed the King, "but I excuse it for the sake of the fascinating lady of your love. Reflect, my friend, how many there are, old and faithful servants, who have a prior right to become *Dukes* and to be provided for, and, how *can* I, without services, or circumstances of a political bearing, place you over their heads?"

"For my part," rejoined the Regent, "I have contented myself with laughing at the whole affair up to this time, but now, I will be somewhat serious. This supposed love of yours," (addressing himself to the Count) "is *monomania*,—an idea, not destined to survive half-a-dozen of our *Bals parés*. Where are there more charming women than at Paris? and, are you not in the category of the most *faithless* of

their adorers? how then, is it possible that you can, all at once, have become a victim to one, who, by the mere olden associations of her rank, must demand from you perpetual concessions and sacrifices? Think better of this. *Princesses are born for Princes:* not for unmonied Counts! Come to me at the Palais Royal, to-morrow evening—we dine at six—and I will introduce you to the daughter of one of our richest land-holders —a Farmer-general. She will have a trifling portion of about Two Millions and is withal beautiful and amiable. If she does not render you less constant to a poor Princess, I am no judge of human nature!"

The Count protested an impossibility of any change transpiring in his sentiments—but accepted, as he was bound to do, the Regent's invitation.

There are some men whose hearts and minds are so constructed as to be ever susceptible to new influences; who are *constant only to* CHANGE,—and such was, as may be inferred from one or two preceding remarks, the Count D'Etrennes.

In the course of a fortnight Mademoiselle de Breteuill became the *Princess* of his affections, and Caroline was forgotten. *Fidelity of purpose,* when the *affections* are concerned, is that quality which most nearly approximates as to the angelic natures: and, upon this basis, how unworthy was he to whom we allude, of the hand of Caroline Leczinsky,—the pure of heart,—the unchangeable!

Six months had elapsed since Stanislaus had had tidings of D'Etrennes:—and he felt it as an added

bitterness of the general neglect, the slights, and the ingratitude of the world.

Observing her father's disquietude, she sat down to the harpsichord and played an air which she knew to be a favorite with him, and which had frequently soothed him: but now it availed not, and she tried, in her own sweet voice, what words might effect—assuring him that for her part, she had merely regarded the count as a *friend*,—having fixed her heart on an image—a portrait,—(pointing to that of Louis XV. which hung in the apartment;) which she foolishly imagined conversed with her as she gazed upon it. "Dearest child!" observed Stanislaus, "thou art becoming visionary—a dreamer—but thou see'st so little of the world—it is no wonder—Hark! that is the courier's horn:—what letters?"

In a very short time two letters were brought in. "Ah!" said Stanislaus, "this is D'Etrennes' handwriting: perhaps I have condemned him too soon: let us see:" (opening the letter) "how is this?—excuses? '*prudence:—influence and advice of one in power:—regret:*—MARRIED!'—so:—I might have supposed as much. In future my Caroline, be thy curse and mine, on France and Frenchmen!" "Stay! dearest father,"—interrupted Caroline, "here is *another* letter from France—and with the royal arms on the seal:—it may explain more fully." Stanislaus opened the missive, and his countenance sensibly changed to an expression of delight. What!—*Louis XV. formally demand* CAROLINE LECZINSKY *in* MARRIAGE?—Yes. After the encomiums of D'Etrennes, he had set on foot

many enquiries, and had been more than satisfied by the result.—The lovely and virtuous daughter of the banished king, become Queen of France; and the man who had slighted her, was now her SUBJECT and her vassal!

I must now return to matters of fact; and will give the reader some idea of the difficulties Mr. WHITBREAD had to surmount in advocating the cause of the Princess, opposed as he was by Lord Castlereagh and others.

On the meeting of theHouse of Commons, (March 2, 1813,) the Speaker rose, and stated, that he felt it to be his duty to inform the house, that he had received yesterday, while seated in the chair of that house, a letter purporting to come from her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and which it was expressed to be her wish should be communicated to the house. The letter, however, being without date, and having been delivered to one of the messengers at the door of the house, the Speaker did not think that it came to his hands in such an authenticated form as warranted him in laying it before the house. This day he had felt it incumbent on him to ascertain whether the letter was authentic or not, and from those inquiries, and from a letter which he had this day received from Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, acknowledging that the

letter of yesterday came from her, and enclosing a duplicate of it, he had now no longer any reason to doubt the letter's being authentic. With the permission of the house, therefore, he should now, if it was their pleasure, read the letter he had received this day, with the duplicate of the letter of yesterday enclosed in it. *(Hear, hear, hear.)*

The letter of this day, and its enclosure, were then read, and were as follow :—

" *Montagu House*, March 2, 1813.

The Princess of Wales, by her own desire as well as by the advice of her counsel, did yesterday transmit to Mr. Speaker a letter, which she was anxious should be read without delay to the house of commons, and the Princess requests that the said letter may be read this very day to the house of commons. The Princess encloses Mr. Speaker a duplicate of the letter alluded to."

The Speaker then read the duplicate :—

" *Montagu House*, March 1, 1813.

The princess of Wales informs Mr. Speaker, that she has received from Lord Viscount Sidmouth, a copy of a report made to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, by a certain number of the members of the privy council, to whom it appears, His Royal Highness had been advised to refer the consideration of the documents, and other evidence respecting her character and conduct.

The report is of such a nature, that Her Royal Highness is well persuaded that no person can read it without considering that it conveys most unjust aspersions against her, and although their eagerness renders it impossible to discover precisely what is meant, or even what she has been charged with; yet, as the Princess of Wales is conscious of no offence whatever, she thinks it due to herself, and to the illustrious house with which she is connected by blood and marriage, and to the people, among whom she holds so distinguished a rank, not to acquiesce for a moment in any imputation affecting her honour.

The Princess of Wales has not been permitted to know upon what evidence the members of the privy council proceeded, still less to be heard in her own defence. She knew only by common rumour of the inquiries which had been carried on until the result was communicated to her, and she has no means now of knowing whether the members of the privy council, are appointed to determine on her case, as a body to whom she can appeal for redress, or only in their individual capacity, as persons selected to make a report on her conduct.

The Princess is compelled, therefore, to throw herself upon the house, and upon the justice of parliament, and to require that the fullest investigation may be instituted into the whole of her conduct during her residence in this country.

The Princess of Wales fears no scrutiny, however strict, provided she is tried by impartial judges, known to the constitution, and in the fair and open manner

the law of the land requires. Her only desire is, that she may be either declared to be innocent, or proved to be guilty.

The Princess desires Mr. Speaker to communicate this letter to the house of commons."

After a short pause, without any inclination being evinced on the part of any other member to address the house,

Mr. WHITBREAD rose and said, that feeling as he did, and as the house must feel, the importance of the question involved in the letters which had just been read to them, he could not suffer those letters to pass with no other notice taken of them than that of their being merely read from the chair; and the more especially as he saw opposite to him a noble lord who held a seat in His Majesty's councils during the period, if newspaper report spoke true, in which the investigation alluded to in the letter last read, took place. He had observed the noble lord quit his place, and take it again, during the reading of the letters, but without shewing an inclination to address the house on the subject of their contents. Conceiving, as he did, the subject to be one not only of great delicacy, but also of great importance, his object in now rising, was, to put a question to the noble Lord. Did he, or did he not, mean to submit any motion on the subject of these letters to the house?

Lord *Castlereagh* said, no man could be more sensible than he was of the delicacy and importance of the subject alluded to in the letters which had just been read to the house; but when he considered

that a motion connected with the same subject (the motion of Mr. Cochrane Johnstone) stood on the order book of the house for consideration on a day at no greater distance than the day after to-morrow, he did not feel it to be his duty to anticipate the question. When the motion alluded to, came before them, he should feel himself obliged, however delicate the subject was, to give all the explanations the case might require.

Mr. WHITBREAD said, he did not observe in his place the honourable member to whom the noble Lord had alluded. He was not aware, at least, that honorable gentleman had not said, that he acted by authority in bringing forward the motion of which he had given notice. On that fact must depend, in a great measure, the course to be pursued; and whether the matter alluded to in the letters read from the chair should not be treated as an independant question. It would, therefore, be necessary that the subject should lie over till such time as the honorable member should come into the house, and be made acquainted with the nature of the information which had that night been communicated to them from the chair. It is true that Mr. Cochrane Johnstone had given notice of a motion relative to the Princess of Wales; but declined proceeding, on account of the gallery being cleared. On the 12th of March the subject was resumed, and Mr. Lygon again moved the exclusion of strangers. Mr. C. Johnstone had observed, that it was the undoubted right of the honorable member (Mr. Lygon) to act as he had done, in clearing the house of strangers; if,

however, this precaution had been taken under the impression that anything he had to 'say' should be unbecoming the respect he owed to that house, or inconsistent with what was due to the feelings of every branch of the royal family, such apprehensions were utterly unfounded. He thought it a duty he owed, in the first instance, to the Princess of Wales, to declare, that for the motion he was about to submit, he had no authority from her; that he had no communications with any person or persons whatsoever, and that the proceeding originated entirely and exclusively with himself. The honorable member proceeded to observe, that it was well known that a commission had been granted by the King in 1806, to four noble Lords, Grenville, Spencer, Erskine, and Ellenborough, to examine into certain allegations that been had preferred against the Princess of Wales. (Mr. W. then read the whole of the report made by the commissioners above stated, containing the most unqualified opinion, that the charge produced by Sir John and Lady Douglas against the Princess of Wales, of having been delivered of a child in the year 1802, was utterly destitute of truth. It added, that the birth and real mother of the child, said to have been born of the Princess, had been proved beyond all possibility of doubt. The report concluded with some objections made by the commissioners, to the *manners* or to *levity* of manners, upon different occasions, in the Princess.) The honorable member next proceeded to state, that the paper he should now read was a document *which he was ready to prove at the bar of the house, was dictated by lord Eldon, Mr. Per-*

ceval, and Sir Thomas Plomer, though signed by the Princess of Wales: it was a letter written, or purporting to be written, by Her Royal Highness to the King, on the 9th October, 1806, as a protest against the report of the commissioners, just detailed; the letter being read, at length, appeared to be a formal and elaborate criticism upon the nature of the commission under which her conduct had been reviewed; it asserted in the most unqualified terms her own innocence, and called the charges of her accusers, *a foul and false conspiracy*, made *exparte*, and affording no appeal. Upon this letter being read, the honorable member observed, that he fully concurred in the sentiments it expressed upon the subject of the commission, and he insisted that the charge against the Princess before that tribunal, by Sir John and Lady Douglas, was nothing short of *treason:* that if the Commissioners had power to acquit Her Royal Highness of the crime charged, they had equally the power to convict her: what was the state of that country in which such proceedings were even possible? Besides, he enquired, what became of Sir John and Lady Douglas? If he were rightly informed, they still persisted in the same story; if all they maintained were so notoriously false, *why were they not prosecuted? (Hear, hear, hear!)* The honorable member went on to remark, that he understood no proceedings of the late Privy Council, except the report, had been transmitted to the Princess of Wales. This was the case in 1806, but he submitted that copies of *all* these examinations should be given to her. The honorable member then concluded

by moving, first, a very long resolution, containing nearly the whole of the report of the Commissioners in 1806, with his own reasoning upon the illegality of such a commission, and terminating with expressing the expediency of *a new and different trial* of, or enquiry into, the same subject; the second motion was, for a variety of papers connected with this subject, from 1806 to the then present time.

Lord *Castlereagh* opposed the motion, and began by observing upon the singular line of conduct adopted by the honorable mover, in first calling upon the house to agree with him in all the facts stated in his first resolution, and then asking for information on the same subject in his second motion; at all events, the information ought to have preceded the conclusions from it. His lordship could not conceive, from any reasons that had been given by the honorable member, that the house would entertain any serious doubt that the papers called for by the honorable mover were not at all necessary to remove any apprehension as to the successor to the throne of these kingdoms. The Commissioners of 1806 had not been Commissioners for the trial of the Princess, but, as privy councillors, Commissioners of enquiry; and the appointment of such privy councillors for such purposes was the constant practice in all periods of the history of this country. If, however, the honorable mover was serious in his opinion, that the commission of 1806 was an improper tribunal to have reviewed the conduct of the Princess of Wales, did he think the House of Commons a proper place to try

either the Princess of Wales for treason, or to sit in judgment upon the levity of her manners? It was rather extraordinary in the honorable member to call upon the House of Commons to clear up the doubts on a subject when he had expressed no doubts of his own; the two learned judges who were part of the commission, Lords Erskine and Ellenborough, had entertained no doubts: they, with their skill and legal habits, had been able to trace the whole transaction to its source; it was not a judgment upon credibility of witnesses only, not upon the inconsistency alone of Lady Douglas's testimony; but the real mother of this child—Ann Austin, was adduced, and its birth, with every circumstance attending it, had been clearly proved to the commission. This report, too, of the Commissioners, with all the evidence on which it is founded, had been referred to His Majesty's then ministers; and they, upon oath, had unanimously confirmed that report. This was not all, —the same report and evidence had been referred to the subsequent administration, and they, in like manner, on their oaths, had unanimously declared the innocence of Her Royal Highness. His lordship did not mean to say, that if any great doubt could be entertained by His Majesty's subjects on this important and delicate question, some declaration from Parliament, as to the succession, might not become necessary; but, when such doubts have been so repeatedly negatived, would it not, he asked, be giving a sort of weight and authority to the evidence of Lady Douglas? If the affidavits of profligate

persons were thus to be sanctioned, where would be the end of such attempts? Fortunately, there never was a case that could excite so little hesitation. A more monstrous proposition, than to legislate on Lady Douglas's evidence, was never heard. The honorable mover had complained that no proceedings had been instituted against Sir John and Lady Douglas. His lordship had to state, that the first cabinet distinctly recommended a reference to the then law officers of the crown, to consider of such a prosecution; and if it had not been instituted, it did not arise from any doubt in the minds of those law officers as to the punishment that would be brought down upon the degraded and guilty heads of Sir John and Lady Douglas; but it was from a wish to avoid bringing such subjects before the public. The noble lord added, that he did not wish to push the subject further; he was treading on delicate ground. He thought the only effect of the present motion would be, to make the House of Commons a channel for poisoning the public mind. Upon the subject of the late letter, the noble lord declined saying anything at present,—that, not being before the House.

Sir *Samuel Romilly* shortly vindicated the characters of the four Commissioners in 1806, as well as the legality of that commission. Many meetings were held, and many witnesses were examined thereupon; and he (Sir S. Romilly) was the only other person present beside the Commissioners at these examinations, which were conducted by the four noble lords mentioned, and he took down all the depositions.—

He must declare, in the most solemn manner, that no enquiry was ever conducted with greater impartiality, nor was there ever evinced a more anxious desire to discharge, justly, a great public duty.

Mr. WHITBREAD went at great length into the whole subject, in a speech of much eloquence, point, and successful animadversion—with great attention from the house, and without the least interruption, except cheering. He appealed to the house, whether it was not the duty of the noble Lord to have met this most important subject in a widely different manner, comparing what he had promised with what he had performed. He then took an extensive review of the whole subject, as far as had come to his knowledge; he had before him the documents read by the honorable mover, the last report of which appeared yesterday, the letter of the Princess of Wales to the Prince Regent, and her letter to the speaker: and contrasted the conduct of the speaker, in communicating it to the house, with that of the Lord Chancellor withholding a similar communication from the House of Lords. He read a long minute of council on the subject, and various paragraphs and passages from the daily papers, professedly in the interest of ministers, apparently written by, and bearing the mark of, official authority. On all these he most acutely and successfully animadverted. He contrasted the vascillating conduct of ministers at various times, and pointed out their manifold inconsistencies. He showed clearly to the house that the Princess of Wales had, in the year 1806, been generally acquitted, in defiance of the perjuries against

her; in 1807 she had been entirely acquitted; and that Lord Eldon, Mr. Perceval, and Sir T. Plomer, had been her protectors and advisers, and had drawn up a narrative of the whole proceedings to distribute to all the world, which they would not have done if the least vestige of criminality attached to her; that Mr. Perceval had so acted, and so advised, when he was not a minister; and subsequently to that period he had declared her innocence, when he was a minister; but, for reasons of his own, had afterwards suppressed the publication; that since then, a period of seven years had elapsed, since which time she had lived as a recluse in retirement, and no additional imputation was attempted to be laid to her charge, insomuch that it was seen and before the public, that in the late sittings of the privy council, as exhibited in their famous report, they had been obliged to go back, and stir up the old rubbish of 1806 and 1807, in order to find a justification for their later imposition of distress, in depriving her of intercourse with her child, which the first principles of nature dictated! They might reconcile these things to their duty, or any other motive; but the unhappy woman, the Princess of Wales, had a complete triumph. She might indeed be condemned to live in seclusion, but in point of innocence and dignity of character, her triumph was unparalleled. From this hour the Princess of Wales's character is cleared beyond suspicion. It is done by the house of Commons. The whole world will admit it, and reverence her! He concluded by moving an amendment,

that the last report of the privy council should be laid before the house.

Lord *Castlereagh* replied to the observations of Mr. Whitbread generally. With respect to the complaint that was made of the Prince having refused to read her letter, it was not for the house to judge of the merits of the parties under the long and settled separation which existed. This was a matter of private arrangement, and long ago the Prince had determined that no correspondence should take place, and he could acquaint the house, that this was not the first letter that had been sent back. But this complaint was founded on a supposition that some punishment had been inflicted on the Princess by the restraints that were placed on the intercourse between her and her daughter. He would state to the house how the case was, and then it would see that no such punishment was intended. When the Princess Charlotte went to Windsor, the Prince altered the arrangement under which the Princess had been accustomed to see her, from once a week to once a fortnight, that less interruption to her studies might happen by frequent journies to London, and it was not intended to require the alteration to continue longer than during the Princess's residence at Windsor. This was the whole of what was magnified into a great infliction of punishment and inference of guilt, and he was sure the house would see it as he did, to be a matter in no way sufficient to justify the letter of Her Royal Highness.

Mr. WHITBREAD said, it certainly was his intention,

in the event of success to his first motion, to have followed it up by motions for such papers as might appear necessary for the further elucidation of the business, and for the justification or conviction of the person who had thrown herself, as a last resource, upon the justice and mercy of the house; but so completely did she now appear acquitted of all possible imputation of blame, even by the persons from whom the aspersions were by the world supposed, in the last report, to have been thrown upon her, that it was in his mind unnecessary to press the matter to a division. Her innocence was acknowledged entire—complete. To such restrictions, as the Prince Regent, in his capacity of father to the Princess Charlotte, or by the advice of his ministers, might think proper to impose upon her intercourse with her daughter, she must submit. It was her lot! But she had the satisfaction of knowing that her reputation henceforward was, by the confessions of all, without imputation or reproach. From these considerations, he should not press a division.

Mr. *Canning* said, he was prepared to assert and maintain that the words and meaning of the cabinet report in 1807, conveyed a complete, satisfactory, and unlimitted acquital!

On the 15th of March, Mr. WHITBREAD spoke with indignation of the disgusting statements put forth in certain papers respecting Her Royal Highness, which he thought called loudly for the interference of the House. He therefore wished to ask the noble lord (Castlereagh) whether instructions had

been given by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, to his law officers, for the prosecution of Lady Douglas for perjury? The second question to which he desired the noble lord's answer was, whether Lady Douglas had been examined in the presence of Sir John Douglas, in the interval between the 13th of February last, and the 5th of March, the day in which discussions respecting the Princess of Wales took place in that House, with closed doors; and he had also to ask the noble lord, whether these examinations had been since resumed and continued? The answers which the noble lord might be pleased to give, would point out and direct the nature of the proceedings which he should feel it his duty to propose to the House.

Lord *Castlereagh* declared himself altogether unable to give any answers to the questions of the honorable member.

Mr. WHITBREAD said, he had no hesitation in delivering it as his decided opinion, "That either the Princess of Wales must be brought to trial, or Lady Douglas be prosecuted for perjury." The Princess of Wales had come to the House, and thrown herself upon its interposition for the vindication of her innocence, or the establishment of her criminality; and such were the strange, the unaccountable, and disgusting circumstances and publications which had recently occurred, that it became the bounden duty of the House to interfere. He would, as a member of that House, discharge the duty he owed to his country and to himself. He would state, that Sir John

Douglas had come to him, as he also had to the noble Lord, and complained, in vindication of Lady Douglas and himself, that they had been treated with great severity and hardship; for he maintained that Lady Douglas was considered as entitled to credit, while the charge of perjury had been preferred against her by the noble Lord.—Sir John Douglas told him, that it was his intention to approach this house; and he, on having that intention so communicated, observed, as it was the duty of every member of parliament, that the house would not shut their doors against the petition of any party or person who conceived himself aggrieved. He should once more ask the noble lord, whether the Prince Regent, under the advice of his ministers, had ordered directions to be given to the law officers of the crown, to institute a prosecution for perjury against Lady Douglas? *(Hear, hear, hear.)* It was the more material that this information should be obtained, and that the noble Lord should be open and explicit, as it could not be forgotten, that after all idea of the guilt imputed to the Princess of Wales had vanished,—after the complete establishment of her innocence,—after the deep impression made upon the public mind in her favour, new modes were resorted to, for traducing and vilifying her character. They were resorted to in a way equally base; for testimony which had been considered as altogether unworthy of notice, and which led to the assertion and declaration of her innocence, was now revived and published in the newspapers, for the degrading and scandalous purpose of giving a false

bias to the public feeling, while attempts were infamously made to augment that bias by the grossest and most calumnious rumours. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent was, above all others, involved in the consequences resulting from such a system. Exclusively of other important considerations, His Royal Highness was the rightful and natural *protector of his wife*, and it was incumbent upon him to take a decided part in the question. *(Hear, hear.)* He should persist in the declaration he had made, and would bring forward a motion for an address to the Prince Regent, to direct the officers of the crown to commence a prosecution for perjury against Lady Douglas, for such part of her testimony as might appear to the legal advisers of His Royal Highness liable to that charge.

Lord *Castlereagh* could not, however urgent the honorable member was in pressing his questions, reconcile it to his duty and his feelings, to give any answer.

Mr. WHITBREAD merely wished answers as to matters of fact. His questions were plain and short. They could not be misunderstood. He should repeat them. The questions he had put to the noble Lord, he certainly did expect to have answered; but if the noble Lord persisted in withholding his answers to them, he should think himself justified in putting the same questions to any other member of the house, as competent to answer them as the noble Lord; and he should again ask, whether any examination of Lady Douglas had taken place during the period which he had mentioned? if neither the noble Lord, nor any

other member should think fit to answer the question, he would move next Wednesday for an address to the Prince Regent.

Lord *Castlereagh* said, he was not to be diverted from his determination not to give the answers required of him, by any of the taunts which the honorable member had thrown out. Those who had commenced the inquiry, and conducted it, were, in fact, the persons to whom responsibility attached.

Mr. WHITBREAD said, that while he had confined himself to an authentic document, the minute of council, fully and unequivocally acquitting the Princess of Wales of criminality, the newspapers known to be under the control of government, the *Herald* and the *Post*, teemed with calumnious evidence against her, the falsehood of which had been proved. Was it not repugnant to every honorable feeling, that the editors of these papers should be allowed to sit in judgment on the Princess of Wales, and assume as the basis of their proceedings, the testimony which had been treated with disgrace and contempt by the minute of council, signed as that minute was, by the noble Lord himself, and by the other members of the government? The end proposed by these publications could not be mistaken.

The end was to vilify and degrade, but the object could not be attained, while any sense of public virtue, and any feeling of honest indignation prevailed. The proprietor of one of these papers (Sir H. B. Dudley—better known as parson Bate) had been lately distinguished by titles and honors, and was at all times well

received at Carlton house. What could have produced these attacks? What! but the interference of some person well acquainted with the government of the country.

Lord *Castlereagh* begged leave to say, that it was unparliamentary to charge government with transactions of which they were not known to have any knowledge; and infer, because certain publications appeared in different newspapers, that they were implicated in them. The honorable member ought not to have read one minute of council without reading the other; and he should have considered the minute of the Duke of Portland's cabinet as *arising* out of the measures adopted by Lord Grenville's cabinet. If the honorable gentleman did not mean that the whole should come out, he ought not to have read that minute to which he called the attention of the house. He could not but persist in saying that the letter was the cause of all which had since been the subject of complaint; and the responsibility would rest upon the heads of those who advised the letter. It would also rest upon the head of the honorable member.

Mr. WHITBREAD was willing that the responsibility should rest upon his head, when he undertook to vindicate the innocence of the Princess of Wales: but he trusted that responsibility would also rest upon the heads of those, who, after inquiry and acquittal, combined to revive obloquy and slander. The house and the country were in possession of the declaration of Mr. Perceval, asserting the innocence of the Princess of Wales and delivered when the noble Lord was sitting

close to him; they were also in possession of the attorney-general's sentiments; yet with these facts, carrying with them all the force of truth and conviction, were the publications he had noticed suffered to proceed, and to degrade, and to contaminate.

Lord *Castlereagh* said, he had not made any assertion of the guilt or innocence of the Princess of Wales. He had distinctly stated, that it appeared from the minute of the Duke of Portland's cabinet, that her innocence was asserted, and he had to complain, that the honorable member had given a false impression the other night.

Mr. WHITBREAD contended, that he had given no false impression, but had only said what he was bound to say—what Mr. Perceval had said—what the noble Lord near him had said, "what you, sir," exclaimed Mr. Whitbread, addressing himself to the *Speaker*, "would now say, but which I am sorry you cannot, consistently with your present situation."

Lord *Castlereagh* considered the charge made by the honorable gentleman against government, with regard to any knowledge of the publications in question, as highly improper, and in fact a false impression.

Mr. WHITBREAD maintained, that he had made no charge but what he felt himself JUSTIFIED in advancing!"

On the 1st of June, Mr. *Methuen*, in the house of commons, (in consequence of the correspondence which had been laid before the public) asked Mr. Bathurst, which of his Majesty's ministers it was, that had advised the Prince Regent to take measures to prevent

the Princess of Wales from appearing at her Majesty's drawing-room?

Mr. *Bathurst* said, he was aware of the convenience of the practice which had been adopted, of answering and asking questions in that house, by which means the necessity of making motions, was frequently obviated; but as to the question which the honorable gentleman put, he could only say that it did not appear to him that the circumstances and character of the transaction warranted him in giving any answer. (!!)

Mr. *Methuen* then gave notice that he should on Friday, (June 3,) bring forward a motion on the subject. The purport of his motion would be, that an humble address be presented to the Prince Regent, to inquire who was the person that advised His Royal Highness to adopt the measures which had been taken to prevent Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales from appearing at Her Majesty's drawing-room.

Mr. *Ponsonby* rose to say a few words on a subject connected with that, respecting which, notice of a motion had been given. He was a friend, as much as any man, to the liberty of the press, and was not at all inclined for personal or private considerations, to interfere with this liberty; but he should read, for the purpose of contradicting it, a statement which had been recently published. In the paper called *The Morning Herald*, of Friday, May 27, the following paragraph had appeared:

"Several *opposition* councils have been assembled on a *well-fomented* variance between Her Majesty and

the Princess of Wales, respecting the well-advised non-appearance of the latter at the next drawing-room at Buckingham house. The last of these councils was holden yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Brougham, as Her Royal Highness's advocate-general, laid before it copies of the correspondence which had recently passed between the illustrious parties on this unfortunate subject. A debate immediately took place on the expediency of giving immediate publicity thereto. The majority contended that it was too great a PARTY CARD to be shuffled away at so critical a moment *unplayed.* It was opposed, however, by the more temperate few, as an improper appeal to the public opinion on a domestic misunderstanding of such extreme personal delicacy. This rational argument, however, was soon overruled by an appeal to numbers; for, on a division taking place, we understood they stood thus—" After this, continued Mr. Ponsonby, there was a list of names, so printed that they could not be mistaken, the last of which was his own. He could vouch, and his honorable friend near him could vouch that there never was a more unfounded falsehood uttered for the purpose of being palmed on the British public, a more impudent lie was never told or printed. It was untrue, that he, or any of those with whom he was in the habit of consulting, had ever held any "*councils*" or communications on the subject. There was no one who regretted more than he did the scandal which arose from improper publications, but no innocent persons should be involved in the disgrace of

them, but the infamy should be laid at the door of those to whom alone it was due.

Mr. WHITBREAD said he could vouch, as his right honorable friend had done, that the publication which had been read was altogether false. He was exceedingly surprised that Mr. Bathurst, the only minister of the rank of cabinet councillor in the house, should, though he had spoken, be virtually silent on the subject, respecting which a question had been put. *(Hear! hear!)* He (Mr. W.) could only infer from that silence a disavowal of the transaction, or that the act being done, he or his colleagues were ashamed of the advice they had given. *(Hear! hear!)* If the house did what it was its duty to do, it would extort that answer which had been refused. As it was a matter of such urgent importance, he thought to-morrow should be preferred as the day for the discussion of the question, not only because it was the nearest day, but because it was that on which the insult was intended to be practised, not only on Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, but on the King in his infirmity. *(Hear! hear!)* He hoped, therefore, the honorable gentleman would bring forward his motion to-morrow.

Mr. *Methuen* said, that he had fixed his motion for Friday, on account of the drawing-room to-morrow.

Mr. *Whitbread*—"That is the very reason why it should be brought forward."

On the 3rd of June, the speaker said he had to

acquaint the house, that since the house had met, he he had received a letter from Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, which he was desired by Her Royal Highness to communicate to the house. With the pleasure of the house he would read the letter. *(A cry of Read! Read!)*

The Speaker then read the letter, as follows:

"The Princess of Wales desires Mr. Speaker will inform the house of commons, that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been advised to take such steps as have prevented her from appearing at Court; and to declare His Royal Highness's fixed and unalterable determination never to meet the Princess of Wales upon any occasion, either in public or private.

The proceedings of 1806 and 1807, and last year, are in the recollection of the house, as well as the ample and unqualified vindication of the Princess's conduct to which those proceedings led.

It is impossible for the Princess of Wales to conceal from herself the intention of the advice which has now been given to the Prince Regent, and the probability that there may be ultimate objects in view, pregnant with danger to the security of the succession and the domestic peace of the realm.

Under these circumstances, even if the Princess's duty towards herself could suffer her to remain silent; her sense of what is due to her daughter, and to the highest interests of the country, compel her to make this communication to the house of commons.

The Princess of Wales encloses a copy of the correspondence which has passed, and requests Mr. Speaker to communicate it to the house of commons.

Connaught-House, June 3, 1814."

The Speaker asked whether he should hand the documents to the clerk, and there being a cry of "Hear! Hear!" the documents were so presented, and on the Speaker's proposing the question that they should be read, it was unanimously agreed to. The clerk then read the several letters; upon which,

Mr. Lygon proposed the exclusion of strangers, and the gallery remained closed until the discussion terminated. The following is a sketch of the debate.

Mr. *Methuen* commented on various passages of the correspondence between the Princess of Wales and the Queen, as also on the minute of council of the 10th of April, 1807, in which the cabinet expressed their concurrence in that part of the report which acquitted Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales from all criminality. The honorable gentleman then moved "That an humble address be presented to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent to pray His Royal Highness that he will be graciously pleased to acquaint the house by whose advice His Royal Highness was induced to form the "fixed and unalterable determination never to meet Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales upon any occasion, either in private or public," as communicated by His Royal Highness to Her Majesty, together with the reasons submitted to

His Royal Highness upon which such advice was founded."

Mr. *Bathurst* paid a tribute to the motives of the mover, but he had used no arguments to induce the house to agree to the motion. Out of all the papers that are now before the house, he had used only the letter from the Princess of Wales to the Regent. Surely it was not for the letter in question, that the ministers were to be responsible. The main object of the motion was to know why the Princess was prevented from being at court. Will parliament call upon the Regent to declare who advised him not to see the Princess? The honorable gentleman indulged himself in speeches about liberty, as if it was a question where liberty was connected. As for the charges of guilt, they were irresistably refuted at a former period. In other periods of our history, discussions were carried on between different members of the Royal Family to a greater excess than at present, and yet parliament was not called on to interfere. The honorable gentleman had talked of a right of the Princess to attend the drawing room. Now what was this? a mere assembly. Are the ministers, the confidential advisers of the crown on state affairs, responsible for prohibitions to be present at court? The object of the motion, the substance of the thing, was the Princess's admission to court: will they say that she ought to be there and the Regent not? Those prohibitions to be present at court might proceed from different causes: these questions of guilt or innocence from causes, so frivolous as those mentioned, for the

first time, in that house, by the honorable gentlemen, for difference of taste. Here the right honorable gentleman made some historical observations, and added, that the Duchess of Gloucester and Cumberland were forbidden the court, but there was no imputation of guilt—no question or guilt of innocence there, and yet they were never received at court: but if the honorable gentleman prided himself upon the opinion of the king as to the path of the Princess's conduct, as alluded to in the report of the council, he might find himself on investigation most mistaken: but the more this unfortunate question was discussed the more irritation was produced. He did not wish to withdraw himself from responsibility, but the question the house was called upon to interfere in, was a question of etiquette. Will the house call upon the Regent to rescind his resolution? This house might as well be called upon to interpose on account of the separation. The present case is one of mere court etiquette, arising from circumstances *totally distinct from guilt.* No guilt is charged; for what the honorable gentleman said is true; if it were so she would not be permitted to see her daughter. The parliament cannot with propriety interfere; he calls upon the house to stop it in the beginning. The main question is, can the house interfere without the greatest mischief to all the parties concerned? He concluded by opposing the motion.

Mr. WHITBREAD—"The speech of the right honorable gentleman in defence of the advice he has

given, has been like the advice itself—special minute wavering, assuming a right, a right to exclude, and acting as it were conscious the party advised had no such right. Sir, I maintain, that a great indignity, a harsh disgrace, a cruel and unmerited punishment has been inflicted on an innocent person, on a subject of the crown—who was by that crown protected as long as it had moral and mental life and energy to protect. At one time the right honorable gentleman shrunk from the contest—he divested himself of all responsibility, he was ashamed of his own act and deed—of the advice that he had given. The sovereign and crown was left by him to trample upon any subject—to gratify its own unadvised and unconfronted vindictive resentments, yet at the end of his speech he lets us know that the sovereign power did not act for itself. That there were advisers, that he could name them, could give them up if the house should call upon him so to do. Let them come forth! He has treated this as only an *exclusion* from an assembly, from a fete, but a positive exclusion the advisers dared not warrant; that was a proceeding too manly. It was an affront to be operated through the Queen, consort of that monarch, who, when the king had the use of his faculties, had commanded her to receive the Princess of Wales at her court, as the symbol of her entire innocence, of her complete acquittal. This reception continued till the King's indisposition, and then the Regent was advised to employ the Queen, his mother, to banish the Princess of Wales from court. Could this advice have been risked had

the King mentally existed?—Oh no! he should have thought that that gentleman and his colleagues would have been eager in their advice to conciliate and to calm: to proclaim the innocence they had so often declared, but the reverse is the case. The right honorable gentleman, as he knows the King cannot contradict him, has ventured to throw out an insinuation, as if, in the assertion made of the complete approbation, the affectionate attachment of the king was not well grounded. The king cannot speak, and he quotes the king, to wound, through his side, the Princess of Wales. This is of a piece with the whole of their proceedings. I will not repeat what the noble lord, who, be it remembered, is not a party of this advice, said on a former debate on this subject, nor the testimony given by all of the Princess's entire innocence. I maintain the King thought her so, and the Princess is so convinced. He proved he thought so by his kindness and cordial reception. When the King was well no man would have dared to deny it. The right honorable gentleman durst not have done it; but if he questions the right of the Princess of Wales to appear where the King placed her, it is to be hoped that she will, notwithstanding the moderation she has evinced, accept the advice to appear at court, and then let us see who will advise that admittance be refused to her. As to stirring the question, I ask who has stirred it? Is it the person who vindicates her own innocence from unjust and foul aspersions; who follows the example set her by the Prince Regent himself in publishing to the world that affected honour and character; or is it

those who directed this cruel outrage, this unprovoked indignity, that has occasioned this affront? Has she complained that her near relations have been prevented from visiting her, that it has been intimated to all, that to visit her was to exclude them from the court? To all injuries she has patiently borne, she has submitted in silence. Where does the burden of agitating the question rest? Upon those who have planned and advised this foul indignity and injustice. The right honorable gentleman has quoted precedent from history most erroneously: he has talked of Queen Anne having been forbidden the court by Queen Mary, the fact is not so: King William, nettled at some step taken about the settlement of her revenue, forbade the Countess of Marlborough (who was supposed to be her adviser), to come to court. There was here no imputation on character, no charge of crime, no insinuation of thrice refuted guilt; but the Princess Anne, resenting her favorite being forbidden the court, declined appearing there herself too. Next as to the cases of George I. and II., in both cases the charges were specific: Lord Hardwicke has left an account of the latter case, and also what the advisers of the crown then did, and wha was the opinion of each. He said himself, while advi sing conciliatory measures, all this may be brought before parliament; but now the ministers will tell nothing. Lord Hardwicke says, parliament may call for these papers; but the right honorable gentleman says, that parliament shall not hear one word, you shall hear nothing from us. George II. directed the publication of all the papers that had passed between his son and

himself, and circulated them among his foreign ministers, that all the world might know the grounds on which he had acted. So different from the unmanly ministers of the present day, who devise schemes to attack a woman a thousand ways, and contrive ten thousand obstacles to her defence. But the right honorable gentleman talks of this as being only an exclusion from a common assembly. Is it then nothing that her nephews, that her future son-in-law the Prince of Orange, who has so announced himself to her, her near relation the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, the immortal Blucher, the companion of her father in arms, is it nothing that they should remark the absence of the Princess of Wales, and be told it is for reasons undefined, and of which the Regent alone continues the judge? Sir, under these circumstances, such infliction is worse than loss of life, it is loss of reputation, blasting to her character, fatal to her fame. But this thing we hear to day, no man now dares to say that she is guilty. All the charges, says the honorable gentleman, were irresistibly upset. It is our duty to extend our view to the whole object, to look at it in all points of view to which it reaches. I ask, would the King have consented that the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales should have taken place in private, to have been smuggled in a corner? No, the parliament and all the nation will say that this marriage shall be public, and that the Princess of Wales shall be there, in the state becoming her rank. Now, as to an event which sooner or later must happen, I mean the demise of the crown, is the

Princess of Wales to be crowned? *She must be crowned,* who doubts it? One hears it whispered abroad, *a coronation is not necessary.* I believe it is. Will the honorable gentleman say it is not? He dares not say so: crowned she must be, UNLESS THERE BE SOME DARK BASE PLOT AT WORK, SOME BLACK ACT YET TO DO; UNLESS THE PARLIAMENT CONSENT HEREAFTER TO BE MADE A PARTY TO SOME NEFARIOUS TRANSACTION! If it is their intention to try the question of *divorce,* let them speak out if *such* their meaning be!

Let better counsel be given to the Regent, and undo what has passed: people do this every day: it is the tribute paid by fiery passions to conviction and returning reason! Sir R. Walpole prided himself in the reconciliation he effected between George I. and the then Prince of Wales; it was a conciliating minister did this: happy would it be if our ministers would follow his example. One would have thought if ever there was a period when it was an object to represent the Royal Family as united, this was now that period. The people maintain that family not only for state and show, but for their examples of moral and domestic virtues! For what the King uniformly shewed: for what has endeared him to his people, more than any other circumstance of his reign. Let it not then be said that the Emperor of Russia finds no person whom the law does not protect, who is exposed to outrage and insult; and the exception, the wife of the Prince Regent! Now, Sir, if

the right honorable gentleman has not a doubt of the Princess of Wales having a right to appear at court, the use of which she has consented at present to wave, I have only to add, that if she finds no protection in this house, the last refuge of the destitute and oppressed, it is to be hoped she will be advised to assert her right, and, however reluctantly, to DARE the advisers of the Regent *directly to execute their intentions.*"

I will make no comment on this splendid burst of eloquence: I will try, for a time, to *forget* the miseries of my unhappy mistress;—and here, from the hotel Mirabeau, (where I am lodged) will briefly sketch my *entreé* to the "Venice of the North" to PARIS.

It was late in the afternoon as we approached along the immense avenue of St. Denis; and a more picturesque scene it is scarcely possible to imagine. Every description of vehicle is here seen on its route to or from the great city, characterized by a gaiety unknown in our graver island.—*Grisettes, Gendarmes, Sœurs de Charité,* thin looking friars, fat and comely Abbés, *Paysannes* with their lovers, *Saltimbanques,* &c., &c., came thick and thronging in cuckoos, fiacres, taxcarts, omnibuses, remises, and char-a-bancs; over all, was heard the *hum of a mighty city* —one of the most awfully pleasing sounds in nature: one, which brings such an infinity of associations along with it,—embodying, as it does, the pains, the pleasures, the life, the death, of millions!

I proposed staying only a week in Paris; but, during the first day was visited by Lord Buckingham,

Sir Robert Wilson, Lady Westmoreland, and the Duc de Coigny. My position renders *retirement* even for a brief period almost impossible, save only when I am *en route*, and on that account it is, I like so much to fold my arms in a mantilla, and fall back in the solitude of a travelling carriage, wholly given up to my own thoughts.

"Once more upon the ocean," says Lord Byron—but, with me it was "Once more upon the *chaussée*," at full gallop, on the road to Lyons. And what is become of my Royal mistress thought I? A wanderer and a fugitive—without any of the advantages of that *obscurity* which attends upon private life. *She*, is a mark of observation to all Europe, to whom ruin, sorrow, and adversity, yield no privileged seclusion. But, I shall meet her again, I repeated, ere long, and will not exaggerate misfortune by dwelling upon it.

I arrived at Lyons at eight o'clock in the morning. The country passed through in the day-time was for the most part uninteresting. One view, however, was charming. A vast hollow, somewhat in the form of a bowl, round the edges of which the road ran. In the centre were the ruins of an old castle, the name of which I could not catch, modified as it was by the barbarous pâtois of the postillion. The route travelled was by Bourgogne, and therefore I passed through Châlons sur Saone, a picturesque old town, where I dined. One of the most remarkable points of distinction between France and England consists in the different rank and circumstances of the military.

A traveller by diligence, a *sergent et marêchal de-logis*, that is, a quarter-master sergeant of dragoons, sat down at table, and not only joined in the conversation, but was the best-spoken and the best-bred of his countrymen present. He was a young man it seemed of good family, who had chosen the army for his profession, and not having been educated at one of the military schools, entered the ranks in the hope of obtaining promotion, a hope which is never disappointed if the advancement be merited by good conduct and ability. Indeed, the only path to preferment in the army of France is through the ranks, or owing to successful studies at the military schools; and I was told that a son of the Duke of Montesquieu was a corporal, though it was confessed that he was more frequently seen walking arm in arm with the colonel of the regiment, his cousin, than doing the duty allotted to his military rank. The fact, however, remains, and these regulations, together with the mode of recruiting by conscription, much improve the general *materiel* of the army, at the same time that they lower the standard of birth and education among the officers.

Scarcely a public-house from St. Malo to Lyons, a distance of nearly 500 miles, is unadorned with a tree, or part of a tree, hanging from the end of a pole for a sign. One need not go far for an explanation of the adage, "Good wine needs no bush."

A few miles from Lyons I had the pleasure of ascending a mouutain of about four miles in length. Why they do not carry a new road along the banks of the Saone, round the base of the hill, I cannot con-

ceive. But they prefer killing their cattle, and wearying travellers by the old Roman road, to the trouble and expense of a new one. The French want a reform in these matters sadly; lighter coaches and level roads would increase the speed and lessen the inconvenience of travelling, without augmenting the expense or diminishing the profit.

The women in the neighbourhood of Lyons wear straw hats, with brims a foot or fifteen inches broad, which are by no means unbecoming, and are well adapted to defend them from the scorching rays of a southern sun. Far different is the coiffuré of the Bourgignonnes, who stick a pigmy black hat on the front of their white cap, fasten it with black ribbons behind the head, and allow the strings to hang down their backs like pigtails.

I lodged at the Hotel de l'Europe, which is said to be the first in Lyons, and, if this be true, bad is the best. But this town is little visited by the English, and our notions of comfort and decency are so utterly different from those of foreigners, that there is little cause for astonishment in the apparent deficiency of the appliances of domestic life. The Hotel is situated near the grand square, which is spoken of by the Lyonese as one of the wonders of the world. It is certainly a considerable open space, surrounded by houses of no sort of beauty, the lower story occupied by very mean looking shops, and one side planted with a few trees. In the centre is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV.

On the morning of the 23rd I went to see the confluence of the Rhone and Saone. As usual where

expectation has been raised high, I was disappointed. No doubt the descriptions are literally correct. The smooth gentle Saone creeps into contact with her bustling bullying sister, and is at once shouldered on one side, and only allowed a narrow space to flow in. Still the colour of the two rivers is not so strongly contrasted as the narratives of travellers had led me to expect. There is a milky tinge in the Rhone which distinguishes it from the other as they move along side by side; but, with the sun shining on the water, as was the case when I saw it, the line of demarcation cannot be traced, except from a favorable position whence you look down on the stream from above. The speed of the Saone is soon increased to a very considerable velocity by contact with the Rhone, which travels at a pace that fully justifies the epithet that it bears, namely "Rapid."

The walk down the quais to the junction of the rivers, planted as they are with tall poplars on either side of the road, is pleasant enough, and a ridge of hills on one side which confines the Saone to its course, and which is studded with buildings, forms an excellent back-ground to the town, which is built principally between the two rivers. Indeed, one of the merits of Lyons in the eyes of a stranger, to console him for its many defects, is its situation with respect to its waters. Both rivers flow through it, a portion of the city being built on the right bank of the Saone, a small portion on the left of the Rhone, and the rest on the intermediate Peninsula. The extreme rapidity and turbid colour of the one, the darker

hue and marvellous slowness of the other, are such as to render it impossible to mistake them. Now if you once learn the situation of your residence, or any spot you know well, with respect to the rivers, in case of doubt or difficulty in the course of your wanderings, get to the quais, observe the course of the river, and which it is, and ascend or descend, turn to the right or left, as may be required. No spot in Lyons can be far distant from one or other of the streams, so that you cannot be at a loss.

Notwithstanding the excessive heat I contrived to mount the hills to the westward of the Saone to La Fourvière, and ascended to the observatoire, a square tower built to a moderate height, so as to enable the spectator to overlook the steeples and seven storied houses. With the exception of the chain of hills on which this building is erected, the country about Lyons is quite flat, so that you have a beautiful view from the terrace at the top of the observatory. The town, though very dirty and *nasally* offensive to a degree unparalleled in my experience, is, from such a distance, highly picturesque; the irregularity of the buildings the height of the houses, and the clearness of the atmosphere, all aiding to form a tableau which, if it has not yet been used for a panorama, offers every advantage for such a purpose. They say that sometimes the peak of Mont Blanc is seen from hence. It may be so, but I saw it not.

The stained glass of the cathedral is an object worthy of attention, though I do not think much of the building itself. The interior has a very solemn aspect,

produced I conceive by the softened light. There is in another part of the town a pyramidical monument, built in commemoration of the victims of the massacre, after the siege of Lyons, in the time of the first revolution, but it is infinitely inferior, in my opinion, to the cenotaph at Paris, built on the spot where the bones of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were found, which is the only sepulchral monument I have seen in France, which, both as regards internal and external decoration and arrangement, as a whole and in detail, perfectly corresponds to the mournful idea it is meant to represent.

The population of Lyons amounts to more than 130,000, of whom a large number are occupied in the manufacture of silks, to which the town principally owes its prosperity. In the upper town, indeed, the ears are deafened by the continual clatter of the treddles of the loom. However, the greater part of the produce of their industry, I might perhaps say the whole, is sent to illumine the gay shops in Paris and London, leaving nothing behind but coarse printed cottons and dingy silk scarfs, to give a mock lustre to the little corners where they are exposed for sale. I did not enter any of the factories, but such of the operatives as I saw, though not adorned with the brown cheeks and sturdy aspect of the out-door labourer, neither betrayed misery nor poverty, sickness nor deformity, in their outward appearance, like the miserable denizens of Spitalfields and Manchester.

The sun here is powerful and the heat excessive, but the people generally not so dark as I expected to

find them. The men are a fierce-looking race, bearing in their aspect outward and visible signs of their turbulent character; and, judging from the placards on the walls, their favorite amusements are of no very gentle kind. Those which attracted most attention held forth promise of savage bulls and bears, and more savage wolves, who were to enter the lists with dogs of noted ferocity. These announcements were evidently perused with especial gusto.

To sum up my impression of Lyons in a few words; —it is a busy, filthy, useful, ill-contrived, badly paved, horribly stinking, commercial, manufacturing town, and I was delighted to leave it at two o'clock in the afternoon for Geneva. I jogged on at the rate of five miles an hour, through a most uninteresting country, till night came on. When morning broke I was traversing a pass of the Jura mountains. The road winds along the surface of an inclined plane, which forms one face of a ravine, at an immense distance both from the top and the bottom, so that the Rhone which winds along beneath, though really a great river, looks like a narrow water-course. Its colour was blue. A fortress defends the path; and if not of much importance in a military point of view, it is highly so as an object in the landscape. The rugged mountain above, below, and opposite, gives an air of grandeur to the scene; while the Lilliputian appearance of the objects gliding along the thread of white road that divides the mountain's side, by furnishing means of comparison, gives a magnificent idea of nature as compared with the works of man.

After the usual annoying formalities about passports, we entered the Genevese territory, and at length I found myself on the soil of Switzerland.

Geneva.

The impression made on me by Geneva on my entrance, was that of a toy-town. The small space it occupies, the varied colour of the materials, the irregular position of the streets, the reflected light from the glazed tiles seen through a perfectly clear atmosphere, with dark mountains for a back-ground, all enhanced the effect. The population amounts to 30,000.[1] But from their mode of living in tall houses of six and even seven stories, each family occupying but one floor, or part of a floor: the area on which it is built is not, I think, greater than that of an English town containing a third part of the number of inhabitants. The quais, which are quite new, and the houses on them, are very fine, and bear the test of a close examination, which is not the case with the other streets. But the beautiful lake pours its waters through the town in a blue limpid stream, which retains the name of Rhone, though it is hard to conceive that it has any connexion with the muddy torrent which flows into the upper end of the lake. Before it reaches Lyons, the Rhone, passing over beds of chalk or receiving other troubled waters which augment its volume, becomes again discoloured, but for many miles the blue chrystal of the lake is unsullied. Even the muddy Arve, which is the offspring of the glaciers in the valley of Chamouny, cannot stain its

pure waters. Nothing can be imagined more perfectly transparent than the Rhone as it leaves the lake. Looking down on it from the Pont des Bergues, you might count the pebbles in its bed, or the fish that sport in its stream. By the way, this bridge of the Bergues is a wooden bridge of such slight materials, that carriages are forbidden to cross but at a very slow pace, and the arches tremble under the steps of a foot-passenger. A small island in the river, a few yards to the east of it, has been planted as a summer walk for the Genevese, and the centre adorned with a statue of Rousseau in bronze. It is connected with the bridge. And here I must not omit to notice the difference of feeling in the Genevese and French. This new bridge built at the expense of the town, is passed without payment. At Lyons I was in the habit of crossing six bridges, and at every one paid a liard, or half-farthing, for the privilege.

In the evening I drove round the environs of the town. From an elevation to the south, I had a magnificent view of Mont Blanc. Though fifty miles distant, the gigantic mass was distinctly visible, the outline was as clearly pencilled against the sky as if it had been in the immediate neighbourhood. The afternoon was cloudy, and during the early part of the drive the great mountain was absolutely invisible, but at last the vapours dispersed, and the view was superb. The snow-capped summit and the inferior peaks, or rather bosses, for they are not pointed, appeared towering above other vast mountains, whose ridges were clad with perpetual snow, though so much inferior in

elevation. As the sun descended toward the horizon, the tints of the mountains varied from a light pink to a lighter yellow, and as the evening closed in, the lofty peak was again enveloped in clouds and lost to view—in short, he put on his nightcap and went to bed. The lake was gray: indeed, I was told the evening was as unfavourable as possible for the water, which is usually of a deep blue, but varying with the colour of the sky, the worst shade of all being that under which it then appeared.

The morning after my arrival Madame Necker called upon me, and with her, no other person than the romantic LORD N——, the enthusiastic, but hopeless lover of LADY EMILY S——. No man ever inspired me with feelings of more hallowed commiseration than Lord N—— ; pale, tall, finely formed, with large exquisitely tender dark eyes—*companioned to tears;* black hair: in short, a face and figure to make one sigh, and call to mind the following lines as applicable to him.—

"I WAS the child
Of early sorrows; for the hand that reared
My infancy, the bosom where I wept
Imaginary griefs, too soon withdrew
Their wholesome strength and shelter. Other cares
That sympathy controlled which I had dreamed
My own, my bright inheritance; and I,
Denied the tenderness I once embraced,
Became, ere yet the germ of mind disclosed
The bud of after-thought, A LONE RECLUSE,
A SOLITARY IN AN UNKNOWN WORLD
OF MORAL SUBTLETIES. How oft betrayed,
How far I wandered in that trackless maze
Which all—the idiot and the wise—pursue,
I need not now discourse, since time has closed
Almost upon the memory of those days.

But soon a summons to the couch of care—
It proved the couch of death—recalled the dream
Of other days: and fountains that had long
Denied their streams, in envious torrents burst
Upon A BROKEN HEART; for there that hand,
That bosom lay, where I had oft reclined.
Trembling I glanced upon the pallid cheek,
The eye whose lustre grief, not time, had quenched,
And wondered if within a soul estranged
There yet survived a token of its love
For one, though long deserted, still a part
Of its own being!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAMOUNY. THE STORY OF "THE BEAUTY OF NUREMBERG." NEWS OF THE PRINCESS.

The following day LORD N—— accompanied me on a trip to Chamouny. The road lay along the course of the Arve, the latter part in a valley between two ridges of high mountains. The verdure is luxuriant, and the land appears productive; but, as in all countries where the Catholic religion prevails, or at least where the people are under the influence of the priests, nothing can exceed the squalid poverty of the inhabitants. The ugliness of the Savoyards is extreme, and their rapacity on the same scale.

From Sallanches to Chamouny (leaving our carriage) we ascended in a char-a-banc, a contrivance resembling half of an Irish inside jaunting-car, or a chaise body hung on four wheels, very low down, and without

springs. Here they were drawn by two horses, on account of the steepness of the road, one half of which we were obliged to walk. Notwithstanding the roughness of the ascent we found them very easy conveyances.

I have not attempted to describe the road between Geneva and Sallanches, for the impression made by it was completely eradicated by what followed. Words cannot describe, the pencil can convey no idea of the beauty and magnificence of the mountain scenery between Sallanches and Chamouny. Huge scarped rocks, with pine trees growing to their very summit, with here and there a cottage, built on what appeared an inaccessible height; streams of melted snow, pouring down from the mountain sides and swelling the Arve—itself only a larger torrent of the same kind. Such are the ingredients of the picture which is seen from a path rudely cut in the side of steep precipices, where a false step of the horses would hurry you out of the world without a moment's notice, and which is so confined that there are few places where even these narrow vehicles can pass each other. However, they gallopped on heedlessly round corners, down steeps, over torrents, or rather through them, all at the same speed, and, as accidents are unheard of, the danger must be imaginary. In ascending we had a glorious view of Mont Blanc. At first sight the Dome du Goute appears higher than the true peak, either from its greater breadth or from its position in regard to the spectator. But after a time I fancied that the eye became aware of the superior height of the real summit. No representation can give any idea of the unmatched sublimity of this

stupendous mass, for its grandeur proceeds rather from its absolute size than from a comparison with any objects of known magnitude in its immediate vicinity, which would in the present case be invisible to the human eye. From the distance the snow with which it is covered appeared quite smooth, like the sugar on an iced cake.

The cicalas in the pine trees almost deafened us with their chirping, and suggested the usual quotations from Virgil and Byron; as the earthen threshing floors in the neighbourhood of Lyons reminded us of the directions given by the former for their formation.

The night drew on, and the shades of evening almost hid the mountain from our view before we arrived at Chamouny, where we alighted at the Hotel de Londres, about nine o'clock.

On the following morning after a tedious ascent, having rested at the cabin on the brow, we moved downwards to the Mer de Glace, and were greeted with a sight which far surpassed our expectations, high as they were in the first instance—billows of ice, as though the sea had frozen in the midst of a storm, preserving the form of the waves and even the green tint of the water, narrow chinks of unfathomable depth and emerald hue, inaccessible mountains with peaked summits, and streams of water sparkling in the sun as they fall from the rocks around. At the foot of Mer de Glace is the source of the Aveyron, which bursts from a narrow cavern with the usual noise and turbulence of these streams. Our guide assured us that the cavern was much smaller than ordinary, and cer-

tainly it by no means equalled the descriptions I have read and heard of it.

Our guide had six times ascended to the summit of Mont Blanc. He was a stout, hardy-looking man, of about forty years old, and five feet eight inches high, with a dried mummy-like complexion, and the usual swelled throat of the natives of this district. One would expect, a priori, that these mountaineers would step rapidly and lightly. Nothing can be further from the truth. Their tread is heavy but firm, and in beginning to ascend they caution you against proceeding too fast, the excellence of which advice I soon found by experience. If you waste your strength at first by mounting too rapidly, the rarefaction of the air, at any considerable elevation, so much increases the difficulty of breathing, as to cause great distress, which comes upon you at the very moment when your strength begins to be exhausted.

In the afternoon we walked to the Glaciers of Bosson, which is the same thing as the Mer de Glace on a much smaller scale. A lad who offered to show us the way, and whose offer we accepted, spoke of the destruction of the three unfortunate guides by the avalanche, in an expedition in the year 1820, as a judgment of God, for it happened on a Sunday, and they had not been to mass: at least so said the priest, and our informant had enquired no further.

We started at six to cross the Col de Balme on foot, and without a guide. After stretching along the valley for about six miles, began to ascend, and a toilsome ascent it was. It occupied more than two hours and then we

found ourselves breathless and weary, on an elevation of a mile and a half above the level of the sea, in a clear fresh air, under a scorching sun. Notwithstanding at a few paces distance was a bed of snow frozen so hard that my feet made no impression as I walked over it. While standing on the snow, a gaudy butterfly flew past me. I marvelled to see the little fellow fluttering about in such a situation. From the Col de Balme is the best view of Mont Blanc, for the sake of which I missed the fine scenery of the Tête Noire, another pass to Martigny. Unfortunately some light clouds hung around the giant, and the outline could scarcely be traced amid the vapour, so that my labour was fruitless. After staying two hours in vain hopes that the weather would clear up, I began my descent through a pine-forest. The incessant whizzing and buzzing of the cicalas almost made me giddy. They were not here so noisy as in the ascent to Chamouny, but they showed themselves on the path in great numbers. The insect is formed somewhat as our grasshopper, but very much larger. The body and head yellow, the back and wings of the same colour, mottled with black or a very dark brown, and the under side of the long hinder legs of an exquisitely bright scarlet.

Having crossed the pine forest, half an hour's walk up-hill brought us to the Col de Trent, whence to Martigny is a toilsome descent of three hours on an uneven surface. On either side are lofty mountains, with a girdle of pine trees, and broken rocky summits, with occasionally a patch of snow, and still more rarely

a glacier with the muddy torrent rushing from beneath it. Before you is the beautiful Vallais, like Chamouny, enclosed by inaccessible mountains, with the Rhone meandering through its level surface, and the village and bourg of Martigny at a short distance from the foot of the mountain.

In this scene so magnificent and so truly romantic, LORD N——seated himself by me in a little natural alcove formed by the rock, and the wild grapes clustering over head, and told me (what I had bargained for;) a *pleasant* story. With HIS OWN, I shall present the reader on my arrival in *Italy*,—not before, for reasons then to be explained.

THE BEAUTY OF NUREMBERG.

IT was on Easter Sunday of the year—that a few boon companions sat over their wine in a room of the Bunch of Grapes, at Nuremberg, the windows of which commanded the great door of St. Sebaldus's Church. At one of the tables was a young, comely, and wealthy Augsburger, named Bernhard, a skilful artificer in gold and silver, an art far more highly prized in those days than in ours. He had visited Nuremberg to dispose of some costly specimens of his skill, and to purchase jewels, gold, and ivory, with which the Venetian trade abundantly supplied the Nuremberg market; and he was now in the tavern to drink success

to a bargain recently concluded with the jewel-merchant, Herbert. The church clock struck eleven, the doors opened and the congregation poured forth.

"By my patron saint!" exclaimed Bernhard, "I know few things pleasanter than to watch the women and girls tricked out in their best, as they come from church, especially when the sun shines fair in the blue sky, and the trees are arrayed in their soft spring green, as at this moment."

"Yes, yes," chuckled old Herbert; and though Augsburg be a fine city, I'll back Nuremberg for showing the prettier girls."

"What!" retorted Bernhard, "think ye our Augsburg lasses are wooden ones? There's"——

"Name none," Herbert thus interrupted him, "or you'll repent it ere you are five minutes older. There's a girl lives hard by, that will make you swear all the Augsburg wenches, are downright gipsies. Of that I'll bet you a cask of stein-wine!"

"You mean the beautiful Elizabeth, Master Herbert," interposed the landlord, "my neighbour the armourer's daughter. Troth that is a girl! and see she comes out of church e'en now—she with the nut-brown hair, in the black boddice, with the gold chain and cross on her neck. D'ye mind her, Master Bernhard?"

"She with the prayer-book in her hand?" he asked.

"She!" exclaimed Herbert.—"Well?"

"She's not amiss," rejoined the Augsburger, going to

the window. She really is pretty, Why what a pair of eyes! And a shape! one only sees her now as she comes nearer. On my faith, she is beautiful! And how modestly and frankly at once she carries herself! And, now I can observe her, how she can smile with those coral lips of hers! Did ye note it as she bowed to that old gentleman as he passed?" And the Augsburger leant from the window, to look after the maiden.

"He's caught!" whispered Herbert, with a knowing look, to the landlord.

"I think he be," was the reply, "I'm regularly proud of her neighbourhood."

"Is the house she went into, her home?" asked Bernhard, turning round.

"Certainly," said the landlord, "she is the daughter of Master Reinhold, the armourer."

While he spoke, Bernhard had on his cap and was preparing to follow her. Herbert remonstrated earnestly, but vainly, upon the indecency of such a proceeding, and the probability of its being resented, sledge-hammer in hand, by the sturdy armourer, till the landlord came to his aid, suggesting that he and Bernhard should dine there, and watch from the stone bench before his door, which of the Nuremberg promenades the smith and his daughter selected for their evening walk, when they could follow, and a proper introduction be managed by Herbert.

"Be it so," said Bernhard; "and you are my guest, Master Herbert."

So said, so done. But at dinner Bernhard was a

less animated companion than usual, and long before the worthy dealer in jewels was inclined to leave his flagon of stein-wine, Bernhard insisted upon removing to the outside bench. Here they sat, and many a respectable citizen passed them with his family, all nodding kindly to Herbert, whilst the daughters stole a sly glance at the handsome stranger, whose green satin doublet was slashed with white silk, and richly embroidered with gold. But Bernhard's eyes, generally prompt enough to answer the glances of pretty girls, were now immovably fixed upon the smith's door. At length it opened, and a portly man, with black hair and beard, appeared, accompanied by a delicate girl. These were Master Reinhold and his daughter Elizabeth. The father, an alderman, was dressed after the fashion of Nuremberg citizens, in black, with a cloak of the same hue. A lace ruff adorned his neck, and spurs his boots. This last was contrary to all citizen *etiquette;* but Reinhold had been a dragoon, and would not sacrifice his spurs, much as the noses of his brother aldermen were turned up at the indecorum. It was even said that he had once made those same spurs answer so piercingly upon the legs of a remonstrating colleague, that no one had since ventured to impugn the discrepancy of his attire. His daughter hung upon her half-military father's arm. She had laid aside her black church-going dress, and was clad in gay colours. A pair of delicate Cordovan shoes, embroidered with pearls, according to the fashion of the times, set off her neat foot. A boddice of violet silk, trimmed with gold

lace, fitted tight to her slender waist, and contrasted well with the dazzlingly white linen garment, spun by her own hand. A ruff of fine lace encircled her white neck; her hair was parted on the forehead under a broad gold band; and at the back of her head her luxuriant tresses were twisted together, and fastened up by a skilfully wrought arrow-shaped golden bodkin; for the smith's purse was well filled, his Elizabeth was the pride of his heart, and many a merchant's daughter might have gladly exchanged wardrobes with the smith's child. Thus attired, she tripped modestly beside her father, returning the salutations of her fellow-townsmen with downcast eyes.

"They take the direction of the *Vogelwiesè*," whispered Herbert.

"Let us follow them," returned Bernhard, improving the set of his barret-cap, with its new plume.

"Only beware of getting into a dispute with the father," warned the cautious jewel-merchant. He is the d——l of a fellow, and as proud of his smithcraft as if it were the first of arts.

"Never fear me," said Bernhard, putting his ruff to rights. He took Herbert's arm, and they set forth.

Scarcely could the jewel-merchant restrain the impatience of his younger friend, as they followed to the *Vogelwiesè*, or Bird's Meadow. At length this scene of Nuremberg disport was reached, and the Augsburger exclaimed,—

"Now then!"

"Now," rejoined Herbert, "we will saunter about

a while, and so meet the old man as if casually. I will introduce you as a stranger, draw him into conversation, and leave you to try your luck with the daughter."

Our saunterers found the pair seated on a bench in front of one of the booths for the sale of wine and other refreshments, with which the meadow abounded, the Nurembergers never having been friends to the fasting system. There sat Master Reinhold, enjoying the admiration his daughter excited, and chuckling with pride and pleasure when the passers-by turned back to gaze upon her.

"How goes it, Master Reinhold?" said Herbert, approaching. "Could you make a little room for us?"

"Why not?" returned the smith. "Its only sitting closer."

"You shall have my place," said an elderly man, who was sitting next to Reinhold. And he rose and walked away.

Herbert took the vacant seat; whilst Elizabeth, moving closer to her father, made a small opening on her further side. Bernhard pounced upon it; and the neighbour from whom he thus severed her rose, evidently offended, and went off.

"Master Reinhold," said the jewel-merchant, as they seated themselves, "I must make you acquainted with a brother-craftsman, only that he works in gold, and you in iron. This is Master Bernhard of Augsburg."

"I have heard of you, and I am glad to make your acquaintance, Master Bernhard," said the smith; "though, generally speaking, I concern myself but

little about paltry gold-workers. I think it more manly to deal with steel and iron. All respect, however, to your craft."

Bernhard could ill brook a sneer at his art; but upon this occasion he forbearingly observed,—

"Very true. You work for war and for men; we for peace and beautiful women." As he spoke, he glanced at Elizabeth, who looked down, and slightly coloured.

"But tell me, Master Reinhold," said Herbert, well knowing the armourer's weak side, "are we to have a Turkish war? You, who are of the council, and know so many people, tell me a little: is the Emperor arming, and coming hither, as 'tis said?"

"As to that," rejoined the armourer, significantly—(But what care we for political gossip three centuries and a half old? Listen we rather to the Goldsmith's wooing.)

"I fear you are displeased, Mistress Elizabeth," said Bernhard, "that I have parted you from your neighbour. But chance has so favoured me."

Elizabeth. I did not even know the man who sat next me, and, at any rate, could not be displeased by a friend of Master Herbert's joining us. But men like to talk with men; let us change places, that you may sit by my father.

Bernhard. My patron saint forbid! I care little for emperor or empire, beautiful Elizabeth. As my work is destined for the fair sex, so does my temper incline rather to their conversation than to men's.

Elizabeth. You will find little pleasure in mine; I

know nothing to talk of. I seldom leave home, and there one does not learn much. You will have travelled?

Bernhard. To north and south; and, after all, like best what lies between them.

Elizabeth. You must have much to tell of all the beautiful things you have seen?

Bernhard. Much; but I have found the most beautiful here at Nuremberg.

Elizabeth. The tomb of St. Sebaldus?

Bernhard. No; but something near it.

Elizabeth. Master Albrecht's* nine apostles?

Bernhard. Nor yet those.

Elizabeth. Now I have it. The image of the Virgin Mary?

Bernhard. No; but the Virgin Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. Elizabeth? St. Elizabeth?

Bernhard. Not the saint; but the pious Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. The pious?

Bernhard. Who was at St. Sebaldus's church this morning.

Elizabeth. Away with you for a joker!

Bernhard. Certainly, I have seen nothing so beautiful.

As he spoke, he attempted to take his neighbour's hand; but she dropped a nosegay with which she was playing, and stooped for it. Bernhard was beforehand with her, and said,—

* Meaning Albert Durer, the Painter, the pride of Nuremberg.

and he had too much experience of the sex, both at home and abroad, not to be aware that a great step is made when a maiden shrinks not!

The church clock now struck seven; and every respectable citizen felt his reputation at stake, should he and his family be seen abroad a moment later. Suddenly the throng dispersed, disappeared, and our party stood at the armourer's door. There they separated, the smith holding it proper to sup with his daughter and workmen, before he should adjourn to his cheerful engagement at the Bunch of Grapes. As Elizabeth followed her father into the house she turned to look once more upon the stranger who had so well known how to please her fancy. Bernhard was not the man by whom the action could be unnoticed or unused. With an expressive glance he lifted the violet to his lips, and deep blushes dyed the maiden's cheeks as she turned abruptly away, hurried in, and closed the door.

"Mine! She is mine!" ejaculated Bernhard, exultingly.

"If the father will give her to you," observed Herbert, drily.

"The d—l must be in him if he will not!" cried the Augsburger, resentfully. "Why should he refuse?"

"That I know not; but he will find a why, if he be so disposed."

"Let me but have him over a flagon of good wine, and we shall see."

At a well-polished table, half-encircled by an oaken bench, in the public-room, sat our three boon companions, beside an open window, that they might enjoy

the soft evening air, together with their wine. Bernhard especially found the heat oppressive, and he quaffed repeated draughts to cool himself, urging his guests to follow his example. The conversation grew loud. Bernhard spoke of Augsburg, and of the Fudgers, of their wealth, their manufactories, their buildings, their warehouses, and the like. Herbert struck the table in corroboration of his young friend's descriptions, and Reinhold ejaculated divers expressions of amazement and admiration, while all three diligently filled and drained their glasses. When Bernhard, in conclusion, told that the Emperor Maximilian was coming to Augsburg, and would take up his quarters with these Fudgers, the smith exclaimed, "By St. Sebastian, that is being a merchant to some purpose! So driven, I must allow trade to be a respectable calling."

"Trade for ever!" cried Herbert; the glasses clinked together, and the hurrahs rang through the room "Now is my opportunity," thought Bernhard within himself, and thus he prepared to use it—"Ay, Daddy Reinhold, did a suitor of that stamp present himself, what are the odds that you would not refuse him your beautiful daughter's hand?

"Hump!" grumbled the armourer, rubbing his bristly chin; "I should like an able smith better though!"

A reply so utterly unexpected deprived Bernhard, who was already heated and excited by passion and wine, of his small remaining stock of self-possession, and he exclaimed, "You must be out of your senses! Prefer a smith to such a man!"

"Meddle not with my craft," retorted the old man, angrily. "Know you not that in olden times the smith ranked next to the King in public estimation. Have you never read of the smith Asenundur? There was a man"——

"Old wives' tales!" cried Bernhard, laughing, whilst Herbert gave him a monitory punch in the ribs that nearly took away his breath.

"Old wives tales!" repeated the smith. "But even if they were, still a smith's were the first of callings. What is an emperor's best treasure? His sword, and with that I supply him."

"Not a bit," retorted the heated Bernhard. "His crown, and that is my work."

"Yours?" jeeringly drawled the armourer. "Yours?" You cannot surely dream of comparing your filigree nick-knackeries for woman's necks and ears with our masculine work? What do we produce? Swords, helmets"——

"And horse-shoes!" exclaimed the Augsburger, interrupting him.

"Yes, for the first of animals, for the knight's charger."

"Or the pedlar's mule," laughed Bernhard.

At these words the armourer's rage threatened to break all the bounds of burgher decorum. But Herbert, who had half-crushed Bernhard's foot with his forcible pedal hints, hastened to interpose with, "Gently, gently, good friends, what may all this hurly-burly be about? Why, you will actually turn our landlord's head with conceit of the excellence of his wine! And, after all, what

are you quarreling about? What ranks or degrees are there over the wine-cup? You are Master Reinhold, he's Master Bernhard, I'm Master Herbert, and there's an end. Whether we work in gold, copper, tin, iron, wood, or leather, who would ask, whilst the landlord has wine in his cellar? So up with your glasses, and here's to all pretty girls! They hold the first rank in society."

"Right, right!" cried Bernhard, who had now recollected himself; "and more especially to your daughter, Master Reinhold, who ranks the first of that first class!"

The smith's countenance was still wrathful, but his frown relaxed as the wine touched his lips; and by the time he had, in obedience to Bernhard's cry of "No heel-taps!" drained his glass, his aspect had resumed its former expression.

Bernhard, who had watched the gradual return of jollity to the armourer's features, now flattered himself with having caught the auspicious moment for setting forward upon his wooing course. But upon this second attempt he proceeded more warily, and began by what he conceived might prove a propitiatory introduction. He spoke of Augsburg, then of his own situation there, and of the consideration he enjoyed, clearly intimating that the first mercantile families were desirous of bestowing their prettiest daughters upon him.

"And why don't you marry, then, you scapegrace bachelor you?" said the smith. "'Twere good for you, take my word for't. I was just such another harum-

scarum madcap myself, and, trust me, I never repented of turning steady and marrying. My sainted wife Elizabeth proved an angel of a woman. So marry, young friend, and rather to day than to-morrow."

Bernhard listened with a throbbing heart. To him, elevated as he was with wine, agitated with passion, it seemed as though Reinhold were actually meeting him half way; and heedless of Herbert's repeated stamps upon his foot under the Table, he burst forth with the words:—"You are in the right, you are in the right, Daddy Reinhold! and if you will give *me* the daughter of that sainted wife you so highly extol, I will marry this very minute!" As he spoke he attempted to clasp his future father-in-law in his arms.

But the smith repulsed his advances. His brows were again knit in wrath, and, rising from his seat, he angrily said—"Daughter! what daughter? my daughter! Gently, friend; to no one in existence would I give her thus off-hand, and yours, with your pardon, she can never be. My daughter must not marry beneath her station: she must wed an armourer, or go into a convent. As for you, to bed with you, and sleep yourself sober!—Good night!" With these words he set his glass on the table, his cap on his head, and turned towards the door.

Bernhard stood as though blasted with lightning; but Herbert rose and accompanied the smith to the door, whispering, loud enough to be overheard by Bernhard—"That's well done, alderman; the young Augsburg chap is somewhat of the vainest, and must be taken down a peg or two.—Good night, and greet

Mistress Elizabeth from me; tell her this that she may have a good laugh at her Augsburg admirer."

The Armourer withdrew, and Herbert returned towards the table; but Bernhard, who had now regained the use of his faculties, fell foul of him, with—"Thou double-tongued villain! dost think I did not hear what thou hast been saying to that infernal idiot of a smith? But thou shalt repent thy treachery!" As he spoke he would have grappled with him, but again stood confounded when the jewel-merchant, setting his arms akimbo, broke into a horse-laugh.

The discomfited Goldsmith had not yet found words to express his astonishment and perplexity, when his elder friend, recovering from his cachinnatory paroxysm, drew a long breath, and said—"You are but a novice in worldly wisdom, Master Bernhard, despite your travels. Can you suppose that I think the Smith in the right? or that, if I did, I would abuse you in your own hearing? Had I said less than I did his doors would have been closed against me. Now I hope to be of use to you, and perhaps to teach this conceited Smith a little modesty.—Sit you down, and let us see with what scheme the remains of this bottle will inspire us."

But leave we them to their plotting, of which the result will appear in due time, and let us enquire what impression the handsome Augsburgh Goldsmith has made upon the lovely Elizabeth, or to speak with the respect due to an acknowledged beauty whether he has made any.

If we are to judge by her deportment, the heart and

mind of the maiden are not in their usual state of serene tranquility. Not to speak of minor irregularities in the arrangement of her father's supper-table, the stout Armourers' wine-can proved to be empty the first time he applied to it for a draught. These deficiencies however, were all susceptible of remedy; the supper had ended happily, and the Smith repaired to his engagement at the Bunch of Grapes, when Elizabeth escaped to her own little bedroom, where she seated herself at her spinning-wheel* beside the open window, with the often-mentioned nosegay in water before her.

Upon that nosegay dwelt the maiden's eyes, whilst her wheel turned lingeringly, and her skilful fingers forgot their cunning. "Why should I not examine it before morning?" said she to herself; I do not believe in his spell. Such travelled gentlemen deem us poor home-bred girls credulous simpletons, and think to make fools of us. I wonder, though, whether this be the case with the Augsburgh stranger! His eyes looked honest, and his smile was not scornful, but good-natured.—But, mercy upon me! how unequally am I spinning, and how little I have done, late as it is growing, I, who should finish all this flax before dark! And I declare the sun is setting! I see the church-steeple glowing red through the leaves of my dear old linden trees. I will spin off all this flax before I stop, and then I will examine my nosegay."

* The reader must recollect that in Catholic, and even in Lutheran countries, Sunday is not kept as in Great Britain; after divine service every one being free to amuse himself, or work, at his own discretion.

She warbled an old spinster's ditty to cheer on her task—her foot kept time to her song—fast twirled the wheel, and she span diligently, averting her eyes from the bewitched flowers, lest they should tempt her into breaking her self-pledged word. Her heart beat faster and faster as the quantity of flax visibly lessened, and as the clock struck eight her task was completed.

With trembling eagerness Elizabeth now snatched up her nosegay, and, half laughing at herself, yet half shrinking, gently separated the flowers with her fingers. Something glittered amidst the dark green of the leaves. "Can it be possible? What! actually a conjurer!" she murmured to herself; and she cut the ribbon that tied the nosegay to get at the marvellous flower. She found it not, and was yet more surprised; but as she separated the stalks of the flowers, she heard something ring upon the floor. She stooped to seek for whatever had dropped; but her little room, overshadowed by the lindens, was now quite dark, and running down stairs, she lighted a lamp in order to assist her search. To her amazement she now discovered close beside her spinning-wheel, a magnificent ring, in which sparkled a large and beautiful ruby.

To say that the jewel awoke no emotion of pleasure in the maiden's bosom, would be to say what no reader would believe; but the gratification that the sight of so splendid and so significant an offering afforded her was fully counterbalanced by the alarms and anxieties blending with her pleasure. Such a present could not

be concealed from her father; and an indistinct consciousness told her that he would not sympathize with her feelings. She gazed upon the ring till tears of mingled joy, fear, and sorrow, swelled into her eyes, and gently overflowed.

At this moment she heard a key rattle in the lock of the house door; her father had already returned from his evening engagement! Almost unconscious of her own motives, but with an instinctive dread of the impending explanation and desire to defer it, she extinguished her lamp and slipped into bed, before the Smith had well entered the house.

But going to bed did not, upon this particular night simply sleeping—and although Elizabeth laid her restlessness wholly to the charge of the sudden warmth of the vernal season, the more experienced reader will probably impute some share of it, if not to new-born emotions, yet to the difficulty of making the discovery of the ring known to her father. To repeat her idle chit-chat with the stranger was impossible: and without so doing, how explain the circumstance? She lay and meditated long and uneasily, nor closed her eyes till she had decided upon her course.

When Elizabeth arose in the morning, the clang of hammers resounding from the forge, and the black smoke curling round St. Sebaldus's steeple, reminded her that it was time to carry their breakfast to her father and his men. Further delay was impossible, and with a beating heart she arranged the goblets of wine and bread upon a tray, fastened her faded nosegay to her boddice, and proceeded to the forge.

As she crossed the court that severed the house from the smithy, the workmen, as usual, suspended their toils to gaze upon the beautiful girl. Her appearance was more welcome than even the wine which she brought, for all admired their master's daughter, and in the evening the constant subject of dispute was, upon which head she bestowed the kindest glance? The dispute was ever renewed, because Elizabeth looked kindly upon all; distinguishing none, or, if any, it was the head man old Ehrenfried, her father's journeyman ever since she could remember, and for whom she felt a sort of filial regard.

As Reinhold helped himself, his eye ran over his daughter's lovely form with parental pride; but when it fell upon her faded nosegay he asked, laughing, "Heyday, Elizabeth, are there no fresh flowers to be had this morning, that you sport those withered things?"

To provoke this question had been the object of the maiden, who habitually adorned her boddice with fresh gathered flowers. She looked down at her nosegay, and rejoined, "Fresh flowers? I should have gathered some indeed, for these are quite withered—quite." While speaking, she passed her fingers over and through them, as if in examination of their state, and suddenly exclaimed, "My goodness, what, what is this? Here is a ring!" And she produced the jewel as though but now detected.

"A ring?" grumbled the Smith; "how comes a ring in the nosegay?"

"Now I recollect the ring," said Elizabeth, with

girlish artifice, "I saw it on the finger of the Augsburgh stranger, and he must have dropped it inadvertently amongst the flowers when he picked them up for me. How lucky that it was not lost!"

The Smith listened attentively, and if he suspected more than he heard, his looks did not betray him. When his daughter ceased speaking he said, "Dropped it inadvertently? 'Twere a strange accident! Let's see the bauble." In evident confusion Elizabeth tendered it. The workshop was silent, every eye was fixed upon the father and daughter. When the Smith had the ring in his hand, he laid it on the anvil, and clutching a heavy hammer, with one blow shivered it to atoms. All gazed in astonishment and Elizabeth exclaimed, "For God's sake father! What are you doing?"

But the Smith, who seemed maddened by the blow he had struck, cried in accents of fury, "Shameless slut! Dost think to cheat me? But I'll drive such trickery out of thee, were't with this hammer!" and he brandished the formidable implement so threateningly, that the terrified Elizabeth, in tears, and half fainting, sank at his feet. Shocked at his gesture, Ehrenfried, sprang forward, and with the exclamation —"Are you crazy, master?" wrested the hammer from his hands. This action yet more thoroughly infrenzied the Armourer. He seemed actually distraught as, breaking from Ehrenfried, he snatched up a sword, cried, "Villain! wilt lay hand on thy master?" and flew at him. The head man's danger was imminent, had not the other two journeymen flown to their

comrade's relief, seized their master's arms from behind, and forced the weapon from his grasp. Furiously he struggled in their hold, and repulsed his weeping daughter's endeavours to embrace him: but his men held him fast, and positively refused to release him till he should pledge himself to harm no one. He at length gave the promise required, and was immediately left at liberty.

If the Smith's fury was subdued, not so his anger. He sternly ordered his daughter to her chamber, and, as she silently obeyed, the smithy was so still that her suppressed sobs were heard even after she had crossed the court. The sound ceased, and Reinhold turned to his men,—"Journeymen who lay hand on their master will not do for me. You all leave my smithy and house this instant; and I would advise you not to show yourselves here again." No one answered. All three sought their rooms, tied up their little bundles, and with heavy hearts returned into the court. As they passed the forge the fire was out, and the master sat by the cold hearth, looking gloomily on vacancy. Involuntarily his discarded men called out, "Farewell Master Reinhold,"—and without turning his head he answered, "A good journey to ye."

They were now under Elizabeth's window, and all sadly felt that they were leaving the beautiful maiden for ever. At length Ehrenfried took heart, and looking up, said aloud, "God be with you, Mistress Elizabeth! Fare you well, heartily!" His mates repeated his words; and Elizabeth coming to the window with

tear-swollen eyes, looked out and asked, "What is the matter, good Ehrenfried?" Whither go ye?"

"We are dismissed," returned the head man; "and must pursue our wandering. Fare you well, heartily!"

"Fare you well:" echoed his companions, and they departed; while Elizabeth's freshly gushing tears so choked her voice, that she could only wave her handkerchief in answer.

For some hours Elizabeth remained in her own room; but, as noon drew nigh, she went down to the kitchen and ordered and helped as usual, affecting an airof ind ifference, in order to avoid the eager questioning of the old servant, who had nursed her infancy, and dearly loved her. While she was thus employed, the door-bell rang, and Herbert made his appearance. Elizabeth was startled and uneasy, though she hardly knew why, as the old merchant proceeded to the smithy, and there held a long conference with her father. At length the two men came towards the house together; and as they passed the kitchen-door, Herbert, laughing, disagreeably, called out, "Good morrow, pretty Mistress Elizabeth; our Augsburger bade me make you his adieus. He was off this morning."

With difficulty the maiden commanded her vexation sufficiently to answer, "Many thanks for your message," and busied herself in the kitchen.

At dinner, father and daughter sat uncomfortably opposite to each other, the one gloomy the other

sad; and neither speaking of that which engrossed the thoughts of both.

Thus passed the day; and thus passed days and weeks. Elizabeth tried to forget the handsome Augsburgher, who was evidently as fickle as any one of his fickle sex; but she tried in vain; and as she daily attended mass, she could not forbear turning her eyes towards the tavern-window whence Bernhard had first seen her. One morning she did this, it should seem, so openly as to attract observation; for a voice close beside her said, "Here he is not, but he sends you greetings." She started, turned, and beheld Herbert, who resumed, "If you can read, and can likewise be silent, I will send you a letter."

Elizabeth answered, "I was taught to read in the convent where I was educated; and so there be no harm in the letter, I can be silent."

"There,—heedfully note whatever chances in your house," said Herbert, and bowing, went his way.

That same evening a ring at the house-door announced a little boy with strawberries for sale. Elizabeth bade the maid buy some, and whilst she was bargaining, the boy, pulling out a handkerchief, flirted a letter to the floor. Elizabeth set her foot upon it, and presently dropping something, managed to pick up the letter unobserved. How impatiently did she now await an opportunity of escaping to her own little room! Once there, she examined the letter. It was from Bernhard to Herbert, upon matters of business: but in it he said, "If you see the beautiful Elizabeth, offer her my heartfelt greetings. Her image is ever

before my eyes, her voice ever in my ears. Could I but know that she was not offended with me, I would beg of you to tell her how passionately I love her; and durst I but hope she repaid me with the hundredth part of my love, I would still undertake to gain her hand, despite her father's rejection of my suit."

Over and over again Elizabeth read these lines, and every time her heart beat quicker, whilst, as she perused, his doubts of her affection, the words, "And oh how I love him!" escaped her in a sigh. She would now have given worlds, for five minutes conversation with Herbert. She had a thousand questions to ask him, and especially she wanted to know what was meant by her father's rejection. But the thing was impossible.

At length Whitsunday dawned, and Elizabeth cordially welcomed it. Such another holiday as Easter Sunday she felt confident must afford her an opportunity of meeting Herbert amidst the joyous multitude of Nurembergers, who would go forth in search of amusement. Nor was she mistaken. As she set forth with her father for the afternoon's walk, they met the old jewel-merchant, who invited the Smith to join a few friends at his house, in order to do honor to Whitsunday, by tapping a new cask of wine; and a glance at Elizabeth gave her to understand that she was not unconcerned in the invitation. The Smith accepted—indeed he was never known to refuse an invitation of the kind; and proceeded with his daughter, shunning the *Vogelwiese* to the *Dutzend Teich*, another favorite resort of Nuremberg holiday folks.

Again the Nuremberg youth hovered around Elizabeth, with looks of ardent admiration. Again the Armourer exulted in the charms, the triumphs of his child, and murmured audibly, although in fact to himself, "It must be confessed that our Nurembergers are the smartest chaps going, after all. Pity there is not a good armourer amongst them, else I would"——

"What would you, father?" asked Elizabeth, anxiously.

"What would I?" re-echoed the father; "why to him I would gladly—— But it's getting late. Come along; we must hasten home, or I shall be behind my time with Master Herbert."

When supper was over, and her father had gone to his jollification, Elizabeth sat in trembling expectation of what was to happen, and firmly resolved, should Bernhard appear, not to let him in. Suddenly, rapid steps were heard approaching, and she thought "that is he!" Then came a ring at the bell, but so loud and sharp, that the peal was not over as she turned the key in the lock; and again she thought, "No, that cannot be him!"

She opened, trembling—a tall, light figure, like Bernhard's, stood before her in the twilight; and she thought 'twas he; but a gruff, strange voice asked for Master Reinhold. Scarcely could she find voice to say he was not at home. The stranger seemed annoyed, and stood silent, whilst Elizabeth observed that although something like Bernhard, he was older,

stouter, utterly unlike him in the coarseness of his air and carriage, and seemingly valued himself much upon a bristling black beard.

At length he grumbled, "Not at home? And where can I find him?"

Elizabeth was spared the trouble of answering farther by the approach of Herbert, who told the stranger that the Smith would be there in the morning, but could not be seen of a holiday.

"Well, then, the morning be it," said the stranger.

"Good night, master," evidently taking Herbert for the Smith, and walked off. Her old friend now told Elizabeth that he could find no means of speaking to her, but by making this evening's party for her father; he then described the scene at the Bunch of Grapes, her lover's suit for her hand, and her father's angry refusal, and concluded by informing her that Bernhard would be at Nuremberg again in a few days, and solicited a conversation with her. This Elizabeth firmly refused to grant unknown to her father.

"Well, well," resumed the jewel-merchant, whose time was limited, "at least promise me not to betray him, if he appears unexpectedly before you, my pretty Elizabeth."

Deeply blushing, she cast down her eyes as she said, "Do not thus urge and distress me, dear good Herbert; you, who know how easily love can mislead a young girl. Help to soften my father in our behalf, but tempt not me to do wrong—yet you may tell Master

Bernhard that my heart" . . . . . .
She hesitated, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and when she removed it, Herbert was gone.

Next morning, Elizabeth was waked by voices in the court. She listened, recognised the gruff tones that had so painfully disappointed her over night, and recalled her attention from what could not concern her. We will not follow her example, for the new-comer is an important character in our story, and we must make his acquaintance. The stranger announced himself to Master Reinhold, as a travelling smith, in search of work, who had been directed to him by Ehrenfried. Reinhold, who had been hitherto unable satisfactorily to supply the places of his discharged workmen, and especially regretted Ehrenfried, gladly entertained Walter, so was the stranger called, even after he had frankly said, "You must have a little patience with me at first, master, for I am out of practice. Some three or four years ago, d'ye see, I was in Bohemia, and chancing to quarrel with my master, whilst the war with the Moravians was going on, I thought to myself one should try all trades, and so enlisted as a dragoon. I have been fighting ever since, till just now, and so my hand is out. But if you will try me, I'll ask no wages till I've brought it in again, and you think me worth them. Will that suit you?"

Reinhold was so pleased to have a fellow-soldier for his journeyman, that the bargain was soon struck; Walter laid down his knapsack, and they fell to work. The master soon saw that Walter understood his business, although somewhat deficient in manual skill.

But he patiently directed him, admired the ease with which he wielded the heaviest sledge hammer, improving in dexterity with every blow; and the work went on merrily.

The breakfast hour now struck, and Reinhold, ordering a suspension of labour, stepped to the door of the smithy, and called out, "Elizabeth, breakfast for two."

"Aha!" said Walter, "now then I shall get a sight of your far-famed daughter."

"Famed?" repeated the Smith, chuckling—"Ehrenfried may have talked of her to you: I know not how else she should be famed."

"Ehrenfried?" rejoined Walter! "Ah, he was the last; but there is not a journeyman-smith in Swabia, Bavaria, or Franconia, but talks of Master Reinhold and his beautiful daughter."

"Ay, indeed!" said the proud father.

"To be sure; every travelling journeyman who seeks work here, talks of her wherever he goes. And by my halidom that must be she!"

Elizabeth now appeared with her tray; she kissed her father, but scarcely looked at his workman, whom she had not yet forgiven for the disappointment he had occasioned her, and immediately left the forge. "Now, to work, to work, master!" cried Walter. "Such a sight is more strengthening than the best wine. Now you shall see how I will get forward." Accordingly, before dinner-time Walter appeared to have regained all his lost handiness, and was firmly established in the favour of new master.

At dinner Reinhold was in high spirits, and bade his daughter fetch him a flagon of his best wine, to celebrate the acquisition of so useful a mate. She obeyed; and then seated herself, as far off as the room allowed, with her spinning-wheel—for the impression made upon her by the new journeyman was by no means favourable. The rough, rugged appearance of hair, beard, and of his whole burly person; the wildness of his flashing eyes; the loud harsh tones of his voice, all revolted her, and that the more for the distant resemblance to Bernhard that involuntarily and incessantly struck her. He now talked of his campaigns, detailing many a wild freak, and many a daring adventure, and while the father was overjoyed at this revival of his own youth, the daughter shrank more and more from a man, who, despite his evident good-nature, appeared to her, hardened amidst the license of a camp.

Days and weeks rolled on, and, with every one, the old Armourer became more attached to his new journeyman. He pointedly dwelt upon Walter's merits to Elizabeth, and she trembled in anticipation of what was hanging over her, especially as Walter, in his own rough way, indisputably sought to gain her favour. Nor had the poor girl support or solace amidst her fears, for of Bernhard's promised visit she heard nothing, nor had she even a glimpse of her old friend Herbert. Sadness weighed heavily upon her heart.

One evening the crisis of her fate seemed to be arrived; she was sitting despondently at her spinning-wheel in one corner of the room, and her father striding backwards and forwards, as though labouring with

some communication for which he could not readily find words. At length he began,—"That Walter is an excellent fellow; I never saw a better or more diligent workman—and poor he is not, for he has been lucky in point of booty during his service. He'll be able to keep his wife handsomely." Elizabeth stooped to hide a tear; her father did not or would not notice it, and went on—"If I were to pick me out a son-in-law——"

The blast of a trumpet from the market-place interrupted him; and Walter coming in abruptly, exclaimed —"Have you heard the news, master? Emperor Max will be here to-morrow on his way to Augsburg."

"To Augsburg?" Elizabeth suddenly asked, and stopped, frightened at her own boldness.

"Certainly, mistress," Walter replied; "he's going there to the Fudgers."

"Then must the Nuremberg Aldermen deliberate," observed the Smith, who, how much soever annoyed at the disturbance of his plan of domestic operations, felt the municipal importance of the event. "When comes the Emperor?"

"To-morrow noon or evening. A troop of horse has brought the news."

"Then must I to council," said the Smith, donning his official suit.

"And I'll to the market-place to the horsemen," cried Walter; "perhaps I may find an old comrade."

Elizabeth sat alone, a prey to melancholy thoughts, and as the twilight deepened into evening's shades she retired to her own little chamber as if in its inviolable

sanctuary, and in utter darkness she hoped to find consolation. She extinguished her lamp, and seated herself by her open casement, to look into the soothing gloom of the mass of linden foliage. As the evening breeze shook the quivering leaves, she saw through them a light glimmer in Walter's room,—"Is he already come in?" thought she; "or has he thus prepared for staying out late? Oh that he would go away with these horsemen and never return."

Suddenly she heard a rustling in the boughs of the nearest linden, and her own name breathed in a whisper. Tremblingly she asked, "Does any one call me?" But what words shall describe the emotion with which she now heard Bernhard's well remembered voice, softly say, "Lovely Elizabeth, are you awake? Oh suffer me to speak to you, if it be but for a moment."

Ere she could reply, he sat upon the branch nearest her window; but it was manifestly unequal to his weight, and bent far down. His danger was apparent, and in an agony of terror Elizabeth reached down her hand to save him. He clasped it, and catching at the window-frame with the other as the branch swayed, sprang on to the outer ledge.

"For mercy's sake, what are you doing?" exclaimed the maiden. "Should you be seen there I were lost. Away, away! And never attempt this again!"

"Be not angry, sweetest Elizabeth! Consider what I have been, what I am suffering in my uncertainty. One word from you must make me blessed or miserable. Suffer me then to come in for a moment, for I

at Prague when I was a soldier; and in one week how changed was the town! Such as I, feel a sharp pang when leaving all we love to seek adventures; but those who stay at home suffer most." And he sang a soldier's song, as he nodded to a pretty girl at a window hard by.

His words recalled Bernhard's to Elizabeth's mind; she turned to look enquiringly at the speaker, and the idea, "It is that brother," flashed upon her—she wondered that she had not been more struck with the likeness. Her lips unclosed to a direct enquiry upon the subject; but maiden shame forbade any allusion to Bernhard, and she only asked the seemingly indifferent question, "What was Walter's native place?" He appeared not to hear, and she repeated her question. He then turned, looked gloomily at her, and said; "Do not ask what I would fain forget."

A friendly voice now called out, "How goes it children? What preparations have you made for the Emperor, friend Alderman?" It was Herbert. Elizabeth started, and dared not look at him. But he joined them, chatting good-humouredly, as they pushed through the crowd, woefully pressed and jostled, despite Master Reinhold's repeated exhortations of, "Citizens, let your municipal officers reach their appointed station." When the party reached the gate, Reinhold, who was there to take post with his colleagues, looked round for Walter, whom he had purposely brought to be Elizabeth's squire. Walter had vanished, parted from them, probably by the bustle. The father was annoyed to see his scheme foiled; the jewel-merchant

offered his arm, and Reinhold had no alternative but to commit Elizabeth to his care.

Neither had she an alternative, although she would fain have shunned a *tete-a-tete* with Bernhard's friend at that moment. As he led her forward, he said, "Child, child, what are you about? Do you know that the rich and handsome youth is off for the wars? This very morning he has bought him a horse to ride out, meet the Emperor, and ask for service in the cavalry? You'll repent when it's too late, when you hear that a Mahometan sword has cut him down. You will then wish you had married, trusting to winning your Father's pardon." Elizabeth could not answer, but burst into tears; when suddenly Herbert exclaimed, "There he comes!"

She looked up, and saw, high above the heads of the multitude, a stately horseman advancing. As he approached she recognised Bernhard, clad in a richly embroidered horseman's jacket, ornamented with gold, and a burnished breastplate; a splendid helmet with dark horse-hair on his head, a sabre by his side, a spear in his hand. No knight could look more magnificent. He held the bridle carelessly, and looking steadily before him, noticed neither Elizabeth nor her companion. But the latter called out after him—"Whither away, Master Bernhard?"—Aroused by the words, he looked round, and seeing Elizabeth, passed his hand across his eyes, closed his vizor, gave his steed the spur, and galloped onwards.

The maiden, overpowered by anxiety about him she loved, and interest in her recent supposed discovery,

which she yet deemed too vague and uncertain to mention to Herbert, was near fainting. Seated on the grass a little beyond the crowd, she, however, gradually recovered, and silently listened to her kind friend's soothing promises to dissuade Bernhard from his military plans.

At noon the Emperor appeared. The people thronged shouting around his horse; the maidens strewed flowers in his way, and half covered himself with their fragrant gifts, while cries of "Maximilian for ever;" rent the air. But the eyes of Elizabeth sought only for the Emperor's new cavalier amidst his train; yet was she gratified by the general expression of loyalty towards the monarch to whose service Bernhard had dedicated himself.

Herbert took her home. Her father came in to dine with her; but Walter had requested to have the holiday to himself, and Elizabeth breathed more freely in his absence. Nor did the Smith disturb her by renewing the conversation of the previous day; his mind was, indeed, too much engrossed with the Emperor and municipal honours and duties, to allow of his even observing his child's sadness. As soon as he had dined he hurried back to his colleagues, and Elizabeth withdrew to her own room.

As she entered, she saw a letter upon her table. It was from Walter, and ran thus:—

"Will you be angry, Mistress Elizabeth, if I frankly open my mind to you? I love you heartily, and, as God shall help me, faithfully.—Many words are not in my way; but I think you will hardly seek pretences

to reject a suitor whom your father favours, and who means honestly by you. Be my beloved wife! You might make a man amends for many a sorrow of his youth, that drove him from house and home, from father, mother, and brethren, into the wide world. Reflect for three days, and then decide—not earlier.

WALTER."

These lines enhanced Elizabeth's sufferings, since they confirmed her suspicions, both that Walter was her Bernhard's brother, and that her father was determined upon giving her to his journeyman. While she was vainly seeking a remedy to the impending evils, a rustling in the linden-tree drew her attention, and she saw a nosegay among the boughs within her reach. It contained a bullet to ensure its fall, and a letter from Bernhard. Eagerly she opened it, and read through her streaming tears—

"My most beloved Elizabeth, what is it thou requirest of me? Rejected by thee, what abiding place is there for me, save in remote distance? Without thee life is valueless! Then suffer me to fall among strangers. Here, as there, no tear would be shed for me—beloved by none! Yet I wrong thee! Thou art kind, and wilt give me a tear. And even whilst I write, hope dawns again upon my soul—the hope that thou mayst love me! Three days will I await thy answer; so long if thou art silent, or shouldst thou repeat last night's words—then suffer me to die. 'Twill be best for both.—Thy passionate lover,

BERNHARD."

What a glow of love was here, compared to the coarse, though well-meant letter of Walter! Again and again she read, and kissed, and wept over the precious lines. But what should she answer? During the whole afternoon she meditated, and at length with a trembling hand, wrote—

"My whole heart is thine;—oh, wherefore thus torture me? Stay here, be content with my love, and seek not a distant death. It is true that another—he whom Herbert suspects—asks my hand, and greatly do I fear it is thy lost brother. Never shall he, never shall any other obtain it! But urge me not to forsake my father!—Thy faithfully fond

ELIZABETH."

This letter, according to the direction of a postscript to Bernhard's, she wrapt about the nosegay, and laid outside the house-door. Presently her father returned from the town council; and scarcely had he closed the door and sat down, when a loud knocking was heard. Elizabeth started, fearing, she knew not what; and her father grumblingly exclaimed—"What should any body want at this time of night?"

He opened the door nevertheless, and there stood an imperial officer, holding a magnificent sword in his hand. With a courteous inclination, the stranger said,—

"Doubtless, master, you must be annoyed at having work brought you at such an hour; but you must not refuse it, since it is from our Lord the Emperor. See,

this is his sword of state that he must have at Augsburg. The carriage in which it lay was overturned this morning, and the blade is broken. You must by to-morrow's dawn, supply its place with a blade of equal beauty, or solder this together, so as to do for Augsburg. The Emperor has heard of your skill, and bade me employ you. Do your best; for he is a liberal Prince, and fond of fine weapons."

"For the sake of the Emperor, and my duty, not of the reward, I will do my best," said the Smith. "All shall be ready by morning."

The stranger took his leave; and the Armourer, exulting in a task of which his children and his children's children, might boast, bade Elizabeth furnish him the best wine in the cellar for his night's work, and go to bed. He then set himself to kindling his fire, arranging his finest steel, and the like preparations. Whilst he was thus engaged, Walter came home, and uttered an exclamation of surprise at what he saw; but learning the state of the case, zealously undertook his own share of the labour. First, however, he examined the broken sword, and, shaking his head, observed,—

"Master, this will be a tough job; the blade is damasked, and all inlaid with silver. I doubt you have not examined it."

The Smith now cast his eyes upon the exquisite workmanship of the broken sword, and exclaimed,—

"By St. Sebaldus, that passes my skill! Nor do I see that we can solder the pieces together. The silversmith is as much wanted here as the armourer."

"Yes," said Walter, "that is Oriental workmanship, of which we Germans know little. I learned something of it, indeed at Venice; but I have never had occasion to practise it."

The Smith stood in utter despondence; his hopes that the Emperor should brandish a sword of his making had melted into air. At length Walter resumed—

"Well, well, master, I'll try my hand at it. Forge you a blade of pure steel in case of the worst, and I'll see to inlay one with silver. To be sure, I must have moulds for casting the figures; but those, I think, I can borrow."

The overjoyed Smith fell upon his man's neck, exclaiming,—

"Do that, and ask what thou wilt. Were't half my property, 'tis thine!"

"Why, I have something to ask of you," said Walter, "if you would not be angry."

"Out with it; 'tis thine—if in my power, that is to say—or I am no alderman of Nuremberg!"

"Master," Walter thus resumed, "I like your daughter well, and I hope she does not hate me. I understand my business; am not poor"——

The Armourer broke in upon him with,—

"She's thine! Make me the sword, and I betroth you to-morrow!"

"Done!" cried Walter; "I'll accomplish the blade, if I die for it!"

He embraced his father-in-law, and ran off. In a quarter of an hour he returned with a parcel of moulds, exclaiming,—

"We're in luck! I have moulds with the Emperor's arms and the imperial double eagle. What could suit us so well? Now to work with heart and hand!"

The night was passed in unceasing labour; but when morning dawned, Reinhold had wrought a blade of pure steel—Walter one beautifully inlaid with silver. Half wild with joy, the Smith embraced his assistant, and renewed his promise. But some share in the work he must have; he must, at least, set on the hilt. Alas! soon was his joy changed into grief. As he proceeded to handle the magnificent jewelled hilt, after his rough blacksmith fashion, he broke some of the precious stones out of their setting. What was to be done? The messenger who was to fetch the sword might be momentarily expected; and what Nuremberg jeweller would repair the damage at that unseasonable hour—for him, too, who was on bad terms with them all? The Armourer was in despair; Walter contemplated the disaster, and shook his head. At length he said,—

"I have often, as a boy, watched goldsmiths at their work; but where is the use of that without practice? However, I can but try; and, by good luck, I brought away one of their delicate tools with the moulds."

"My good Walter!" cried his master, "do but try. Succeed in this, and the wedding shall be when thou wilt. Only get us out of this scrape!"

Walter set himself earnestly to his task, while the Smith looked anxiously on. Love seemed to inspire him with skill, for in half an hour he clapped his

alarmed master on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Thank God, father! I have succeeded! All's right!"

"Oh thou jewel of a son-in-law!" cried the Smith, falling on his neck, "shall I call Elizabeth, and tell her at once?"

"Not for the world! No, no! we must take her by surprise. First attend the Emperor; then we'll fetch the parson and the witnesses; place them in your room; and then call her, altogether unprepared, into the assembly where we're to be betrothed. Her surprise will be pretty, won't it, father?"

"Ay, ay, so 'twill. Be't as thou wilt, lad of gold!"

But even had the Smith preferred his former plan, he had no time for it. At this very moment appeared the messenger to fetch the sword, with which he hurried away, admiring the workmanship, but too impatient to listen to Reinhold's attempt at transferring the praise to the right owner. And now the Armourer had scarcely a moment to assume his municipal dignity and join his colleagues.

Again the streets swarmed with people, the windows were crowded with spectators; again flags waved and bells rang; but the joy that had welcomed the Emperor was now blended with a degree of solemnity, as he departed to draw his sword against the enemy of Christendom. At the gate the Burgomaster presented Maximilian with a poem, written by a Nuremberg master-singer of the poetic guild, in honour of this imperial visit. The Emperor graciously thanked him, and then asked, "Where is Master Reinhold?" The Smith took off his cap, bowing respectfully.

"You have wrought me a beautiful sword, Master Reinhold," said Maximilian. "Accept my thanks, and this token of them." As he spoke, he threw a gold chain over the neck of the astonished Armourer, and rode off before he had breath to disclaim merit not his.

Surrounded and congratulated by his colleagues, Reinhold was nearly crazy with pride and delight. He looked for Walter, but Walter was not to be seen He met, however, with Herbert, and my host of the Bunch of Grapes, whom he invited to the betrothing. Both stared; and Herbert endeavoured to put in a word for Bernhard.

"What!" said the Smith, contemptuously, "give my daughter to a poor creature who can but make such things as this? No, no, 'tis he who can earn them from emperors that shall have her."

"Tell him so yourself," said Herbert, "for here he comes." Bernhard now appeared in person, and respectfully accosted the Smith with a request for five minutes' conversation.

"No need on't," was the ungracious reply. "I know what you want, but it won't do. My daughter's engaged; she gets a capital husband, who earns tokens from emperors. You may provide you elsewhere."

"But your daughter loves me."

"That's not true! It can't be true, and it shan't be true! You fancy so because she didn't return your ring. That was my doing. My good hammer smashed the gew-gaw, while she stood by."

"If you refuse me your daughter, I throw myself into the river!"

"As you please; the bath may cool your love-fever, only let me alone!" Bernhard hurried away, with distraction in his mien; the Smith looked after him and shook his head, observing, "That mad chap spoils my comfort."

"Never mind him, master," said Herbert, "he'll not be so mad as that, harebrained as he is! Yet 'tis a good fellow too."

"He drown himself!" retorted my host, "I'll lay you odds he is as merry as the best of us before night; if he be not, may I never have guests in my house more!"

The Alderman's spirits revived with the assurance, and he proceeded with his friends to summon the priest, who readily obeyed the call. As they left his door they met Walter seeking them.

"So, so!" cried the Armourer. "Now all's right. Let us hasten home—I am dying to see how Elizabeth will look."

They arrived, and the father called lustily for his daughter. She came, cast her eyes on the assembled company, and at sight of the priest, turned pale. Anxiously she waited for what was to follow, when her father spoke——

"Darling of my old heart, this day has been one of honour and happiness to thy father; and, God willing, so shall it be to thee! See, our good Walter here has helped me to earn this chain from the Emperor's own

hand, and in return, I have promised him . . . . Come, guess what?"

"How can I?" said Elizabeth, trembling to her very heart.

"Why, I've promised him the thing I love best in the whole world!" The words, confirming her worst fears, were scarcely spoken, when the maiden lay insensible in her father's arms; and after the usual applications had recovered her, a flood of tears for some minutes impeded her utterance. The Smith was disconcerted at symptoms so little in accordance with his own feelings, but endeavoured to encourage himself and Walter by repeating, "Its the surprise, only the surprise. Speak, girl; tell us you are glad?"

"Father, father!" sobbed Elizabeth, falling at his feet, "if you would not make me wretched for life force me not to this marriage!"

"Make you wretched by giving you a good husband!" rejoined the Smith. "Why, thou ungrateful hussy!"——

But Walter interrupted him, to say, "I fear this is more than surprise. Wretched, I will not make you, Mistress Elizabeth, but tell us why you should be so. If you love another, say that, and I withdraw my claim."

Elizabeth, amidst her tears, faltered out Bernhard's name. The sound increased her father's rage, but Walter prevented its explosion by saying, "Your daughter has named a man, whose happiness I should unwillingly destroy, yet I will not quite despair, nor give you back your word. On the contrary, I ask you

before your friends, to renew your promise to give me your daughter if I can gain her consent."

"Never hope it!" exclaimed Elizabeth; whilst the father at the same instant shouted "There's my hand upon it!" And Walter turning to the weeping maiden, said, "And here is my hand upon it, that if you consent not willingly, I give your father his word back."

She looked kindly at him through her tears, gave her hand to accept the pledge, and murmured, "That is like him!"

"Now that all is in order," Walter resumed, "I will tell you what the connexion is between me and Bernhard."

"I know it," cried Elizabeth. "You are his brother!"

"Not exactly, but something even nearer, for—I am HIMSELF!"

As he spoke he changed his gruff accents into his usual melodious tones, pulled off his wig and beard, and stood before them the very Goldsmith of Augsburg?

Neither Elizabeth nor her father could speak, and the metamorphosed journeyman went on—

"These kind friends," pointing to Herbert and the landlord, "were my accomplices, and I have another without, to whom I owe my bit of smithcraft."

He opened the door, and Ehrenfried presented himself before the astonished Reinhold, who rubbed his eyes, and scarce knew whether he were awake or dreaming; whilst Elizabeth seemed again near swooning.

"Canst thou forgive the deceit by which I have won thee?" asked Bernhard again turning to her. "Only

by thy misery during the last half hour could I secure my prize."

Elizabeth stood silent and trembling. She looked to her father.

"Well, girl," cried he, "why dostn't fall into his arms? 'Tis the d—l of a juggler, but still 'tis to him I owe my gold chain, and thou lik'st him better—so"——

At the words, the lovers were in each other's arms; and the Smith catching them in his own, kissed both heartily.

"Aha!" asked Herbert, at length, "it is possible, then, that a worker in gold may be a fine fellow?"

"Ay!" replied the Armourer.

"And have I won my bet," added my host, "that he'd be as merry as the best of us before night?"

"Ay!" retorted the Smith, louder than before.

"And may I return to the smithy, master?" asked Ehrenfried.

A yet louder and heartier "Ay!" was the reply.

And when the enamoured couple, awaking from their trance, fondly asked, "And you give us your cordial blessing father?" the delighted Armourer's "Ay! Ay! Ay!" shouted with all the power of his lungs, rang through the house.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT GENEVA. DRESS BALL. DEPARTURE FOR NAPLES. TRAVELS. GENOA. COMO.

We returned to Geneva; and about the middle of September I was one morning almost electrified to hear that the Princess of Wales had *arrived*.

A dress ball was a day or two after given by Lady ——, at which the Princess appeared, dressed as I thought, a little too much *à la Venus*. I am sorry to make this observation, but truth compels me to the avowal. The Princess waltzed with Sismondi, the historian, and I could have wished they had *both* been better employed, for it was a singularly uncouth exhibition, both being of *large dimensions* and presenting a most *ponderous gyration!* The dinner given by the Princess at Secheron, was not over-agreeable; and her communications to me afterwards on the subject of her intended travels were neither entertaining nor profitable. Since leaving England, I fear she has been badly advised, or has altogether rejected advice, for she appears to have no settled plan whatever, and to

delight in a sort of rambling *vagabondage* that a Princess in her situation should carefully eschew.

After a few days stay, the Princess left for Naples, with a suite composed of Sir W. Gell, *Willikin*, Lady E. Forbes, and one or two foreigners.

About a month after the departure of the Princess, I received the following letter from Sir William Gell (who, I have before stated, was in her suite) describing an ascent of Vesuvius: it is so agreeably, so graphically written, that I feel confident the reader will be delighted with it.

"*Naples.*

MY DEAR LADY ——,

Since the Princess's arrival here, we have, I assure you, been by no means unemployed, between excursions on the bay and to the mountains—above all, to the Prince of these latter, the 'fire-capped Vesuvius!'

The first thing which a traveller looks out for on his route towards Naples, is the smoke of Vesuvius; and during his stay there, unless it be very long and wearisome, he will every day go where he can catch some view of the mountain, to see what appearances there are on its summit, and to guess what sort of work is going on in its interior. Vesuvius also, as seen from Naples, is a very attractive object. The gentle inclination of its side and its double peak are both most elegant. The blue sea lies before it; at its base are the white houses and villas of Portici: higher up appear the vineyards; and the whole is crowned by a pin-

nacle of curling smoke. From Pompeii and the eastern side of the bay, the view is very different. Only one peak is visible, and that is stained and streaked with streams of lava, and looks like a vast cauldron of boiling pitch. The cities which once were spread at its base are now buried, and the vineyards which once crept up its sides, are scorched and destroyed. It stands more alone, and more separated from any other mountain, than is generally represented in the published engravings. The Appenines, which according to them seem to touch it, stand far behind, and are separated by a considerable extent of plain. And its whole form, character, and situation, indicate its nature and origin.

All mountains are delightful, from the variety of appearances they present; but Vesuvius, from its constitution, is necessarily, more variable than any other.

Its smoke is generally quite white, and at a very great distance, as at the bay of Mola, might be taken for a cloud hanging upon the brow of a hill. It assumes the most beautiful changes of shade and direction, according as it is influenced by the state of the atmosphere, the time of the day, or the strength of the fire which is burning below. Sometimes it rises with a stem, and forms a large body high up in the sky, so as to resemble a huge oak tree; sometimes the wind extends it through the air quite across the bay, flickering and waving like a long streamer from the mast-head of a battle-ship. One morning, when there had been a storm all night, and the sky cleared, and the sun came out about mid-day, Vesuvius, when unveiled from the mists had his

cone covered with snow up to the very edge of the crater, from which clouds upon clouds of smoke would *not* rise, owing to the heaviness of the air, but rolled tumbling down his side to the sea, and then floated gently across the bay. At night, when there is a slight eruption, the peak is tipped with dull red, and the light comes and goes, fades away and returns, like the fiery breathing of some fabulous monster. And, if the wind is in particular quarters, the vapours do not mount at all, but boil over like froth, and then slide down the sides of the volcano.

In order to make a good ascent of Vesuvius, it is necessary to have a number of combining circumstances in the weather, which a Neapolitan spring does not always afford. If there is the least cloud or mist, the magnificent view from the top is lost. If the wind is high or gusty, the fine ashes blown into the eyes, nose, ears, and hair, are a sufficient nuisance to diminish the pleasure of the journey; and, if there has been rain, it is prudent to wait for at least two fine days to dry the ashes of the cone, otherwise the traveller would stick as in traversing a bog.

But, for those who have good weather and all other circumstances favourable, there can be no excursion more varied or agreeable, than that from Naples to the top of Vesuvius. It is divided into three stages, each of which may be performed in a different manner—by driving, riding, and walking.

The first of these is the drive from Naples to Resina, the town which stands immediately over Herculaneum, and is built on the stream of lava which overwhelmed

that unfortunate city. In this short drive of about five miles, there is no great object of interest. The road side is lined nearly all the way with houses and villas, like the outskirts of London, and it is only occasionally that a glimpse is caught either of the mountain or the bay. Almost immediately on leaving Naples, the Sebetos is passed, a brook of the smallest size, but retaining its ancient name. A long, broad, and well-paved bridge is thrown over this streamlet, as if in ridicule of its littleness. So great is the disproportion between the obstacle, and the means by which it is overcome; it is like crossing a gutter with a pair of seven-league boots. In the centre of the bridge appears another piece of bombast in the shape of a statue of St Januarius, who stands fixed with his hand extended towards the mountain, to ward off any danger it might threaten to the city under his protection. It is difficult to say what service might not be derived from the saint's assistance in case a shower of ashes were to be blown over Naples, but, as far as the lava is concerned, his aid is not likely to be called for. Unless the burning stream took a very long and circuitous route, the sea, which lies between the volcano and the city, would spare the saint the trouble of his intercession. Crossing the bridge the road proceeds to Portici, and what is very remarkable, and probably unique, passes directly through the principal court of the royal palace there. And a most welcome sight this palace is, and happy the traveller feels when he arrives there; not because his taste is charmed with architectural splendour, or his eye dazzled with liveries and equipages,

for, as far as can be seen from the road, there is neither one nor the other, but because it relieves him from a most troublesome and disgusting swarm of attendants. Beggars of every shape and hue people this road, and the tourist's carriage, passing through the midst of them, resembles a comet followed by its tail of foul vapour. As it rolls along a fresh addition is constantly attaching itself to the train. The whole suite holds together, some near at hand, some further behind, till at last they are all extinguished at once by the Palace of Portici, whose gates they cannot enter; and the traveller shoots on, a comet no longer, but happily for himself, a simple star. The crowd of mendicants is certainly calculated to excite commiseration, did not a stronger feeling of disgust arise, that such frightful objects should be allowed to shock the public view. They are not mere paupers, but consist of the blind, the maimed, the mis-shapen, and the shrivelled; and one woman exposed a head that possessed only the remains of what once had been eyes, nose, and mouth, without the trace of a single feature that was human.

At Resina, the village which joins to Portici, the first stage of the excursion ends; and arrangements must now be made for the part which is to follow. You drive into a sort of stable-yard, filled with mules, donkeys, and ponies, all ready saddled and bridled, both for ladies and gentlemen. An immense hubbub immediately takes place. Every donkey-man vaunts the praises of his own animal, alternately in broken English or in as wretched French, and tries first to

conclude the bargain with you, and afterwards puts in for the *buona mano*, or drink-money. At last, after rejections and offers, selections and refusals, the party is mounted, and the procession sets off to its fiery destination. Every donkey is provided with two attendants —a man in front to lead it when necessary, or coax it into a trot by the tender name of Macaroni, Rosbif, Lagrima Christi, or whatever may be its appellative; and a boy behind, who is furnished with a long stick, which he applies occasionally according to the directions of his superior. The urchin also has his orders to employ another method of improving Macaroni's agility, for when the donkey begins to flag, the boy immediately lays hold of its tail and endeavours to pull it back, correctly calculating that the animal's perverseness will urge him forward, and quicken his pace, better than any spur or whip whatever. But it is only fair to state that the Vesuvian donkeys are excellent, and go very well without any of these stimulants being applied. They are strong, are not slow, and are very sure-footed—a false step scarcely ever happens. They are shod in rather a peculiar manner, as also are the mules employed to carry wine, vegetables, &c., from the neighbouring villages to Naples. The iron is made to project all rouud the foot at least an inch beyond the hoof, so as to afford a large surface to the sand, or mud, or ashes, much upon the same principle as a snow-shoe is constructed; and it also must afford a great protection to the hoof from stones, rocks, or pieces of lava.

The cavalcade leaving Resina, proceeds gently up

the foot of the mountain through the most beautiful country imaginable, and which well deserves its title of *Campagna Felice*, or Happy Campagna. The pathway, of course, is not very good, but on each side it is lined with vines, standard peach trees, apricot, fig, and pear trees, and with every variety of shrubs that the garden can boast. And these are not planted in formal rows or divided into sorts, but the whole is mixed into one bunch of luxuriance. The hedges, which are made of lumps of lava piled together, are at intervals surmounted with tufts of dark green aloes, and here and there a flower peeps out, which is either unknown in England, or known only in our gardens and greenhouses. Among these the bright green lizard, so common all over Italy, winds about in search of some fly or worm, or lies basking in the sun, half concealed in the crevice which forms its home and its habitation.

But, after advancing for a time, you catch between the trees glimpses of the dark boundary which terminates the Campagna Felice; and a few moments afterwards you emerge upon an open plain, which extends far and wide in black irregular ridges, and seems as if a sea of boiling pitch had suddenly been hardened. We are now entering upon the streams of lava which have been poured from time to time, one above the other, from the mouth of the volcano. Their surface is all broken up into large lumps and masses, as if it had been hewn by the hand of man. It looks something like a vast ploughed field, where the ground is very rough, and the soil black, sticky, and tenacious.

As the lava cools and contracts, the crude materials of which it is formed, split, and crack, and excoriate in a thousand directions; and the gradual shrinking of the whole mass produces the most curious folds and ridges. Where the melted lava has ended its course it is always arrested suddenly. The line of demarcation between the Campagna and the lava which encroaches on it, is as plainly determined as if a wall had been built up; and the vine grows and flourishes within six inches of the enemy that has destroyed the vine that had been his neighbour.

The stream of lava first entered upon, is that of the great eruption. Upon touching it with the hand a degree of heat was felt very different from anything that could be caused by the sun in spring time, even in Italy. In this neighbourhood, of course, no vegetation was to be seen; but not even upon any of the older streams had a patch or a blade of green appeared. All is black, barren, and dreary desolation.

But there is one spot in view which seems always to have been spared amidst the general destruction. It is a long shoulder stretching out from the foot of the crater, and which seems itself like a little mountain planted on the side of Vesuvius. Upon inspecting its formation, strata above strata of ashes, and small pumice-stones, may be traced; and they have not destroyed its greenness or fertility: but the lava, in descending from the crater, has always swept round its base, and remained there a dark current winding by the foot of a rock. It is natural to suppose, that in crossing the streams of lava, every eye is directed

towards so pleasing a contrast to the general barrenness, particularly as upon the very extremity of the green knoll is placed a neat white-washed building, surrounded with trees, the famous Hermitage of Mount Vesuvius. And after climbing for a few minutes up a narrow gulley, which the rain has washed through the beds of pumice stone, we find ourselves upon the grass plat, which lies before this elevated place of retirement. Here we stop awhile, to give the donkeys a breathing, to leave the dinner which a wise man will have brought against his descent, and to taste a glass of Lagryma-Christi, on the spot where it grows. Nor will the view be despised; for, though less extensive than that which is obtained from the summit of the volcano, it is more distinct, and more richly coloured, and there is quite enough to fill both the eye and the imagination. There is Naples, sparkling by the sea side, the islands of Ischia, Procida, and Nisita, and the gulf of Baiæ. Beyond the promontory of Misenum is the bay of Gaeta; and behind all, is the long line of the Appennines, some glowing with purple, and others shining with snow. Nearer at hand, and in the centre of a fertile plain, is Capua; and far out at sea, rising like a ruined wall from the horizon, lies Capri, the delight and shame of the Roman Emperors. On the left, bending in a curve as blue as the sky, is stretched the Sorrentine coast, once the abode of cyclops and giants; and there, crushed at the foot of the mountain, Herculaneum, lies buried deep under the solid lava.

From the Hermitage to the foot of the cone of ashes,

which forms the upper portion of Vesuvius, is but a short ride; and the pathway runs all along the top of the ridge, affording on each side lovely views of the surrounding plain, the sea, and the distant mountains, while one side of the volcano is covered or streaked with the streams of lava which run towards Portici, and seem terminated by the sea. After all, these burnt-up plains, though sufficiently appalling, do not present to the mind images of unmixed horror, for there is always something fertile and smiling to be found in the distant prospect: they are the valley of the shadow of death, but life is seen beyond them!

And here ends the second stage of the pilgrimage. The donkeys halt under the brow of a bed of lava, which has cooled in the form of a wave about to break; and under its shelter they await the return of their riders, who must now proceed by their own strength and vigour.

And now for the cone of Mount Vesuvius. It looks steep, and it looks long. So pull off your coat, untie your cravat, and get rid of your waistcoat; for you won't want them till you reach the top. Think of Sisyphus, and congratulate yourself that *your* ascent is not to last for ever. "Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone." But, if this had been the hill of Sisyphus, he never would have rolled the stone up it; and, therefore, the latter part of his punishment would have been impossible,—"The huge round stone, resulting with a bound, thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground."

So steep is the ascent that common sand or gravel

would not lie at so great an inclination to the horizon, but would slip down by its own weight: it is only the peculiar lightness and roughness of these ashes, consisting as they do of small pieces of cinder and pumice stone, which makes them hold together thus. If, on stopping to take breath, one turns round to see how the rest of the party are advancing, it seems almost like looking down the side of a leaning tower, such as those at Pisa or Bologna. At every step the foot sinks deep into the ashes, and slips back a part of the distance it has advanced. The greatest lightness and caution is necessary in order to obtain a firm footing; and, by violent and ill-placed exertions, it would be very possible to have gone through the mechanism of walking for the space of ten-minutes as it were on a treadmill, and at the end of that time not to have advanced more than six inches up the mountain. The best way is to look forward at every stride, and to select for a stepping stone any lump of lava which may project above the surface and promise a surer footing.

For ladies and invalids there is a less laborious means of accomplishing the ascent, by means of a chair carried with poles on the shoulders of peasants. The Princess and the two ladies with her, of course, adopted this conveyance. The motion is not very easy; but for weak or delicate persons, walking up would be impossible. Another means of assistance is a rope which the guide holds with his hands, passes over his shoulder, and allows his more effeminate brother to tug at the other end. But there is something very displeasing in the appearance: it is too like slave-

driving; it is converting the man who pulls, into the semblance of a brute beast. My guide, seeing me occasionally halt for breath, repeatedly said, '*Volete la corda ?*—Will you have the rope?' But I felt that I should deserve to have it administered in the English fashion, if I had treated this Neapolitan in the same way that the Neapolitan treats a jack-ass. When about two-thirds of the ascent was accomplished, I was surprised to find a small basket filled with oranges, pears, apples, bread, wine, and glasses, resting upon a large stone. It seemed dropped there by some good spirit; for there was no one to take care of it, and not a creature within sight. The guide advised me to take something from it, assuring me that one of the brethren of his profession had left it there purposely for strangers, and that I might pay him on the top. I took a pear, cool, sweet, and juicy; it was most invigorating, and sent me fresh and lively to the top. I felt that *it was something* to be on the summit of Vesuvius, and a triumphant pleasure to look back at other pedestrians, far behind, and at the ladies trembling on their *portantine* or chairs, with half the distance yet to be accomplished. One of our party performed this last stage of the excursion, on foot, in three and twenty minutes, which was certainly a feat that deserves to be boasted of.

Vesuvius has two summits, which are nearly equal in height. The northern one called La'Somma is separated from the present crater by a little plain, which at the first glance appears to be the hardened surface of an extinct mouth of the volcano. The guides say that from this

old crater, of which Monte Somma is only the lip or edge, issued those streams of lava and showers of ashes which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii. Monte Somma itself is the work of some still earlier eruption, and at this day furnishes all the materials for those toys, trinkets, and ornaments, which their purchasers erroneously suppose to be wrought from the lava of the present crater. That a volcano existed on this spot in very remote times is sufficiently proved by the circumstance that Herculaneum and Pompeii are in a great measure *built* of *antique* lava, although this volcano must have differed very much from the present appearance, and probably rose suddenly in the midst of that extensive plain between the Appennines, and the sea, in the same manner as Monte Nuovo, near the bay of Pozzuoli, has done within the last few hundred years.

The other summit, which is always understood when Vesuvius is mentioned, is very variable both in height and appearance. In March 18—, on arriving at the top, you found yourself on a plain of considerable extent, covered with black ashes, and daubed over with yellow, pink, and orange incrustations of sulphur. At every short interval were large cracks and chasms, from which issued a hot sulphurous steam, that ran flickering along the ground, and was most oppressive to the breathing. But the guides* and hangers on of the

* Besides the guides, &c., we had another companion, whom we should scarcely have calculated on, during such an excursion: this was no other than an armed policeman, or soldier, whose duty it is to accompany and protect strangers from the Hermitage to the summit. One might have hoped, on a spot like this, to be free from all *human* danger

mountain were regardless of it; and wherever a rent was larger, or more convenient, they crept into it in parties, for the purpose of dozing, or eating their dinners: and it is difficult to decide whether the warmth attracted them, or whether they selected it in order to steam away a few of their vermin. The ashes all over this plain are sensibly warm to the feet. If a stick is thrust deep into them, smoke will issue from the hole; and, by throwing one's self at full length on the ground, the convulsions within the mountain may be felt, like the beating of an animal's pulse.

In advancing along this plain, from which a weak pair of lungs would soon be driven by the dreadful stench, the explosions from the crater become more and more audible, like a continued *feu de joie*, and stones and pieces of lava are seen dancing up into the air, although the hollow from which they are projected is not yet visible. But soon, the plain inclines downwards, like the edge of a sand hill, and the whole scene is exposed to view with the unexpectedness of a theatrical exhibition. Quite at the bottom of a vast amphitheatre, though by no means in the centre of it, appeared a large oval aperture, which might be about a hundred feet across at its widest diameter. It had been formed only eight days; and the old cavity, from which the fire had before issued, was yawning by the side of it, closed up and skinned over with cinders and scoriæ. From the

but several instances have been known of robberries committed on the crater of Vesuvius; the crowds of rich strangers are a great temptation to the brigands; and the loneliness of the spot renders a military protector by no means unnecessary.

new mouth arose a column of dense milk-white smoke, which did not issue steadily and uninterruptedly, but was spurted out in jets like the steam from the old-fashioned steam-engines. The discharges succeeded each other nearly at regular intervals of a few seconds each; and one could always tell beforehand, the precise moment when one would happen, for an explosion like a firing of muskets, was heard within the mountain, and then, two or three seconds after, out darted the smoke accompanied by a shower of red-hot lumps of lava, which were shot up five or six hundred feet into the air. Their colour varied from a brick-red to the brightest vermilion, which shone out in spite of the rays of a noon-day sun. Sometimes the smaller lumps, when first exploded, were of a brilliant pink, and, if you watched their course in the air, you could see them fading away duller, and duller, till they were quite black by the time they reached the bottom, or fell back into the crater from which they had issued. It was difficult for the eye, in the broad daylight, to form an adequate estimate of the heat which radiated from this mouth, but at a long distance it scorched the face like a kitchen fire. The edge of the mouth was so sharp and well defined that nothing would have been easier than to imitate the example of Empedocles. Sometimes it is difficult to get near the actual seat of fire; but, in its present state, a person might have thrown himself over the edge of the burning chasm without leaving a trace behind.

Several of our party did descend into the crater, and advanced as near the mouth of the aperture as the shower

of lava permitted them. Some ventured so far as to stick coins into a portion of the mass, while in a state of fusion, and bear it away as a trophy and a souvenir. For my own part, the wind shifted a little while I was in this situation, and scattered round about me lumps of red-hot lava by far too large to be agreeable. I thrust my stick through one of them in order to carry it off, and make the best of my way out of so unpleasant a vicinity. The consciousness that a fountain of fire is playing at one does not at all assist a man's coolness in climbing a hill of cinders. If the ascent of the cone of Vesuvius is difficult, the return from the inside of the crater is ten times more so; and a gentleman of undoubted courage, who had laboured hard and to little purpose in order to be beyond the reach of the burning shower, near which he had ventured, afterwards declared that at the time he could not help thinking of the fate of Pliny the Elder.

The whole crater is, indeed, most appalling and unearthly. The rocks by which it is surrounded are formed by the action of fire, and are like no other rocks which we are in the habit of seeing. They are black, occasionally stained with blue or violet, and in parts caked over with sulphur, which varies from a sickly white to a faded pink. At times the colour of the incrustations is blended with that of the lava, and from the mixture is formed a displeasing green, like that produced by mixing together gamboge and Indian ink. Gray ashes and dirty yellow pumice-stone are thrown together in heaps that seem formed by a sudden rush of wind, or the action of flame; and on

looking round, the whole scene produces upon the eye the same distressing effect that a succession of discords does upon the ear, or a disgusting taste upon the palate.

It is possible to walk quite round the crater, keeping on the very brim nearly all the way; but the ease with which this tour will be accomplished depends very much on accidental circumstances. If the air is dry and calm, and the smoke rises perpendicularly, little difficulty will be experienced; but if rain has fallen, and the wind be gusty, the traveller will be suffocated with brimstone, and sink knee-deep into ashes and filth.

The descent from the summit of Vesuvius down to the place where the donkeys had been left, bears a nearer resemblance to flying than to any other method of locomotion. The ashes are so soft and yielding that any resistance they may offer to the foot is scarcely perceptible. At every step you slide on a yard or two. The most amusing plan is to run down headlong and fearlessly: the worst that can happen is a roll in the soft cinders. The whole descent is generally accomplished in three minutes, and might be performed in less time if a person were only inclined to let himself go. It is a most forcible illustration of the art of sinking. It shows how easily and instantaneously one may slide from an eminence which has been gained by unsparing toil and unflinching exertion.

The day of our ascent up Vesuvius happened to be a very fine one, which came after a course of stormy weather; and in returning to the Hermitage we met

numerous parties who were taking advantage of this change in the season. Some were provided with torches to pass part of the night aloft on the summit; others had merely their luncheon to eat and return immediately. In fact, the side of Vesuvius had become a highway for nations. As each set of strangers passed us, the guide amused himself with guessing as to what country they belonged, and his decision was correct in almost every instance. "These," he said, "are English—there goes a German Princess—look at that party of Frenchmen," and so on. I asked him how he could tell one nation from another. He laughed, and said, "Oh! we see so many, that the instant we look at their faces we know what they are. All the world comes to Vesuvius."

After dining at the Hermitage first, and then gazing from its little platform at a most glowing sunset—mixing together both the substantial and the romantic pleasures of life—we completed the remainder of the descent by starlight. Though only the month of March, the air was soft and still, and the sky blue and cloudless. On turning round at the foot to take a last look at the mountain, its black form stood out in strong relief against the transparent horizon; the deep red fire of the crater was reflected by the vapour that hung over it, and a procession of torches, like a string of tiny sparks, were winding up its side, lighting the pathway to those travellers who intended sacrificing their sleep to the nobler pleasures of enquiry and adventure.

NOTE.

A violent eruption burst out on the 1st of April, 18—: I was there at the time.—Happening in the evening, and before the moon had completed her first quarter, it was particularly effective, but only lasted a few hours. Not the slightest injury was done either to life or property. The lava ran out on the side towards Pompeii, and consequently was not visible from Naples; but a great deal was also shot up into the air in large red-hot masses, which at that distance looked like a fountain of spangles, and some of them could even be seen afterwards, to roll down the side of the mountain without losing their colour. A large quantity of cinders and ashes were also discharged; but they were not visible by night, and owing to the direction of the wind, none fell in Naples. On driving, two days afterwards, through Torre del Greco, which lies between Vesuvius and the sea, we found the ground and the tops of the houses quite black, as if a shower of soot had fallen. And afterwards, on visiting the island of Capri, which in a straight line cannot be less than three or four and twenty miles from Vesuvius, we found that the ashes had fallen there not much less abundantly than they had at Torre del Greco, at the foot of the mountain.

The fire from the crater was of a rich cherry colour, with occasional tints of yellow, pink, and vermilion. The noise of the mountain was the most terrific part of the whole phenomenon. It was a continued roaring

or explosion, deep, rather than loud. You were conscious that it took place underground, and not at the mouth of the crater. It might be *felt* with the feet, as well as heard with the ears, and at each discharge the windows of every house near where I was standing in Santa Lucia might be heard to rattle. The Neapolitan women and children of the lower orders were in a pitiable consternation. Many of them brought the crucifix in a sort of little procession before their houses, and turning it towards the red glare, as a sort of protection from any threatened danger, began chaunting the rosary. The English who were in Naples engaged every hackney coach that was to be met with, and drove off to the foot of the mountain. When all was over, they might be heard rumbling back into the town, one by one, through the empty streets, at one, two, or three o'clock in the morning.

The next day Vesuvius looked as calm and as quiet as if he had done nothing extraordinary the preceding evening. So he has remained ever since; and hardly a vapour can be seen to hang over its summit, or more smoke to issue than would be caused by the pipes of a party of German students. How long it will remain so—"*chi sa?*"—"who knows?" as the Italians say, with a careless sort of shrug.

Those who have ascended to the crater since the 1st of April, say that its appearance is very much altered. They report that the hemispherical bowl is either filled up or crusted over, so as to become an even plain, level with the lip of the crater. The single

mouth which discharged fire and smoke has disappeared, and the vapour now rises from several rents and cracks which are irregularly scattered over the surface of the crust. Thus we have one of those changes in the volcano which have been going on ever since there has been a history to record them. Mankind have been sufficiently puzzled to explain their cause, continuation and result, make a thousand guesses, and successively abandon them. It seems now to be a favorite opinion that, when the mountain has to a certain degree hollowed itself out by these repeated eruptions, it will fall in, and then become part of the bay of Naples; but the vast period of time during which these eruptions have succeeded each other proves, that both the fire and the materials it acts upon must be too deep-seated to interfere much with the outer crust of the earth, and consequently that so frightful an hypothesis has but little foundation. As the author of this sketch, I do not venture to offer an opinion on the subject (my pretensions are only to describe faithfully the objects that fell under my own observation), but I earnestly hope that it may please Providence either to avert a calamity that would destroy the lives of thousands, or at least, as in many former instances to give such timely warning that none but the heedless and self-willed need neglect the means of escape.

The constant view of Vesuvius, has a perceptible effect upon the tone of religion at Naples. It is a pity that it has not some influence also upon its morality. The Neapolitans believe the crater to be

an outlet or communication with the place of torment; the priests encourage this idea, and make an unsparing use of their doctrine of purgatory. If a corner is to be prevented from being defiled, if extraordinary reverence is to be paid to any particular crucifix or picture of the Madona, if any chapel or privileged altar requires that the number of its devotees should be increased, in all cases the same remedy is resorted to, by exposing paintings of naked men and women up to the waist in fire. Outside one of the churches between Naples and Vesuvius are a number of flesh-coloured dolls, huddled into a group, and half immersed in a red lake, supposed to represent lava or liquid fire. To increase the sale of those little amulets, which the Neapolitans wear round their necks, the priests exhibit pictures of the Virgin reaching one of them to a soul in torment, as an alleviation of his sufferings. At Naples, "*Il Rè di Vesuvio*—the King of Vesuvius," means to say "the devil." Having heard that there were symptoms of an approaching eruption, I asked a fellow in the neighbourhood when he thought it would happen. The answer was, "When the devil gives a ball." Another man to whom I put the same question replied in a much better style, "*Iddio è padrone*—it is in the hands of God." A man cursing a person who was displeasing to him, said, "May he go *al diavolo, al fuoco, al Vesuvio*—to the devil, to the fire, to Vesuvius."

The Princess was altogether delighted with her trip, and has commanded me to take notes of it with a view to future publication.

On the following evening we were all at the opera, —when who should join us but your dear friend, Lord N——!* He entered deeply into conversation with the Princess, and, as I have since understood, proposed to her a visit to Greece, and thence through Asia Minor to Jerusalem. She has, I have understood, entered into the plan. It *is* said that Lady EMILY S—— is in Syria—and that Lord N—— goes in search of 'his heart's idolatry!'

You shall know more as we proceed on our journey: I *think* I shall have something very interesting to narrate to you. In the meantime, adieu, my dear Lady ——

Your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM GELL."

* The same nobleman from whom I derived the Story of the *Beauty of Nuremberg*

SUPPLEMENT TO CHAPTER XXV.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES. SIR HERBERT TAYLOR AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

It will be recollected that in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*, there was an article "On the Times of George III. and George IV." That article Sir Herbert Taylor thought it his duty to notice in a pamphlet, which was dated from the Lake of Como, in August, and in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* the writer of the article which Sir H. Taylor attacks has entered upon his defence. Everybody is aware that Lord Brougham has the reputation of having written the article "On the Times of George III. and George IV." I will give Sir Herbert Taylor's attack and Lord Brougham's defence.

With regard to George III. Sir Herbert Taylor says—

"The article describes George III. as being 'of a narrow understanding, which no culture had enlarged; of an obstinate disposition, which no education, perhaps,

could have humanized; of strong feelings in ordinary things, and a resolute attachment to all his own opinions and predilections; as possessing much of the firmness of purpose which, being exhibited by men of contracted mind, without any discrimination, and as pertinaciously when they are in the wrong, as when they are in the right, lends to their character an appearance of inflexible consistency, which is often mistaken for greatness of mind, and not seldom received as a substitute for honesty;' that, 'in all that related to his kingly office, he was the slave of as deep-rooted a selfishness as his son, and no feeling of a kindly nature was ever suffered to cross his mind, whenever his power was concerned, either in the maintenance or in the manner of exercising it.'

"I will reply to this, before I proceed to give any further extract.

"King George III. had not enjoyed the advantage of a good education. He himself admitted that it had been much neglected; and he regretted it, especially as his early accession to the throne had rendered very difficult the recovery of the time lost or misapplied in the preceding years. But he did attempt it. He read much that was useful, and above all, he applied his mind to the study of the history of his own country, and to that of the laws, rules, and constitution by which he felt that he was to be directed in the government of the people of which Providence had intrusted the rule to him; and in this study he was aided by an excellent memory, and by that firmness of purpose for which the writer of the article gives him credit, while

he distorts its application. His attention to the administrative duties of his station was zealous and unremitted; and, from this and his intercourse with his ministers and others officially employed, His Majesty acquired a knowledge of the business of the country in very department and in all their details, such as, perhaps, no one man ever possessed. It may be remarked also, that during many years His Majesty had not any one to assist him in his epistolary communications, nay, not even in what may be called the mechanical parts of it; that, in fact, he had not recourse to the aid of a private secretary until blindness rendered it indispensable.

"I may presume that the author of the article never had the opportunities of personally forming any estimate of those parts of King George III.'s mind and character on which he passes so severe and sweeping a judgment. There are, however, many persons yet living who had; and I am confident that they will not subscribe to the correctness of his opinions, that His Majesty's understanding was narrow, his mind contracted, without the power of discrimination, or that he was the slave of deep-rooted selfishness.

"King George III. had strong prejudices on some points, and to many of these he obstinately adhered to the last; but they applied chiefly to subjects and objects of comparatively trifling import, matters of taste and opinion, on which he might be considered right or wrong, as taste and opinion agreed with or differed from his own. In the discharge of his 'kingly office' he was honest and conscientious. No sovereign

knew better the extent of the power which the constitution assigned to him; and, if a firm determination to uphold and to maintain unimpaired that which had been thus lawfully confided to him can be called obstinacy and selfishness, the imputation would be just. If an earnest desire to adhere, in the administration of that power, to notions and conclusions founded on principles which appeared to him correct, and the application of them to public measures, and to the selection of individuals for high office, can be called prejudice, that imputation also would attach; but this is matter of opinion. The author of the article holds and asserts one adverse to His Majesty: but the course pursued by the King, during a long reign, received the support and approbation of persons of distinguished character and talent, of the legislative bodies, and of the great mass of the community. He was beloved by his people, and the memory of 'Good King George' is revered.

"I confess that I do not understand what is meant by the remark, that 'no feeling of a kindly nature ever was suffered to cross his mind whenever his power was concerned.' I apprehend that the man who holds light, or hastily surrenders, the power which he justly possesses, proves himself thereby unfit to wield it, and sinks into merited contempt.

"The article proceeds to say, 'in other respects King George III. was a man of amiable disposition, and few princes have been more exemplary in their domestic habits, or in the offices of private friendship;' but, apprehensive, it would seem, that this may prove too

great a concession, and may make too favourable an impression, the author states, in the next sentence, that 'the instant his prerogative was concerned, or his bigotry interfered with, or his will thwarted, the most unbending pride, the most bitter animosity, the most calculating coldness of heart, and the most unforgiving resentment took possession of his whole breast, and swayed it by turns; that the habits of friendship, the ties of blood, the dictates of conscience, the rules of honesty, were alike forgotten, and the fury of the tyrant, with the resources of cunning, which mental alienation is supposed to whet, were ready to circumvent or destroy all who interposed an obstacle to the fierceness of unbridled desire!'

"I defy the power of language to draw in terms more bitter, and more venomous, a more odious character of any man, be he a Sovereign, or a private individual; and I question whether the pages of history, which describe the worst parts of the characters of Louis XI. of France, or of Philip II. of Spain, would offer a parallel. I submit whether it can by possibility belong to the individual who, in the preceding sentence is described as 'a man of amiable disposition, exemplary in his domestic habits, and in the offices of private friendship.' I equally defy the author of this libel to produce any act or proceeding of King George III., or any circumstance connected with his conduct during his long reign, which can justify the odious colouring given to it, or the endeavour to supply history with a record which shall consign that monarch to its pages with a stain so foul and se

disgraceful. I say 'the endeavour to supply history;' for writings of this power and character, so introduced are not as chaff cast to the wind. It may be observed also, that party spirit and radical feeling, with the desire which appears to prevail in some quarters to depreciate Royalty, and to sap the monarchical constitution of the country, would induce many blindly to adopt, and eagerly to disseminate the opinions and conclusions which they convey.

"Had not the writer of the article introduced the words, 'his will thwarted,' he might seek to plead that he meant this odious trait of character to have been manifested only where prerogative was 'concerned' and 'bigotry interfered with;' but he has added, 'or his will thwarted;' and that, in fact, embraces every thing. I apprehend the word 'prerogative,' if it mean anything, to be descriptive of the power and privileges given to the Sovereign by the constitution; and I admit that King George III. did consider it his duty to uphold these; and I venture to say, that the firmness he displayed in the maintenance of them was praiseworthy, inasmuch as it rested on principle. This remark applies equally to what is called bigotry, which was, in fact, a conscientious desire to uphold the Protestant religion as by law established, and which his Majesty had sworn to maintain. Here, again, he was actuated by principle, and by the dictates of his conscience, the strong influence of which, may perhaps have carried him beyond the line of prudence and expediency; but his motives were pure, his intentions were honest, his conviction was

sincere and firm. He may have erred in judgment; but we have yet to learn that, in the course pursued on this or other points, he laid himself open to the charge of harbouring or acting upon any one of the degrading feelings which, according to the writer of the article, 'took possession of his whole breast, and swayed it by turns.'

"His Majesty's conduct throughout the American war, towards the Irish people, and his treatment of the Prince of Wales, are adduced as illustrative of the 'dark side of his public character.' One would imagine that the writer, in his reference to the American war, and to the Irish people, was animadverting upon the conduct of an absolute monarch, and not upon that of a sovereign, whose power is circumscribed by a free constitution, and who is one of three estates, acting by and with the advice of the other two. The Government for the time being were the constitutional advisers of the Crown, and responsible for the advice they gave. 'The King can do no wrong.' Those who have been Ministers of the Cabinet have been placed in a position which enabled them to judge of the relative power and resources of the Sovereign and of the Government, and of the nature and extent of the will which the former may exercise on questions of state, and of domestic and foreign policy—to judge of the value of the checks which may be imposed by either on the judgment and the resolution of the other. They must know that the alternative produced by any serious difference of opinion, or of purpose, is the resignation or the dissolution of the Government. This alternative was twice

resorted to with respect to the government during the reign of William IV.: it proved in each instance unsuccessful; and the Sovereign was reduced, after such abortive attempts, to make the best terms he could with those with whom he had differed. King George III. might, or might not, have approved the principle on which the contest with America was prosecuted and the measures pursued; but both would necessarily result from the advice tendered by his confidential servants, and it is not fair now to throw upon him the blame of the errors which may have been committed. After all, this again is a question of opinion, and many may not be disposed to take the 'dark' view.

"These remarks apply generally to the course pursued with respect to Ireland. I am not disposed to deny that the state of Ireland and the condition of the Irish people have, for centuries past, been the subject of great concern and regret, and that the endeavour to improve both, have, under successive Administrations, proved unavailing. I have no desire to enter into discussion of the causes of failure, nor do I feel competent to the subject; but many may, perhaps, agree with me that much of the evil may be traced to other causes than misgovernment—in some degree to the character of the people, and the unfortunate divisions which disturb all classes of society; and, above all, to the mischievous influence of unprincipled and selfish agitators. The course pursued by King George III., right or wrong, was recommended by

successive Governments, and these must be allowed to have at least shared the responsibility of its results.

"I do not attempt to deny that George III.'s disapprobation of the line of politics adopted by the Prince, and of many things in the course pursued by His Royal Highness, amounted to dislike: but I do not admit that it ever amounted 'to hatred scarcely consistent with the supposition of a sound mind, or to implacable aversion.' There may have been faults on both sides; but some, perhaps, think that the chief fault was with those who encouraged the son and successor to throw himself into the hands of his father's adversaries, and to give his countenance and support to their opposition.

"The calamity with which it pleased the Almighty to visit George III., and under which he closed his life, is, by the author of the article, more than once adverted to, as if he meant to establish that His Majesty was at no time of sound mind. If such be the intention, I am bound to protest against the admission of that for which there was not the slightest foundation. All know that when His Majesty laboured under that lamentable visitation, the functions of his kingly office were suspended. When relieved from it, and restored to his functions, no person could be more calm or collected, more capable of giving a cool and dispassionate consideration to any and every question that was brought before him; nor can it be allowed that the view which he took of those of superior import betrayed either a narrow mind or a hasty

judgment, while there was in his character sufficient of decision and firmness to arrive, in matters which required his fiat or his veto, at a conclusion, without resorting to the advice or the opinion of others. When the change of Administration took place in 1807, His Majesty took counsel from himself only in the communications with those with whom he differed; and I am warranted in saying that there existed not the slightest foundation for the reports which were then spread of advice secretly conveyed, or of influence behind the throne, or of communication, direct or indirect, with his previous Ministers, pending the discussion with 'The Talents,' or before their removal from the administration had been established. Nay, on that occasion he placed in my hands, unopened, a letter addressed to him before that event was positively fixed, by one of the leaders of the opposite party, and I have it to this day with a minute to that effect.

"The loss of sight was borne with exemplary patience and resignation; and neither this nor other trials produced, while His Majesty continued in a sound state of mind, any ebullition of temper or harshness of manner or expression, which could occasion pain or uneasiness to his family and attendants. I declare that, during the whole period of my attendance upon King George III., not one sharp word, not one expression of unkindness or impatience, escaped His Majesty, and the change of deportment in this respect conveyed to me, at least, the first intimation of the approach of that calamity of which I had

the misfortune to witness the distressing progress and the melancholy effects.

"His Majesty indeed appeared surprised, if, as it might occasionally happen, I expressed on some question which occured, opinions which did not meet his own; and upon these occasions he seemed to expect that they should be abandoned. Failing in this, however, it happened more than once that His Majesty would on the following day say, 'I have thought over the subject of, &c., and I think you are right, and I am wrong.' Others have made the same observation with reference to their intercourse with His Majesty. In his intercourse with his daughters, and with the Dukes of York and Cambridge, his two favorite sons, he was most kind and affectionate, and he entered with seeming interest into the subjects and pursuits which engaged their attention. It may indeed be said, that there was in His Majesty's manner and deportment, when in the circle of his family, and in the manifestation of his affection, a character of simplicity, which would seem to belong to the endearing ways of a child rather than to a man advanced in years, and often oppressed by the weight and anxiety of business. Towards his attendants and servants His Majesty was indulgent and considerate; and he missed no opportunity of giving credit, where due, for faithful and zealous service. It is almost needless to add, that they were warmly attached and devoted to him. His attention to his religious duties was exemplary; and the unaffected and unostentatious character of

it offered ample proof of the sincerity of his devotion.

"That such was the character of George III. will, I am confident, be allowed by those who were in the habit of daily intercourse with him: and I have the satisfaction of opposing this correct exposition of it to the assertions of a person who may be presumed to have at no period of his career enjoyed that advantage."

To this Lord Brougham, in the *Edinburgh Review*, replies as follows:—

"To begin with George the Third,—We stated that his understanding was narrow, and that no culture had enlarged it. Our author cannot deny the latter part of this proposition; and he says that the King admitted and regretted his want of education. But he says that His Majesty afterwards read the history of his own country, which we will venture to say every Prince knows almost by heart; just as the most ignorant country gentlemen are found to know the pedigree of their own families and even of their neighbours: he added to this, according to our author, the study of the laws and constitution of England; but as it was not till 1805, on his blindness, that their intercourse began, we may be allowed to doubt whether George the Third knew more of these subjects than every King must, who attends to the business of his high office; and there is no doubt that his attention to his own business was most unremitting. This ought to have been

stated by us, if, indeed, we did not admit it by implication. Sir Herbert Taylor adds, which we believe to be in some sense true, that he possessed 'a knowledge of business in every department, and in all its details, such as perhaps no one man ever possessed.' Possibly he might, if by this is meant the common public departments. This knowledge is not so rare among sovereigns as to make it a great marvel. They come in contact with most departments; and they can always tell very accurately what particular matter belongs to each particular office. They are exceedingly nice in this knowledge; they are very peremptory in exacting attention to it; the kind of knowledge itself is like heraldry and etiquette, in which all Princes are adepts; it suits their taste, and appertains to their station; besides, they find protection in requiring an observance of all the rules that divide power, and keep their ministers to their several departments. That George III. had any enlarged knowledge of Parliamentary learning—that he was at all versed in the constitution or jurisdiction of courts of justice—that he understood the details of banking or of commerce, much less their principles—that he knew anything of colonial, and still less of East Indian affairs—or that he had any but the most vague and personal knowledge of the interests of foreign courts—we will not believe, unless we see proofs far more exact than our author's general assertion; which, indeed, can only apply to the very limited branch of information first mentioned.

"As for the extent of the King's understanding, the

author deals in generals, and has really little to say. That he had strong prejudices, to which he obstinately adhered to 'the last' is admitted, but these related it seems, 'chiefly to matters of inferior importance, matters of taste and opinion.' There is much in this same word 'chiefly,' however; and accordingly it turns out that our author appears to allow that his prejudices on the trifling subjects of America and Ireland were unfortunately strong; though he unaccountably would cast some of the former errors upon his Ministers, when it is notorious to all mankind that they were his own. Then, as for his notions of prerogative, and his determination to support it, our author approves of this, as according to his principles, he must; we, of course, disapprove.

"But then comes the pinch of the question, as regards the amiable or unamiable nature of the man, We distinctly stated that where his prerogative did not interfere, he was amiable and exemplary,—as a husband, and a father, and a friend. We placed him above almost all Princes in this respect. But we added, that where his personal feelings about his prerogative were concerned, all was darkened, and became the reverse of kindly or humane. Among other instances, we gave his dislike of his eldest son. How is this charge met? A general defiance is first given to 'produce any circumstance which can justify our colouring.' We at once accept the challenge thus very fairly given; and as it will not be deemed enough if we refer only to the sanguinary feelings which he perseveringly displayed towards his American subjects

and the violence with which he repeatedly, in letters to his Ministers, which we have now under our eyes, threatened to leave this kingdom, and go to revel in absolute power upon the despotic and paltry throne of his German ancestors, we shall refer to more precise proofs drawn from individual cases. Mr. Fox, during the last year of his life, was this King's Minister, and was only too much disposed to humour his Hanoverian and warlike propensities. Nothing had he ever done to thwart his wishes. The delicate personal subject of the Duke of York's uncontrolled command of the army; the equally tender point of the Catholic question, had been carefully avoided; and the King had admitted that no Minister, in his own department of foreign affairs ever gave him more entire satisfaction, both by his capacity, his business-like habits, and the courtesy of his personal intercourse. Yet when he learnt the much-wished-for news that this great man had a dropsy, and was incurably stricken with the malady, his exultation was couched in language grounded upon his own personal observation, and such language as we do not care to repeat. But if it be said that hearsay might exaggerate all this, we assert that his own hand-writing respecting Lord Chatham remains to convict him of feelings not other than inhuman, where his prejudices, and, above all, his tyrannical propensities were thwarted. We allude to his contemplating the death, and still more the 'decrepitude' of that illustrious person with manifest satisfaction; himself having once suffered in early life under the visitation of Divine Providence, which laid

his own faculties, such as they were, prostrate. Let us add, that some friends of the family, and of the monarchy, quite as firmly attached to both as Sir Herbert Taylor, have pronounced the opinion, that a publication of the private correspondence of this revered monarch with his Ministers, during the American war, would put the very existence of the constitution in jeopardy; so full is it of proofs of a fierce, tyrannical disposition. That correspondence now lies before us!

But as to his hatred of his eldest son, who ever doubted it? Does Sir Herbert Taylor not know the thousand and one anecdotes of this inexhaustible subject, which every one of his courtiers knew by rote? He has defied us to cite these. The defiance is injudicious. What said His Majesty to the Lord in waiting, when His Royal Highness made some frivolous excuse for some trivial omission—but which in a tyrannical parent's eye was of course inexpiable? Again we say the defiance is more frank than wise. Our author truly says that we had less access to George III. than himself and many others. Is he quite sure that we have not had access, all but direct, to George IV., and that we could not, without some slight breach of confidence, give samples, which were not meant to be made known, of the treatment received by him from his tender parents? We use the plural, in order to answer by anticipation some of the remarks upon Queen Charlotte's treatment of her son, whilst he was yet unendowed with power. With that illustrious Princess, too, our

author may truly say our intercourse was not like his own. But is he quite sure that we never had access to another Queen's society, the niece and daughter-in-law of that royal pair whom he so well knew, and whom he not always judiciously, though always honestly defends? Is it quite safe in him to fling out his general defiance, without being well assured that we have never seen the letters of both to the late Queen, and that those of George III. betoken, at the least, all we have ever recorded of his affectionate nature towards the heir-apparent of his crown? Here we pause: for he has himself coupled his indiscreet defiance with a very prudent admission, which, in truth, seems to render our further defence superfluous. 'His disapprobation of the Prince's politics, and of many things in the course pursued by His Royal Highness, amounted to dislike.' This is a large admission, regard being had to the party making it; but far ampler if connected with the subject-matter. What signifies the denial which faintly and feebly follows? 'I do not admit that it ever amounted to implacable aversion.' Does Sir Herbert Taylor really know so little of human nature as to believe that a father can dislike a son by halves? Why the nearer the relation, the more natural the tie violated or torn asunder, the more impossible is it that either the disruption can be partial, or the pain gentle, or the rankling wound which it leaves, only skin deep. So it would be in any case of parent and child. Who ever saw a mother gently hate a daughter, or a father hold in moderate aversion, his son? But a King and his son, and his eldest son, his heir-

apparent, who treads on his heels living, and must replace him dead, and that son in the hands of the Foxes and Sheridans, set up in opposition to his father King—and that father and King George III.! really we waste words in showing that, after our author's admitting the existence of marked dislike, all the rest followed of course; unless human nature, and kingly nature, and the nature of King George III. had suffered a change in that one individual passage of his life, which *related to his son!*"

Before proceeding to Greece the Princess paid a visit to Rome, Genoa, and the Lake of Como. At the first of these places she arrived during the *Carnival* time, and appears to have been highly delighted with that extraordinary festival. She wrote to me as follows:—

"*Rome.*

MY DEAR LADY ——,

I should really have regretted a return to the north of Italy had it not been for the pleasures of the Carnival of which I am about to give you a full account.

Believe me, I am glad of any opportunity which offers of keeping away *melancholy thoughts.* The

future appears *quite dark*, and therefore why should I not make the most of the *present!*

My next letter will, I expect be dated 'Athens,' as in visiting Greece, LORD N—— is particularly desirous of going there *first.* There is something singularly mysterious about him. I have questioned him once or twice, and in a tone of voice almost unearthly he has replied 'In Greece you will know all—for I have a fearful foreboding that in *that* country, EMILY,—my beloved EMILY—will be snatched from me for ever!'

I arrived here two days ago after a visit to Genoa and the Lake of Como. The scenery of the last-mentioned place is truly exquisite, and I have serious thoughts of settling on its banks (for a time at least,) on my return from wandering in the East. By the way, I may just inform you that at present it is my intention (when leaving Italy) to embark at Venice.

But now for the *Carnival* at Rome, so famous all over the world; and which seems to have the effect of turning the heads of men, women, and children.

Day by day benches and scaffoldings gradually rise along the Corso, and their progress is anxiously watched by multitude of shaggy-cloaked expectants, who have little hope of being able to purchase a seat there when they are finished. The markets, which in Italy always exhibit a curious and incongruous display of eatables, are now fuller and more incongruous than ever. The word *Carnival,* or *meat adieu!* has its proper effect, and every one prepares for a last and vigorous effort of

indulgence. Delicacies, which an Englishman would denote by some other name, pour in from all quarters—wild boar, kid, and occasionally an otter or a hedgehog, dog-fish, cuttle-fish, red mullets, craw-fish, baskets full of small fry about half an inch long, dandelion, wild asparagus, young shoots of the hop plant, and thistle roots, thousands of thrushes, starlings, linnets, gold-finches, and tomtits.—These form a very small extract from the Roman bill of fare. To make the approaching fête still more brilliant, the public fountains are cleansed out, the streets are swept by galley-slaves or convicts sentenced to that office, and criminals are publicly decapitated, perhaps as a warning to others to make a discreet use of the coming license. Even the monastic world relax their severities; and religious orders who pass the rest of the year in seclusion may now be seen enjoying liberty and fresh air, and indulging in a walk or drive. Here passes a hackney-coach containing three or four nuns; there a procession of pretty novices, neatly dressed in black, steals by on its way to some garden or villa—well watched and guarded, however, by one or two nuns of authority, who bring up the rear. And at night a heavy brick-red capacious carriage, which claims a prelate for its owner, may occasionally be seen about the theatres, conveying, doubtless, not *himself*, but his suite and household, to hear an opera and see a ballet.

These are a few of the symptoms of that explosion which is to fire off at one burst the long subdued gaiety of the Roman populace. The day before the Carnival, men on horseback, in an antique red and

yellow dress, parade about the town with eight banners, which are the prizes of the horse-race on each day, calling for drink-money at the houses of the principal officers engaged in the festivities. One banner is cloth of gold about three yards long, another cloth of silver, a third of crimson, a fourth of scarlet velvet, the rest of inferior silks; but on each is painted or embroidered a victorious horse, and a sort of streamer at the top is decorated with the pope's arms.

But in order to convey a clear idea of the Carnival, it will first be necessary to describe, with some minuteness, the Corso, the street where it is held, and in which all the fashion as well as the humour of Rome are, for the time, concentrated.

In almost every large town in Italy there is one long narrow street called the Corso, from the horse-races which are held there at this season; but I know few cities, except Rome, where the Corso is the principal thoroughfare, and where, on other occasions also, the greatest bustle and movement is to be found. Here, on every saint's day and Sunday, through the cooler part of the year, a procession of carriages regularly passes up and down from about three in the afternoon till sunset, and the foot-pavement is crowded with well-dressed *men;* and this display is so much a thing of course that guards are stationed to prevent any of the carriages from breaking the line, or interrupting the regular course of this whirlpool of men and horses. In short, the Corso is the Hyde Park of Rome.

But this Hyde Park is a long, straight, narrow street, about three-quarters of a mile in length, and terminated at one end by the Piazza del Populo, the principal entrance to Rome, and at the other end by the Piazza di Venezia. At about the middle of its course it passes by another square called the Piazza Colonna, from the beautiful historical column of Antoninus Pius which rises in its centre. On the Sunday promenade these three squares form a sort of eddy to the tide which runs through the Corso. Here they turn, drive off, or fall in, as it may be: and without these spaces for rallying, the narrowness of the Corso would render it a scene of inextricable confusion. So great is the passion for this drive among all classes in Rome, that the lower orders will club their purses to procure an occasional hackney-coach; and you will see the lady's maid, the small tradesman's wife, and the well-doing washerwoman, lolling in a wretched carriage, bowing, with great airs, to each other, and looking down on the pedestrians with an expression of such contempt that I have observed it returned by a chorus of laughter.

Outside the houses temporary balconies are erected, and gaily hung with tapestry and fringes; and the pope issues a notice *(avviso)* recommending *that they be strong*. From every window coloured cloth, drapery, or carpets are suspended, so that the face of every house is nearly overspread with a party-coloured covering. A flag is seldom seen in Italy; but on fête-days these carpets and damasks answer nearly the same purpose. The ground is strewed with a light brown

volcanic gravel, both to improve its appearance and to give a firmer footing to the horses . All this, united with the height of the houses, the softness of the climate, and the gaiety of the costumes, gives to the Corso the air of a vast ball-room or gallery, decked out to receive an assembled nation in their hours of festivity, and one forgets entirely that it is a mere street, or that it ever has been or ever can be used for the common purposes of every-day life.

When the Carnival commences, and the signal for the reign of misrule is given, very little is done on the forenoon of the first day, or of any succeeding one. It would be too much to play the fool from morning till night, and so men save themselves for a grand and united burst of folly. It is at about half-past two that the tide begins to flow: men, women, children, and carriages may then be seen moving from all parts to a common centre. The Corso is the attractive power which draws to itself the most discordant particles of society: guards are there stationed to hinder approach by any street except the right one. Parties of infantry are continually marching up and down, to prevent the disturbances, civil or political, that might easily arise in such an assembly. Bands of military music are posted here and there, to show that the papal army is employed on this occasion to adorn and not to intimidate. But the carriages have formed two close and connected lines; there is a train of pedestrians in the middle and another on the foot-pavement on each side; and a scene is commencing, to describe which would require, as Homer says of a different display, a

hundred brazen mouths, as many tongues, and as many different voices.

And first we will begin with masks on foot; nor are the simplest of these the least elegant—for instance, when a country girl of Tivoli or Mureno appears in the native costume of her beautiful country, merely concealing her face with a mask of black silk. There are several of these women constantly in Rome, who not only are worthy to be, but who really are, professionally models for painters. But fun, not elegance, is the order of the day, as a list of groups and characters will clearly show. A black bear walks arm-in-arm with a cat, and a man after them dandles a dog dressed like an infant in swaddling clothes. A white bear runs about in a rampant attitude occasionally taking off his head to cool himself, or quiet some child that had been frightened. A warrior with a lance and helmet charges the crowd, at the same time humourously counterfeiting imbecility and cowardice. A foot soldier, in a ridiculous uniform and yellow complexioned mask, struts before the pope's shabby troops, and caricatures their ill-disciplined manners. Sometimes a handsome fellow, clean shaved and dressed to represent a bouncing woman of forty, singles from the throng a well-dressed man, perhaps an Englishman, and kisses him with a loud smack, to the great amusement of the bystanders. Then come harlequins, punches, and scaramouches by dozens. Two physicians strut along, followed by an apothecary bearing a syringe of awful dimensions. The Quaker, dressed in an old-fashioned English suit of clothes, is not so

favourite a character as it was some years ago, but he is still occasionally to be seen talking and staring with stiff importance. There are brigands, negroes, madmen, turks, and persians without number. There are wigs of scarlet, green, and blue hair; noses like birds' beaks, or elephants' trunks: and faces of a brilliant blue or scarlet complexion.

On the other hand, the carriages though generally filled by the upper classes, and people who do not choose to disguise themselves, are yet not occupied by people too fine to make merry; and, even when the masters do not choose to travestie themselves, the servants are allowed full liberty of embodying their fancies. Thus you see a coach driven by a lady six feet high, who has feathers on her head, a reticule on her arm, and who, with mincing modesty, is very fearful her legs or feet should be exposed; harlequin, or scaramouch, or a fine-looking woman (apparently), or a mameluke, acts as footman. A sort of open omnibus holding twelve or sixteen absurd characters, and driven by a devil or a monkey, comes next: and a general grin is caused by a broken down carriage filled with young ladies apparently in their night-gowns. In short, the further a person can depart from his real character the better. Children three or four years of age are dressed as very old men, or bearded turks, or general officers. Men appear as wild beasts or as women. The Romans have a particular pleasure in taking this opportunity of ridiculing female vanity and affectation—sometimes even carrying their humour beyond the limits of reason. By a similar perversity

young ladies have a peculiar *pénchant* for male attire: the surtout, boots, and hat cocked on one side, do not prevent their being recognised.

A battle now commences and in good earnest. For the Italians, thinking it might become insipid to parade continually up and down, and do nothing else, invented the not inelegant custom of saluting each other by throwing a handful of sweetmeats or a boquet of flowers—a graceful action, which, when executed in good style by a handsome woman, brings into real life and existence the Aurora of Guido or Guercino. But though the original fashion still remains, some other degenerate ones have been engrafted on it, which might be considered ill-natured and spiteful were they not highly ridiculous.

There is a kind of comfit made of chalk, about the size of a pill, and altogether very like the first efforts of an apothecary's apprentice. They are of various colours, green, pink, and brown, but generally white, and are prepared in such quantities that bushels and sacks full are sold in the streets. Every one, whether on foot or in a carriage, takes care to be well provided with this ammunition, and some even make use of a tin funnel, and others of a spoon with an elastic handle, in order to throw with greater force and certainty. Such are the common materials of warfare, and a mask of fine woven wire is generally used by those who have no other defence against these annoyances. But the more elegant pelt each other only with bunches of flowers or bon-

bons—the less elegant with egg-shells full of flour, or handfuls of pounded chalk.

It is easier to conceive than describe the different encounters which take place in the general skirmish. Sometimes a pair of combatants, beginning at first *piano, piano*, gradually lose a little temper, and advancing from *crescendo* to *forte*, only stop because their shot is exhausted, by which time they are generally both as white as millers. Sometimes two carriages in passing each other, stop for an instant to fire a broadside, which leaves terrible traces on velvets and satins. Another party posted in a balcony, and selecting some commanding corner, with the skill of a Wellington, hail down such showers on the passers by, that to escape is all they can do—and the crowd often prevents that. At the end of the day the ground is quite white, as if after a violent hail-storm. No one is ever supposed to be offended with anything that occurs. Are you pelted, you must pelt in return. A person stops you in the crowd, and tries to raise a laugh against you—make the best use of your wits in reply. A mask gets up behind your carriage, on the box, and even into it—but, as he generally behaves with the utmost civility, all you can do is to laugh at his impudence.

When this scene of confusion and fun has reached its greatest height, which is at about half-past four, a cannon is fired on the Capitol to give notice that the Corso is to be cleared of carriages for the race: and the same signal is repeated along the line, and answered

by another cannon in the Piazza del Populo. In a few minutes the guns again fire, and it is then supposed that the street is occupied by pedestrians alone; and it is really surprizing with what precision, and in how little time every vehicle disappears. But the whole Roman people are so practised year after year in the details of the Carnival, that they execute each of its movements almost as mechanically as a soldier on drill performs his exercise. Now, when the carriages are gone, succeeds another and a greater difficulty—to open a passage for the horses through the crowd. Various are the means employed, but none are effectual longer than but for a moment. First, half a score of dragoons charge the multitude, and gallop along the course. The multitude opens and closes again as the waves rush on in the track of a steamer. Then a party of infantry march along, dropping a soldier on each side of the street, every five or ten yards, to keep open a passage, if he can. And, lastly, a body of foot soldiers, exactly the breadth of the street, march along, and sweep before them every one who is not included within the prescribed limits. But, even then, except just near the starting place, the motley mass closes in again, led on, perhaps by some half-dozen masks, who in general consider themselves privileged persons.

Suppose, then, that the course is clear, that each dragoon is posted in his nook, that the guns are again primed and loaded, that all is ready. Quick, then, to the Populo, for it is an anxious moment! The rope is stretched across the course, and, hark! Bang—the cannons. The gates are opened, and, look! there are

the horses, plunging and kicking—the grooms can scarcely hold them. They are to run without riders. guided by themselves alone: and well they know it. See! that brown pony, covered with tinsel, has got half under the rope in his struggles to be off; and the black one, painted with white stars, has his fore legs over it; and the bay with lighted crackers on his back, is kicking most furiously. They will be gone before they can take their stations fairly. Yes, it is so! The trumpet sounds—the rope drops—the grooms let go—and off they scamper like the winds let loose. For one moment we see them rushing into the distance, but the crowd closes in—they are gone—they disappear.

On every evening during the Carnival, all the theatres are open, but they are not always very well attended, because a greater object of attraction is found in the masked balls given at the Theatro Aliberti, in the Via del Babuino, the largest theatre in Rome. As the admission is but three pauls, or about fifteen pence English, it is always crowded; and there are frequently between three and four thousand people assembled. At a popular entertainment like this, we are not to expect the same splendour of costume or display of wealth as would be found at a masquerade or fancy ball in England, because with us such scenes are frequented only by the higher class. There is no lack of fancy or humour, but there is no rudeness or boisterousness.

The sun sets when the illumination commences, and its effect is at first scarcely visible. But softly and gradually the sky becomes of a deeper and a clearer blue,

the stars peep out one by one from their azure hiding place, and the Corso shines and sparkles with the brilliancy of a fairy festival. The tapers that are used being very small, they do not give much light, though countless in number, but glitter and shine as if a shower of golden spangles had fallen from the sky. Nor is their brightness fixed and monotonous; the lights dance about like motes in the sunshine, and as the carriages move up and down through the crowds of an eddying multitude, it would require but a slight stretch of fancy to imagine one saw the track of some magical ship over the waves of a luminous sea, or the passage of a cloud of fire-flies on their way to some happier abode.

Do you not wish you had been with me in the midst of so brilliant a scene? At all events, I often thought of, and wished for *you*.

My last letters from England tell me that my enemies are busily at work with their *dark plots* as Mr. Whitbread calls them. Heaven only knows what poor *I* am reserved for! But a truce to sadness: my heart would break were I to give way all the feelings of bitterness which lie rankling, as if waiting for an opportunity to overwhelm and destroy me!—Adieu, my dear Lady ——,

Believe me,

Your most affectionate

C. P.

P. S. Lord N——'s most kind regards to you."

CHAPTER XXVI.

DEPARTURE FROM NAPLES FOR GREECE. LETTER FROM SIR WILLIAM GELL. ATHENS. LETTER FROM THE PRINCESS OF WALES. STORY OF "LORD N—— AND LADY EMILY S——," OR THE "VROUDOLOUKA!"

It was with extreme pleasure that I, at all times, recognised the hand-writing of Sir W. Gell: there was so much of intelligence mingled with the overflowings of a kind heart, in all he wrote: and then too, he was one of those correspondents who never *forgot* his friends, whatever might be the circumstances in which he was placed. On ship-board, off Naples, he wrote to me as follows:—

"My Very Dear Lady ——,

Here we are in the beautiful Bay of Naples, prepared to sail with the evening

breeze. I shall soon bid adieu to *land*, with all its vexations, toils and misery!

> "Once more upon the ocean! O, once more:
> And, the waves bound beneath me like a steed!"

What a sublime simile, and how true!—for I can compare the peculiar sensations of careering over the blue, dark-heaving main, to nothing more apposite, than that of the Arab galloping like the wind over his boundless desert, and inhaling delicious draughts of the very essence of liberty!

Descending from the heroic, I must tell you, that in *descending* from the apex of Vesuvius my feet became so blistered by the lava, that, walk out, I could not, for a whole week, at Naples; and I shall advise all future travellers to wear shoes having soles of quadrupled thickness.* A day or two before getting fairly aboard of our frigate, I made a pilgrimage with Sir Edward B—— and Mr. G——y, (we were mounted on superb asses) to *Pompeii*,—that city of tombs, itself only recently *disentombed!* Mr G——y made many drawings; and we then took our lunch, Sir Edward B—— amusing us by the following

TALE OF A TRUNK.

"I had a very narrow escape from assassination on the road from Thoulouse to Agen in the year ——.

* Later travellers after ascending Vesuvius have derived great benefit from the use of some unguent applied to the feet on getting back to their domicile at Naples—such as that, known as Holloway's Ointment; which is a very serviceable remedy in many other cases of an external kind.

By the death of an uncle I had come into considerable property—not *unenviedly*. I had a cousin (Thirlwall R——) whose riotous and degraded life had disinherited *him*, and who bore me no slight grudge as a consequence of *my* good fortune. Nay, he scrupled not to say that I had defrauded him of his right! At last, he put his life in my power, by a *forgery* on me, to the extent of £8,000. I forebore to prosecute: but he plainly deemed me (more particularly now that he *feared* me), an object of irreconcileable hatred. The sooner therefore, (he doubtless reflected) the earth was disburthened of my presence the better.

Within fifteen miles of Agen, the postillion (who had been bribed) made a turn out of the high-road in the direction of Montauban without my perceiving it; and in about twenty minutes afterwards a german-looking calesche approached, wherein was a gentleman well muffled-up. I must here inform you that I had never had the good or ill fortune to see the celebrated cousin of whom I have spoken.

The traveller asked with some eagerness 'if the *Malle-poste* had passed?'

The postillion answered readily "*Oui Monsieur: diantre!* it is now some miles before us, you can never come up with it."

"Then, what on earth am I to do? I shall be ruined."

I could not avoid asking the cause of his distress, and offering assistance.

The gentleman with many apologies for troubling and interrupting me on my journey, informed me, that

he had driven a long way to meet the *Malle*, calculating to catch it as it passed an angle of the road; that the distance had deceived him, and that he was more uneasy at being detained at so late an hour in that wild part of the country, on account of having in the calesche a large trunk, containing valuable property belonging to a friend about to sail from Bordeaux for India, than being disappointed himself of a seat—as he had charged himself with its personal escort, and feared that if it did not reach Bordeaux by the next day, the lady would be compelled to sail without it.

"What! is there a lady in the case then? If so, we must extricate both you and the trunk. *Francois* look to the size of the chest; is it above bandbox calibre?"

The valet reported it to be the largest and strongest he ever saw packed.

"But can we have it up behind? for *you*, sir, Ponto —my canine friend here,—will, I am sure, vacate his seat. Travellers must not be ceremonious, and I shall be happy to have your society."

The stranger was most liberal in his thanks. The trunk was slung up, and in high good humour with each other, we gave the word and away.

"You see, sir," said the stranger, "that travelling brings a man acquainted, not only with strange bedfellows, but also with new postchaise companions. A circumstance somewhat parallel to this meeting, occurred lately to me, when going from Bayonne to Mont-Marsan. There was a person sitting in the

Diligence opposite to me, whose appearance and manners at first created a strong prejudice in my mind against him, and I repelled all his attempts to open a conversation; gradually, however, his animated discourse won upon me, and thawed away my dislike. I discovered he was intimately known to some of my friends: that night we dined together, and the hotel being crowded and scant of accommodation, I actually offered him a share of my room, and my new friend and I slept together, as if we were Nisus and Euryalus revived."

"Well, sir, without foreboding so somniferous a conclusion to our adventure, I must congratulate myself at having met with so entertaining an ally."

The stranger bowed, and I thought I heard him softly soliloquise, 'You may know me better, too, before we part.' I treasured the ambiguous saying, and without manifesting any suspicion, scanned his words and actions closely. The tone of good society was certainly perceptible in his address; but there was also a boasting arrogance, and a deceitful sneer, which betrayed a connexion with the vicious and abandoned.

Suddenly, he said to the postillion, 'Come *Francois*, —my luggage is no small weight to keep us back!—Do you find it so?'

The postillion turning round on his saddle, with a peculiar glance of the eye, merely answered, "*Non, Monsieur*," and resumed his employment.

I started—there was an evident understanding between the parties—I deliberated for an instant, and

suppressed a fierce emotion of anger that was throbbing to break forth. "Then you know the man, sir; his name is familiar to your lips; why not openly recognise him before?"

"Is there anything strange at my not recollecting until this moment, a person who may have driven me some time since?"

"No matter, sir, but take care; I can assail as well as assist." And to this strong hint no reply was made.

By the dawning twilight of the morning I could see that the road now wound over a waste, on which stood a low storied *Cabaret*, where poor wayfarers might stop to rest and bait. When the carriage passed its door, there was a sudden crash, one of the wheels had rolled off; the linch-pin had given, and the occupants of the body were thrown violently forward, and nearly dislodged from their seats. I and my companion immediately alighted and ascertained the cause of the accident. The driver pronounced it impossible to proceed, as an iron had been broken, which would require the interference of a smith to repair, and no forge or wheelwright was within some miles. The *sang-froid* of the stranger at this announcement, and the coolness with which he examined the broken axle, struck me as if the event was not unexpected by him; and I began to suspect I was now the dupe of some premeditated plot. The unseasonable hour, in which no assistance could be called—the lonely situation where I was beset—the twofold odds against me—all rushed upon my mind:

but though they awed it, braced it also; I suppressed my suspicions, and calmly addressed the party.

"It seems to me, that either through ignorance or design, a wrong course has been taken; this bye-way does not present the features of the great Bordeaux road: it is too still and untrodden. What say you, *Francois* (as this gentleman has favoured me with your name)—are you positive we are in the right track?"

"I will not swear we are, I never rode in this line before."

"Truth may come out by accident. Then where did you assume the part of postillion for my new acquaintance here, which fixed your name so indelibly on his memory? Oh, you need not trouble your invention for a lie, as I see you understand your employer's look to be cautious: but come, be stirring *Francois*, wake up the people of that house, and bring in the luggage; then push on, and find a workman to right the carriage:—and I think the sooner, sir, *we* part company the better, as you appear to have lost your desire to reach Bordeaux so early as you lately asserted, on your self-introduction to me."

"As you please, I am quite satisfied."

The postillion cantered on with his horses, and I moved towards the house. It was a mean hovel; in slovenly and neglected order, below even the ordinary par of village inns in France. The broken panes of the ill-painted windows, and stove-in panels of the chalk-scored door, proved the riotous yet pauper habits of the characters by whom it was frequented.

'A dreary hostelry to take one's ease in,' said I, as I applied for admission; 'I hope we shall not be condemned to tarry long in this asylum.' The door was more speedily opened than I reckoned on from the hour, which I supposed would find the inmates asleep. The landlord himself, a bloated personage—whose unchanged, disordered dress manifested that he must have reposed in his clothes if he *had* lain down to rest the preceding night—came forth and enquired the cause of this early call, and in what way he could meet our orders. The break-down was explained, and room was ordered for the reception of the luggage, which was carried into the house. I left my fellow-traveller superintending the removal of the "traps," and entered the house to examine the accommodation. A large fire was blazing in the small parlour behind the bar, and the landlady and her *Maritornes*, who seemed to have remained in the same sleepless vigilance as "mine host," were engaged in preparing coffee and other requisites for breakfast. We were ushered into two small rooms that communicated with the parlour and each other (if we chose to sleep until our journey could be resumed): fatigued, I chose for myself the apartment nearest the sitting-room, and left my companion the other, which was more remote and better furnished, and to reach which, it was necessary to pass through mine. I then walked out, and when in the hall was surprised to hear Ponto barking angrily a continued challenge, and resisting the entreaties of the men to be pacified and silent. I hurried on, and saw the dog circling round and round the stranger's trunk,

scenting close to it, and keeping up a low growl of dissatisfaction. I stopped to view the result of the alarm and suspicion the animal discovered; the chest was moved nearer to the doorway, the dog still following it with the same hostile uneasiness; the bearer of it looked to me to interfere; I smiled; and Ponto was called in. The dog obeyed my voice, and drawing from the object, crouched at my feet, but instantly, on the men approaching closer, bounded up and returned to the charge.

"It is very strange, sir," said I, "to observe the dislike my dog has taken to that chest, doubtless without foundation; however, I must use my interest with him to give a permit for its importation, or your Indian friend's valuables may be injured by heavy rain—I see the clouds are threatening—down, Ponto! to heel, sir!"

The entire party now re-entered the house, and the disputed trunk, like the Grecian horse, passed within the walls, and with the remaining baggage, was lodged in my room. A hasty repast was partaken of, and no sign of the postillion's return being yet exhibited, I, followed by Ponto, withdrew to my room; my companion, who at breakfast had given his name as Monk, remaining in earnest colloquy with the landlord.

My first care was to examine the window-bars, and bolts of the door: they appeared strong and unwrenched as I essayed them. My portmanteau and desk were arranged near the low sofa-bed fitted up for my repose, and the chest belonging to

Monk, placed beside them. Ponto cast his eye upon it on entering; but as if recollecting my prohibition, repressed his dislike, and quietly kept close and observed my movements. I sat down upon the couch, and looked inquiringly round the room I was so unexpectedly lodged in. It was a mean, cold chamber, whose furniture corresponded with its white-washed walls and tiled floor; and I experienced little inclination to lie down and sleep, through anxiety to proceed, and suspicion of the intentions of the inmates.

Fatigue, however, and want of rest on the past night, were gradually overcoming my vigilance, and my head was drooping on the pillow, when Ponto, who had been crouching near me, sprang up as he saw those signs of drowsiness, and grasping my cloak, shook it violently. My surprise returned; I was aware of the animal's sagacity, and determined to test it yet again, before I demanded an investigation of the mystery. "Ponto certainly does not like that trunk; there may be more intended than meets the eye; however, I will net my betrayer in his own toils. Lie down, Ponto, and go to sleep: you must not be turning fashionable and nervous like your master." I then affected to spread my cloak more carefully around me, and reclined at full length, as if for a long and settled slumber. The dog gave an uneasy whine, repeated his attempt to disturb, and the moment I started to my feet, bounded on the trunk, and barked loud and angrily, as if he had an enemy at bay. "Ponto's hints shall not be neglected; I must drive a

javelin through this portentous disturber of our peace; its owner shall forthwith explain." And unlocking the door, I called to Monk to enter, who somewhat disconcerted drew near—the landlord remaining behind, close enough to listen to the conversation.

"I have rather an extraordinary reqüest to make, sir; but at the same time it is one to which I shall take no refusal; there is some charm in your trunk, which has inspired my dog with a strong aversion to its sight, and myself with a curiosity equally powerful to see the nature of its contents; I am sure that in return for my courtesy last night, you will have no objection to gratify this innocent inclination."

Monk grew uneasy beneath my defying glance, which contradicted the sneering smoothness of his address.

"The trunk is not my own; and even if it were, I should be just as indisposed to bare my property to impertinent inquisitiveness."

"Your answer is consonant with my expectations; but I shall speak plainly, sir, and no longer dissemble; I distrust you and your associates; I know that you have seduced me into a snare, and that the villain who drove me, and that other wretch who stands quailing behind you, have been hired and are leagued against me: but you have not prevailed—not shall exculpate yourself, but by instantly opening that chest; else I shall arrest you where you stand. I am armed, and defy you. Open then, I say, I dare you to do so."

"Dare me to open it! You may fire into it if you like."

"I take you at your word; I *will* fire into it." Monk drew back, and his colour changed to a sepulchral paleness; he whispered something to the landlord, who answered in the same tone, "Let him try it, and waste his charge; 'tis ball-proof."

I now cocked my pistols and presented at the chest, and Ponto, motionless, as if setting the first covey of the season, marked in eager suspense, the result of the trial shot; while Monk, steady as if waiting an antagonist's fire and ready to return it, confronted me, and smiled at the fears of the females of the establishment, who, deafened in anticipation by the coming report, were clinging round each other's necks in terror.

I suddenly lowered my weapon and appealed to Monk;—"Innocence is always bold, but I have sometimes, too, seen guilt brazen. Now pause, before I fire; for if blood be spilled, the crime be yours—you will not answer me?—Then bide the consequences!"

I was on the point of touching the trigger, when Monk stepped forward:—"I may as well" said he "make the best of an awkward business: put the dog out of the room; there.—Come forth Albergi!"* Immediately the lid of the trunk opened, and a diminutive figure more dead than alive with fright rose up. "So"— said I, "I have had a narrow escape:—this is an affair for the police!" "Pooh!" exclaimed Monk, sneeringly, "what can you *prove?*

* An Italian assassin, afterwards executed at Naples.

My friend there prefers travelling in a TRUNK: have you any right to interfere with his pleasure? As to what we *intended*, that is another affair. Even now (I mean not to threat) your life is in our power—in mine,—your COUSIN'S!"

I was thunderstruck. "We may still part friends," said he, "Thanks to that little forgery, I have enough whereon to vegetate: give me your word of honour *never to molest me*, and we are quits."

I deemed it wise to assent, and so get rid of my company. "We shall not jostle again on the road to Bordeaux, I suppose?"

"Fear it not," said my COUSIN, "See! your chaise is repaired, and at the door, with a rougher postillion, but, one more to your taste, perhaps, since he is one of the fools deemed *honest!*—Adieu!—the sooner you *forget* the 'Tale of a Trunk,' the better!"

My reply was a contemptuous look; and I was shortly on my way to the main road."

We each drank a bumper of Lachryma to our friend's preservation; and I could not help exclaiming that "Truth was strange—stranger than fiction!"

The captain of our frigate is a very gentlemanly pleasant fellow, and descended from the celebrated Buccaneer 'Cleveland,' whose name he bears.

As Captain Cleveland and I paced the deck yesterday evening, he observed, "My ancestor the Buccaneer, in the time of Cromwell, was on excellent

terms with Admiral Venables, and was even employed by the latter on a very

DELICATE MISSION

In the Carribean Seas.

In those waters there is an island called *Sorreno*, with a sterile and sandy beach covered with turtle. The interior—although the whole island was not more than three leagues in circumference—was agreeably diversified with hill and valley. On the present occasion a buccaneer vessel had come to anchor in the creek; and its commander, the celebrated desperado Cleveland, leaving his ship, set out alone to explore the solitary domain.

It was almost sunset before he had made the tour of the island, mounting every hill to obtain a completer view; but still the pirate continued to walk on. At last he descried a human figure, moving slowly in the middle of a little valley, at some distance; and afraid that the burning orb, which he saw declining rapidly towards the sea, would leave him in darkness before he reached the object of his search, he hastened his steps, and strode sturdily down the hill-side. In these latitudes there is no twilight—no gradual departure of the tropic sun.

Before this consummation, Cleveland reached a caban, or Indian hut made of tussocks and grass, in the middle of the valley, and stood face to face with the

solitary of Sorreno. This man, discovered by a roving banditt, in an indian hut, on a desert island, in that far away sea, was the republican general, Lambert,—one of those stern and desperate men who recognised not in a tyrant the anointed of the Lord!

If Lambert had been taken prisoner in the battles of his country, and been condemned to this cruel imprisonment; or if, overcome with remorse for the slaughter of his king, he had retired of his own accord from the world, to pass here the remainder of his life in penitence and prayer, there would have been nothing in his position 'stranger than fiction.' But when we say that the stern regicide had been lured across the Atlantic by the witcheries of a Spanish girl, and that cooped up in this desert island, he was the prisoner and victim of LOVE, it will be confessed that this is somewhat beyond the flight of a romance in imagination.

This girl he had first heard of in the Tower of London, when lying there after the restoration, under sentence of death for the part he was supposed to have taken in the execution of the king. He became acquainted there with Admiral Venables, who had been incarcerated in the time of the Protectorate, under circumstances of strong, and no less curious suspicion. The reader may recollect that it was to Venables this country was indebted for the possession of Jamaica; but that previously he had failed in an attempt on Santo Domingo. This was the more extraordinary, as Cromwell's plan for the capture of so important a colony had seemed absolutely infallible;

and, notwithstanding the subsequent success of Venables in other quarters, his previous failure was set down as the result of some mysterious and inexplicable treachery. He was committed to the Tower, but never tried; and was found there a prisoner of state, on the re-establishment of the royal authority. Lambert and he, before the latter was set at liberty, had time to become intimately acquainted. They related their histories to each other: and Venables explained to his friend the mystery of Santo Domingo, and his adventure with the Spanish girl.

Lambert listened eagerly to the recital; but the narrator's account of the young girl,—so lovely yet so brave, so weak yet so heroic,—took especial hold of his imagination. Venables was at length liberated, and retired to the country, where he had left his Spanish mistress under the charge of his friends; and Lambert having obtained a commutation of his sentence of death to perpetual residence in the island of Guernsey, was allowed a brief interval of liberty (but under guard of an officer) before setting out for his ultimate destination. This interval he spent in a visit to his friend—or rather to his friend's mistress; and the young Spaniard unfortunately realized all the dreams of his imagination, all the longings of his heart.

Did she love Venables? *Could* she ever have loved him? These were the questions he asked, first of himself, and then of her.

"I confess to my shame," said he afterwards, "that I was a person of the weakest resolution in the world, and she—she was infinitely amiable! Less accustomed

to the pleasures of love than to theintrigues of ambition and the toils of war, I was flattered in finding her so easy to be won. I at length doted upon her to madness, and thanked Heaven which had reserved for me so sweet a consolation as the generous love of woman, after all I had suffered from the treachery of man. My first thought was to get her to follow me to Guernsey, the place of my banishment; but she easily persuaded me that in Santo Domingo, in the bosom of her family, and in the luxury of a world resembling the earthly paradise, I should find that repose for which my soul longed, and a more fitting habitation than elsewhere for my blessed Eve."

Their elopement was soon determined on, and their plans laid, and executed so well, that they were out at sea, in a vessel bound for Cadiz, before the cause of the fair Spaniard's disappearance was even conjectured.

At Cadiz they embarked for Hispaniola; and in fine, the regicide General and his protegée—whom it was his proudest hope to make his bride—arrived at their destination. She was received with transport by her family, which was one of the wealthiest and most respectable in the place. She mentioned that in a former voyage homeward from Spain she had been taken prisoner, and carried to England, and that she owed her deliverance to Lambert. This was all. There was no word of their love and matrimonial engagement; although it had been arranged that he was to be introduced as her betrothed. Lambert was surprised; and, presently, he became alarmed. Was it possible that he had been made use of merely as the instrument

of her deliverance? He demanded to see her—but he never saw her again. That night his chamber was entered by her three brothers, who told him in a voice of concentrated passion, that their sister had confessed the whole of her adventure, and had pointed him out as the only individual in the American world who was acquainted with her own and her family's shame. Lambert was stupified. He had been made a dupe—a poor convenience—and was now to be cast away after his utility was past! The Spanish brothers had at first resolved upon his death; but they now merely required that he should instantly re-embark for Europe, by the way of Carthagena. It was a relief to the victim—a positive enjoyment, to fly from the spot where the traitress had her being; and at midnight, on the very day of his arrival in Santo Domingo, he found himself at sea, leaving behind for ever the lessening shores of the Ozama.

The brothers embarked with him; and he, understanding not a word of Spanish, and they being the only persons on board who understood English, he could not relieve his bursting heart by blasting them with that dishonour they so much dreaded. The strong easterly winds, which blow incessantly within the tropics, made it difficult for them to pursue their southerly course for Carthagena: and this, added to the prevailing currents, drove them towards the Nicaragua coast, amidst the numerous small islands which decorate these tranquil seas. One of these islets in particular was pointed out to Lambert by the brothers, who seemed to have formed some new design, in pursuance

of which they affected to treat him with much openness. This was Sorreno; and, in relating to the circumstance from which it obtained its name, they took occasion to expatiate on the deliciousness of its climate, and the fertility of its soil. Lambert perceived the snare; yet threw himself desperately into it. He demanded to be set on shore on Sorreno, and would hardly be prevailed upon to receive a small supply of provisions.

Such was the story told to the buccaneer on the desert island; which he had visited, suspecting that the recluse who had taken up his abode there, was *Lambert*. Cleveland, however, though willing to serve the narrator, and far from hinting that his misfortunes might be considered only a fair retribution for his treachery to Venables, could not help giving vent to his indignation at the political crimes of the regicide. Their argument, indeed, on this point, ran so high that the affronted buccaneer at length turned on his heel, and went back to his ship, Lambert assuring him that if ever they met on Christian ground, he would call him to account for his impertinence. The vessel remained for some time in the bay, and Cleveland in the meantime made an excursion to the main, to examine the Burning Shores of Nicaragua, where some of Sir George Askew's companions had perished. Having satisfied himself that the earth there is subject to spontaneous combustion, he returned to Sorreno, and found Lambert on board his ship, in a disposition somewhat milder than before. When they arrived at Port Royal, in Jamaica, so far from

keeping his threat, Lambert thanked him very warmly for his friendship and forbearance, and these two remarkable men parted good friends. Lambert betook himself very quietly to his appointed retreat in Guernsey, where he died, after an agreeable and tranquil sojourn.

The adventure of Venables with the Spanish Beauty, belongs immediately to the history of the times.

An expedition under his command, consisting of 5,000 men, sailed under sealed orders, to be opened in a certain latitude. Previous to that time, they took a vessel from the Spanish coast, with the unlucky maiden on board; and Venables fell madly in love with her before he knew that his business was to capture her native city of Santo Domingo, to which she was then returning from the mother country. When the orders were at length opened, he communicated their nature to her: and she, from motives, it is believed, of patriotic devotion, became his. The bargain was, that the expedition was to fail, and that as soon as the armament retired from her native shores, she was to reward her lover with possession of her.

Venables kept the fleet before the wind, passed the Ozama, which is the run of Santo Domingo, and landed on the coast to the westward of the city. This was in express contravention of the orders of Cromwell, whose plans were precise, and laid out on the best

information; but once in that position, Venables had a very sufficient excuse for retiring from the attempt, the deep Jayna lying between the English and their prize, and Mount Nijayo being already bristled over with Spanish arms. He proceeded, with the Spanish girl, to Jamaica, which he captured; and thence returning to England, was immediately sent to prison for trial by the Protector, who, however, was never able to fathom the mystery of his misconduct.

On Venable's liberation from the Tower, he found his Spanish favorite still faithful to him; until suddenly she vanished as we have related, to lead another victim across the ocean, and leave him, in turn, a prey to mortification and despair.

My ancestor, had, of course, an opportunity of informing Venables that Lambert resided in Guernsey, and that revenge was in his power: but this, in a right spirit he forebore, and I have always regarded it as a very bright trait in a character sullied, alas! by but too many crimes!"

Both the land and the water, you see, teem with the romantic!—Adieu! Your true friend,

My Dear Lady ——

W. G."

I subjoin a letter from the Princess dated *Athens*, and written a week after her arrival.

"My Dear ——

We have had a very pleasant voyage, and are now in the region, classical *par excellence*

Many English are here, and they have all, with the exception of the Earl of H——, paid me that attention which kind hearts in circumstances such as mine might suggest. Such is human nature!—that *one* exception (Lord H——) causes me more chagrin, than the devotion of the others yields me pleasure!

I roam about quite enchanted with the beautiful antiquities of this once splendid city, and may, probably, give you some brief account of them in a future letter: but I will not promise this,—as in three days hence we leave for the Syrian coast and Jerusalem.

In the meantime I have drawn from Lord N—— a *first part* of the particulars of his most strange life, and now send them to you. On the subject of Lady Emily S——, I can obtain no tidings from him whatever—so that whether she be *living or dead*, I know not. The mention of her is sufficient to throw him into an agony of feeling—and, as such, I forbear. In spite of the pallid placidity of his countenance generally, there *are* times when it partakes of an expression which reveals a boundlessness of *passion*, and withal a *fiend-like energy* in their exercise!

You—probably, never perceived this; but you will obtain a glimpse of it in perusing the '*first* part' of his story.

I have no letters from England. The volcano slumbers probably for the PRESENT!

Adieu!

CAROLINE P.

To Lady ——."

The story which she forwarded me, is assuredly most startling, for its depth, truth, and intensity :—it is entitled

LORD N—— AND LADY EMILY S——;

OR

The Living Vampire!

Part 1.

"I am," observes Lord N——, "now in the twenty-seventh year of my age, and it is now about five years since I first saw *her*, whom destiny had selected to be the instrument of my moral and physical, my worldly (shall I say 'eternal?') ruin! The morning was beautiful. It was the month of May; and nature held a universal jubilee. Listening to the carols, of the birds, and watching the gambols of the deer, I was straying, in a happy state of enjoyment, along the banks of a stream, when I heard the notes of a harp accompanying a female voice. To this hour the subject of that song haunts me; for, independently of the deep impression it then made, I had afterwards too fatal a reason for never forgetting it: it was sung with all the fervour of religion, and the innotations of natural sensibility, conjoined to the skill of a practised musician. Rooted to the spot under the influence of this divine charm, I listened in an intensity of rapture until I felt the warm tears trickling down my cheek.

Aroused to the consciousness of a weakness which I had never before experienced, I cautiously proceeded in the direction of the sounds, and at last discovered, though unseen by her, the being who had so moved me.

Oh! if ever the spirit of an angel abode on earth, it was manifest in that girl! So hallowed, and yet so brilliant was her beauty. Her dark, religious eyes—her bright hair—her pure and delicate skin—her perfect form—her upturned countenance, radiant with devotion; and the sun which shone in deceptive beams through the interstices of the foliage,—all combined to strengthen the illusion.

With a broken and a bleeding heart, and as an act of expiation, willingly would I compel myself to expatiate on the whole detail of her charms, and summon before me, feature by feature, the image of that being, whose life was one continued career of innocence, honour, and happiness, until, like a demon, I swept across her path, and * *

We met again and again. It is not essential to relate how the deeper tone of our intercourse began, or proceeded. Words, indeed, could but feebly express its progress. We had not exchanged more than the most meanless phrases of formal intercourse, when a mutual, though scarcely conscious, intelligence was established. Her *eye* was the organ of her eloquence!

Her father, our new neighbour, though not remarkable for intellectual energy, he was a mild, worthy man, and a doting parent.

I had two sisters, artless, endearing girls, who rapidly conceived an enthusiastic friendship for her, which she as speedily returned. This intimacy induced a still closer union between us; and in the park, in the glen, on the lake, in the village church, in our respective homes, we repeatedly encountered.

Fond of the charms of nature, we used to pass hour after hour, roving beneath the open sky, inhaling the pure air by the side of the brook, or on the brow of the hill. Selecting the most beautiful spots for our resting-place; we would sit and while away many a happy morn and eve, in delicious indolence. Whilst my sisters supported a desultory conversation, in which *she* occasionally attempted to join, I gazed on her countenance with undisguised admiration, and lost myself in dreams of happiness. With the graceful modesty of youth and innocence, in sweet confusion, she would strive to appear unconscious of my scrutiny; but, with the exultation which a lover alone can know, I marked her emotion; unhidden from *me!*

In her presence I rarely spoke: my feelings were too strong for utterance. Intense passion is taciturn; yet how many women are won by vivacity of speech! They are amused: and insensibly they attach a value to the individual who amuses them. They marry and discover, when too late, that they have found a companion, but not a lover: a head but not a heart.

A striking change occurred in my character. The effect of love is to elevate. The man who really adores, dares not even secretly transgress! Hitherto

I had been the slave of many a wayward caprice; but under the influence of her purity, a better spirit grew within me.

When we did not expatiate on our own feelings and anticipations, almost her only topic of discourse was her absent brother, of whom she was passionately fond. The affection which this ardent girl entertained for him, could scarcely be conceived by a mind naturally less enthusiastic, or more subdued by worldly discipline. Romantic, gifted with a powerful imagination, and glowing with feeling, when she descanted on the qualities and excellencies of her brother, her speech rose into the highest order of eloquence.

How perfect she was! and yet she was no angel; she was still most lovely and woman! She had failings—failings which served only to enhance the power of her fascinations. She had all the softness, and impetuous tenderness of her sex; yet she sometimes exhibited masculine vigor of thought.

The creature of impulse, warm, generous, affectionate, in a pre-eminent degree, I occasionally fancied, that her zeal might be hurried into rashness; but then I remembered that the surface of our earth produces flowers and fruit, though many a volcano may lie beneath it. Alas! one of the strongest traces of original sin, and of the imperfection of our state, is that very excitability to amiable feeling, which bestows on woman her greatest charm, and constitutes her liability to err!

Her brother was her frequent correspondent; and one summer morning, she joyously displayed the letter

which announced his immediate return. I thought that I had never seen her looking so beautiful.

In spite of the intimate communion which existed between us, I had not yet dared to declare to her the sentiments with which she inspired me.

Like all who ever loved truly, I was the unconscious victim of *awe*. It were impossible to express, the fear, the apprehension, and the agitation I have endured in her presence. She had attained that mastery over me, that ever when I first appeared before her after a separation, however brief, my whole frame quivered, and every nerve was spasmodic with emotion.

During the interview to which I am now recurring, I made repeated efforts to induce the conversation which I so earnestly desired. I felt more and more deeply that she loved me, loved me devotedly; but when I sought to declare my own sentiments and demand hers, my tongue cleaved to my mouth, and the words died in disjointed syllables on my parched lips.

She left me, and I remained on the spot in a transport of passion, invoking curses on my weakness. I then swore that no earthly power should prevent me from repairing to her that evening, to obtain the final and irrevocable interchange of her vows.

In this determination I commenced my return home. I emerged into the high road at the foot of a steep hill, when, at some little distance a carriage stopped and a gentleman alighted from it. I noted this proceeding, but took no heed of the individual. I continued my path, still absorbed in my reflections, when I became

aware that footsteps were overtaking me. Turning round, I perceived the stranger whom I had previously but imperfectly remarked. But how shall I express the emotions which assailed me, when, on a nearer scrutiny, I recognized in that stranger, one, who, having been my school-fellow, had been the foe of my youth, and the object of my settled hatred!

He recollected me. All the demon began to stir within me. The aversion, rancour, and fury, which during many years had been suppressed, awoke, in renewed vigour, dilated my frame, and flashed from my eyes. What were his first emotions I know not; but, stimulated, perhaps, by my undisguised hostility, he retorted with looks of scorn and defiance. We walked side by side for some moments, at each step approaching nearer to the other. Neither spoke; but, wrapped in silence, and in our own dark thoughts. At length we came into personal collision.

He suddenly stopped; and in a stern voice, and with a stately gesture, exclaimed:—

"Pass on!—*We* are not fit companions! The world is wide; north and south must be *our* relative course!"

"What!" I cried, "you fear me!"

"Fear you!" he repeated with a bitter sneer. "*You* I but deem as a reptile in my path, and I turn from you in disgust!"

"Stay!" I cried, gasping with the violence of my passion, "and hear my defiance, villain that I loathe, —curse,—will annihilate!"

"*Murderer!*" he shouted in a voice of thunder.

I raised my arm,—he caught it in his grasp, and held it extended in the air with an amazing strength. Without motion, our muscles strung with malignity, we stood for some moments, regarding each other with the feeling of hyenas!

At length I exclaimed, "Not blows, but *blood!*"

"Agreed," he replied; "ours is a feud which can only end with the life of one or of both!"

"My hatred is such," I rejoined, "that I cannot extend to you the courtesies of social life;—I cannot say farewell. I leave you now, my *living*, loathed, and loathing foe; when next we separate, I hope to leave you on the *red* grass!"

We parted; and I returned to arrange the rencontre carved out for me. I obtained the promise of a friend to attend on the following morning; and I completed some testamentary documents, by which I bequeathed the whole of the little property I possessed to *her*. To her I then addressed every thought.

With great impatience I awaited the arrival of the hour when we were accustomed to meet in the garden. Never did time appear to travel more slowly: but at length the moment arrived.

I reached the spot and found her already there. She heard my footsteps, and turning round, confronted me. I saw that she was much agitated; her face flushed,—tears in her eyes. I rushed to meet her. She receded. In overwhelming anxiety, with outstretched arms, I advanced,—but she withdrew

"In the name of heaven," I cried, "tell me what has befallen you?" She made no reply.

I caught her in my arms.

"Dearest ————," I exclaimed, addressing her by her name, and folding her to my bosom, "speak, I conjure you—what is the cause of this affliction?"

She attempted to extricate herself, but answered not.

"Torture me not! I came here stimulated by the pangs and doubts of two long years to intreat you to assure me that you reciprocated my affection, and this is my reception!—What has disturbed you?—Who has aggrieved you?—Suffer me to hear your voice.—Oh, how terrible is this silence!—Speak to me, adored one!—tell me of your grief!—and, oh! tell me, tell me, that you will be *mine!*"

"*Never!*" she exclaimed, with a thrilling voice, and fearful emphasis.

I stood as in a dream; my arms no longer retained the power of embracing her; and she withdrew a few paces from me.

At length, the power of utterance returned.

"*Never!*" I repeated; "oh, Emily, retract this dreadful resolution!"

"Retract!" she cried, with wild energy; "what! wed a *murderer*—a murderer in mind if not in deed—of my dear *brother!*" and she wept convulsively.

O heaven! what were then my feelings!

"Go!" she exclaimed, in a voice that seemed supernatural; "go! I hate you, I loathe you, I despise you! The dream is fled; I see the heart of a fiend in the disguise of a man. Go! I denounce you! The stain of

blood is on you—hence! with the curse of a fond sister, and a deceived woman!"

I remained before her, during this torrent of inspired passion: and powerfully did remorse work within me; I saw the evil of my heart, and resolved to pluck it out. Had she then but listened to my fervent protestations, —but, she was inexorable; and I was lost!

"Treasure not," she exclaimed, "one hope, in the corner of your corrupt heart. Between you and me fate has placed a gulf impassable. This crime has more than extirpated my affection;—it has engrafted aversion in its place."

I implored.

"Begone!" she cried: "or hear me swear never again to entertain for you *any* feeling but that of unmitigated contempt!"

"Woman!" I exclaimed, with a ferocious insanity, "urge me not too far, or by heaven above, you shall live to learn that I *can* be a murderer!" and I ground my teeth in a paroxysm of desperation.

She trembled; the colour fled from her cheeks, and the tears gushed from her eyes, as she turned on me a look of anguish. I could not resist this appeal.

"A curse on my cruelty!" I cried; "had I loved you less, I had been more forbearing. Now listen to me, while once more, and for the last time, I implore your mercy; reflect, then, before you reply. Punish me not for the crime of hating your brother; forgive me, and the rest of my days shall be past in expiating it. Consider well my intreaty—my life, my salvation,

are dependant on your decision.—Turn not away; let me gaze on your face, while on my knees I *pray*, for your own sake, for your brother's sake, reject not my contrition; but pardon, pardon!" and I lay on the earth before her.

Most deep seemed the stillness as her low and musical tones sounded with awful distinctness in my ears. She deliberately, and solemnly replied,

"Never will I unite my fate to yours!"

"Devil!" I cried, starting to my feet, "fly, and fly quickly! ere I tear out your false heart! Yet stay—stay, I command you, unfeeling, vindictive woman!—I defy, hate, despise you! Now mark me, and forget not, I forewarn you: whatever portion of life may remain to me, I devote to evil to thee and thine! I tear thee from my heart, and I sicken with disgust that such a worthless thing should ever have possessed it!"

I watched her until she had disappeared; and then, rushing into the wood, abandoned myself to the madness of my despair. I, in unholy defiance of Heaven, and in the strength of my wickedness, blasphemously invoked and dared the divine interposition: then, casting myself on the earth, I dug it with distended fingers, till, jagged and mutilated, I became conscious of their wounds. Goaded into additional fury, I rose with a hoarse shriek of passion——

* * * * * * *

When I recovered my senses, all was wrapped in pitchy darkness. The heavy dews which had fallen on me, had induced a stiffness in my limbs which at

first rendered me incapable of motion. At length after many efforts, I succeeded in rising, and slowly commenced my return home.

When I arrived, I found, that midnight was scarcely passed. Several hours, therefore, must elapse before the rencontre of the morning; hours most welcome, for never did exhausted nature more require repose than mine at that period of time.

I slumbered until the first break of dawn, and then arose. My muscles were still rigid and painful, and I felt heavy in mind and in body.

As I reflected on the past, all existence seemed to me to be concentrated in one single word,—*revenge*. Writhing under this feeling of thirst for another's blood, I repaired to the appointed spot. My friend had arrived, and after a few moments, my adversary and his second appeared. In the misty and uncertain morning light, he did not at first observe me.

"See," said I,—speaking first,—"the mist is before the sun; it is frail and transient: but, by heaven, I swear it shall be more enduring than one of us! *Both*, perhaps, may never again look on a cloudless sky.—And yet, I could almost rejoice to escape the doom I would bring on you; for I would rather endure the curse of existence, than share with you, even in that last best blessing—the grave!"

"Strange and unfathomable being," he impressively rejoined, "I gaze on you with wonder and with awe. Are you above, or below our mortal nature? for surely so vast a wickedness cannot be of earth."

"I excite your wonder and your awe! Oh that I

could light up my heart before you; *then*, indeed, you might quail!—Yes, look upon me well—you do not wrong me,—I HAVE DISCARDED THE SYMPATHIES OF MY RACE!—And here I *now* stand, a reckless, desperate man, possessed of only one earthly hope—that of spilling your blood."

"Fiend!" he exclaimed, "cannot you, even with the grave opening before you, entertain a human feeling?"

It was agreed that we should commence the combat with pistols, and, if they failed we were to determine it by swords. The ground was measured, the signal given. I saw the flash, and rocked to and fro for a few seconds; then fell backward on the earth: the ball of my foe had passed through my body."

(*End of "First Part"* of the "Story of Lord N—— and Lady Emily S——.")

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PRINCESS AT JERUSALEM. MODERN ACCOUNTS OF SYRIA. SECOND PART OF THE STORY OF LORD N—— AND LADY EMILY S——; OR, THE LIVING VAMPIRE!

I hardly expected to hear further from the Princess until her arrival in Palestine, nor was I mistaken. Her letter from Jerusalem was exceedingly intelligent, and she appears to have borne the fatigues of the voyage and journey marvellously well. I will not insert her letter, as a few years makes so great a difference in the aspect of things, in an age when so many changes transpire

For an account of Jerusalem we must look to the narratives of recent travellers. And one of the latest works descriptive of these very interesting countries, appears to me one of the clearest and least presuming which has yet been written.

Palestine is now in the hands of Mahomet Ali of Egypt, and christians who reside within it, are frequently very roughly handled, and taxed to the limits

of endurance. At Jerusalem, the Turkish masters of the country levy contributions from the pilgrims who crowd to the spots rendered sacred by their religion. Most of these pilgrims are from Italy, and other parts of the south of Europe, and from Russia—the one class belonging to the Roman Catholic, and the other to the Greek church. The only Protestants who visit the country, seem to be a few private gentlemen. The first object of attention in Jerusalem, is an edifice styled the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, covering the spot on which it is said the crucifixion took place, and which seems to be as prime a source of revenue to the Turkish Governor, as the Abbey of Westminster, to its ecclesiastical superiors.

"Though," says my friend, Mr. Robinson, speaking of this edifice, "its handsome cupola is distinguishable from most parts of the town, their being no priestyle, the access to the church itself is difficult, being nearly surrounded by buildings, which at various periods have been allowed to be run up against it. It can only be entered from the south. On this side there is an open paved court, presenting to view a large portion of the sacred edifice. A considerable traffic is here carried on in crucifixes, carved shells, beads, and chaplets, the venders sitting on the ground, beside their wares. A gateway formed of two pointed arches, of Gothic or Saracenic architecture, faces the court, and formed, no doubt, originally, a lateral entrance. One of the doors has been walled up. The existing one is formed of massive materials, and has a small aperture in it, to communicate with visitors from without. Over the

doorway is a narrow frieze in low relief, representing the triumphant entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem. To the left of it is a high tower, anciently the belfry.

The church, when open to the public, is guarded by Turks, who sit on a raised divan, spread with mats and cushions, within the walls, and exact a small tribute from all who enter. There is nothing remarkable in the architecture or decorations of the building, either internally or externally, being necessarily irregular in its form, from an attempt to bring under one roof the various places it comprehends. But, once ushered within the walls, the doors shut upon us, and our voices softened down into a whisper, we felt ourselves impressed with the *genius loci*, or reverential awe, due to the sacredness of the place.

Our attention was first directed to a slab of polished marble in the floor of the entrance hall, said to cover the 'Stone of Unction' on which the body of our Lord was washed, anointed, and prepared for the tomb. (St. John xix. 39.) It is surrounded by a low rail, and several rich lamps are hung suspended over it. Advancing a few paces to the left, we came into that part of the church properly denominated the Nave. It is an open space, in the form of a circle, about thirty-five paces in diameter, and surrounded by sixteen pillars, supporting galleries, and covered in by a dome, not unlike that of the Pantheon at Rome. In the centre of this area, and immediately under the aperture through which the light is admitted, rises a small oblong building of marble, twenty feet in length,

by ten in breadth, and about fifteen feet in height, surmounted by a small cupola, standing upon columns.

This covers the supposed site of our Lord's tomb. It is approached by steps leading into an ante-room or chapel.

It should be observed, that the first founders of the church, in order to reduce the rocky inequalities of Calvary to a plain area, were obliged to cut away several parts of the rock, and to elevate others, taking care that none of those parts of the hill which were reckoned to be more immediately concerned in our Lord's passion, should be altered or diminished. Taking off our turbans and shoes, at the desire of the dragoman who attended us (some pilgrims advance on their knees), we entered the sacred adytum. In the outer chapel we noticed a block of polished marble, about a foot and a half square. It marks the spot where the angel stood who announced the tidings of the resurrection to the pious women. Stooping down to pass under a low narrow door, across which a curtain is drawn, we entered the sanctuary or sepulchral chamber. To the right, is an altar erected over the 'new sepulchre,' where, according to ancient tradition, the body of our Redeemer was deposited by Nicodemus, after he had taken it down from the cross. (St. John xix. 39, 42.) Above it, a vast quantity of lamps, gold and silver, the gifts of christian potentates, are suspended, and kept constantly burning. The walls are cased in marble of a darkish colour, and the roof much blackened by the smoke of the lamps.

The space before the altar is very confined, not admitting of more than three or four visitors at a time.

After remaining some minutes on our knees, contemplating the mysteries of the redemption, which were concluded on this hallowed spot, we withdrew, and entered the choir of the church facing the entrance of the sepulchre, and running towards the east. It is in the possession of the Greeks of the Oriental Church. Here it may be well to observe, that although the different sanctuaries and altars, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, may be visited by Christians of all nations for private devotions, none but the sect to whom it has been particularly assigned by the authorities, is at liberty to exercise there any public office of religion. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the several portions of the church, as well as the relics it contains, should have become objects of contention between them. As they are to be purchased from the Turkish authorities, the highest bidder becomes the possessor.

Previous to the year 1685, the Roman Catholics, or Latins (as they are here styled), were in undisturbed possession of the church, and enjoyed the exclusive right of performing every act of devotion within its walls. The Greeks of the Oriental Church then invaded their privileges, and the most violent commotions have at times taken place. On the 12th of March 1808, a great portion of the edifice was destroyed by a fire, which consumed the Armenian chapel, where it commenced, the Greek chapel, the cells of the Fran-

ciscans, the chapel of the Virgin, and the great dome It likewise destroyed many of the fine marble columns and Mosaic works of its founder St. Helena. The sepulchre itself was not injured. The present building was commenced immediately afterwards, and finished in September 1810. It happened that at the time of the conflagration, the funds of the Terra Santa were very low, and that, at the same epoch, the attention of the church of Rome was otherwise engaged, and the devotional fervour of Christians in Europe (according to the report of the monks) somewhat relaxed. The consequence was, that the Greeks, backed by their co-religionists, the Russians, having offered to defray the expenses of reconstruction, were put in possession of what are esteemed the most valuable portions of the edifice. Here then, that mortal antipathy which unfortunately every where exists between the members of the two communions, breaks out into actual warfare; giving rise to scenes (if we may credit the accounts of travellers) lamentable to the cause and interests of religion.

To return from this digression—in the chapel I alluded to above, the choir, belonging to the Greeks, is fitted up in the usual style of such edifices. It is walled in and rounded off at the upper or eastern extremity, where stands the high altar. On the eve of the Greek Easter-day, the ceremony of receiving the Holy Fire is performed in this chapel. The fire, it is pretended, bursts forth from the sepulchre in a supernatural manner, and the pilgrims of the Greek communion light their torches at it, believing that they receive it from

heaven." [A former traveller, if I recollect rightly, states that the Holy Fire which the priests give out to the pilgrims, and which they pretend to have received from heaven, is neither more nor less than fire lighted by them from a box of phosphorus matches, which they take care to carry into the chapel in their pocket.]

"From the arcades under the surrounding galleries, we were conducted to the chapel of the Apparition, which is on the north side, and so called in commemoration of our Saviour appearing to Mary Magdalen, after his resurrection, to console her in her sufferings. (St. Mark xvi. 8, 9.) It is in the exclusive possession of the Latin friars, the entrance to whose apartments is from a door on the left hand. There is none from without; consequently, though nominally guardians of the sepulchre, they are in fact themselves prisoners at the discretion of the real keepers, who are the Turks. They have likewise an organ, a source of much annoyance to their neighbours the Greeks, all instruments being interdicted in their service. Beside the centre altar, on the left hand is a smaller one, dedicated to the Holy Cross: and to the right, and near the door, another, erected in commemoration of the Flagellation of our Saviour. The fragment of granite column is shown in a recess, as being part of the identical pillar to which he was attached! Going out of the chapel, and passing outside the enclosure of that belonging to the Greeks, already described, we came to the altar of the prison, where Christ was confined whilst the preparations were making for his crucifixion. Immediately behind the choir is another

altar erected over the place where the soldiers drew lots for his garments. A little to the right of this, we descended by a flight of about thirty steps into a subterraneous chapel, called after St. Helena. It is without any ornament. From hence there is a further descent of eleven steps into a rocky humid cavity, where the three crosses are reported to have been found by the above-named empress. It was subsequent to this discovery that she built the magnificent fabric, of which we now see the remains.

Having completed our inspection of all that is most worthy of remark in this far-famed sanctuary, we retired, and returned to the convent. In our way home we could not but help regretting that the original founders of this and similar edifices in the Holy Land, in enclosing the hallowed places, the objects of their veneration, were not satisfied with merely affording them protection from the injuries of the weather, and the hands of the profane. Had they been allowed to remain in their primitive state, without any artificial embellishment whatever, there is reason to think that the sceptical would have doubted less: and that those who differ with the present guardians of them in matters of religion, would have more willingly believed in their authenticity. As it is, the over-zeal of the early Christians, by altering the face of nature, erecting altars and consecrating them to divine worship, have unconsciously done more mischief to the real interests of religion, than the ravages of time, or their total obliteration, could have done."

Mr. Robinson visited the Dead Sea, which, as is

well known, is understood to cover the destroyed cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. He expresses the usual surprise as to the want of outlet for the waters of this lake, which receives the river Jordan and many smaller streams. A hidden communication with the Mediterranean, is one of the conjectures which has been formed on this subject. Others conceive evaporation to be the means by which the Dead Sea maintains a level. "It was long doubted," says Mr. Robinson, "by what medium the waters of the Jordan were discharged, previous to the formation of the Dead Sea; but the recent discoveries of Burckhardt have led to the supposition that they were carried into the Red Sea, through its eastern gulf [the Gulf of Akaba]. Its ancient bed, now filled up with drifted sand, is traceable in this direction in its whole extent." These sentences were written before the recent arrival of some intelligence in England, which is not very consistent with them. Travellers who have lately examined this remarkable sheet of water, have separately come to the conclusion that its surface is *more than five hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean.* Mr. Moore and a Mr. Beke, who examined it about a year ago, made its inferiority to the level of the Mediterranean "at least 500 English feet." The latter gentleman, with much difficulty, had a boat carried to it, in which he navigated it, surveying its whole extent. At this moment, the channel of the Jordan, at its issue into the lake, would need to be *several hundred feet* higher than it is, to enable it to flow through the track which Burckhardt supposed to be its bed. It is

very clear that to have enabled it to flow into the Red Sea, the ground on which the Dead Sea now rests, and the neighbouring channel of the river, would have required to be several hundred feet above their present level. The depth of 2,400 feet, added to 600 feet, which is the lowest we can allow for a fall towards the Red Sea, make a subsidence of *three thousand feet*, as having been experienced by the cities of the plain—a calculation which must be quite new to biblical commentators!

A more recent letter informed me of the Princess's various excursions in Palestine; and in a more especial manner of her visit to that region of dread and desolateness, the Dead Sea.

The party arrived there late in the evening, after having been threatened with a hostile reception by the Arabs, on passing through the Vale of Kedron. Of course this had to be arranged by a payment of money to the chief.

The stars shone bright in their dark-blue abodes, and the moon just showed herself above the hills of Moab as they struck their tents, and prepared the refreshing beverage of coffee. A fire of tamarisk branches threw its flickering light on the assembled group and on the horses tethered near. There was something indescribably picturesque in the entire scene; and this aspect was greatly augmented by the wild gestures, sparkling eyes, and waving robe of an Arab story-teller, who, standing in the midst, recited one of those romantic histories peculiar to the modern Ishmaelite.

LORD N—— was there, and deeply moved by the surrounding scene.

"For this bleak and blasted region," he exclaimed to the Princess, "I deem myself a fitting habitant. My heart, is like the only fruit on the shores of this sea,—ashes and bitterness! My soul is as desolate as these rocks!—and my entire being, like that sea itself,—*a glittering surface, beneath whose depths, is Death!*"

With the letter of the Princess, forwarded me by way of Jaffa, came the *Second Part* of this Nobleman's eventful history, which I now lay before the reader.

[The first part concluded with an account of the Duel with Emily's brother.]

STORY OF LORD N—— AND LADY EMILY S— -;

OR,

The Living Vampire!

Part 2.

In spite of the great effusion of blood, which induced extreme weakness, I yet retained a consciousness of all that passed around.

My antagonist had thrown the pistol on the earth, and stood with his arms folded, regarding with a stern countenance, the wound from which my life-blood was issuing. Motionless as a statue, it was impossible

to infer from his countenance the nature of his feelings.

Increased feebleness ensued, and I fell back on the grass, with my eyes fixed on the face of my foe, whose gaze was equally immoveable.

I had thus lain during what appeared eternity, but which did not exceed a few minutes, when his second approached, and advised him to go.

"No, no!" I shrieked in the agony of my dread lest my victim should escape me: "stay! I command you!—I am capable of firing;" and I presented my pistol at him.

But the second of my adversary interfered, and stated that so long as I remained on the ground, the laws of duelling considered me *hors de combat;* that unless I rose, he could not consent to my fire.

My friend approached, to aid me to rise; but the opposing second declared that unless I could stand, and fire unassisted, he should remove his principal from the ground.

I groaned with anguish; and instigated my second to protest against the injustice of this proceeding; but in vain; for, as we both knew, the other was acting aright.

During this discussion I grew weaker. I struggled to rise, but fell—a second time I made a more violent effort, and with the assistance of the pistol, raised myself on one knee: but the pain I suffered, was excruciating.

At length I attained my feet; and reeled as though in a state of ebriety; then with one final, exertion of

remaining strength, I stood for a *single moment* motionless as a rock, levelled my pistol at his head, and fired. With the shriek of death he sprang into the air,—and fell on the earth, a corpse! I saw that my prophecy was fulfilled! the grass was *red* beneath him. I uttered a cry of exultation, and fell back into the arms of my second.

But another spectacle was reserved for me. I was aroused by a scream; and before me, prostrate on the ground, with the dead body of her brother in her embrace, her garments and hair bedabbled in blood, lay the unhappy object of my love and my vengeance. Seeing me revive, she sprang rapidly to her feet and raised her crimsoned arm in denunciation against me. I heard not her words, for my every faculty was benumbed; and motionless, speechless, as though under the influence of a basilisk, I gazed in awe unutterable on the red spot of frenzy on her forehead, her pallid cheek, contracted brow, dilated nostril, and quivering lip! I swooned beneath the terror of my agony!

For weeks I lay suspended between life and death. The natural strength of my constitution made efforts to restore me, but as I returned to my senses, the impetuosity of my feelings induced agitation which invariably renewed my disorder. She, whom in my heart I believed to be the source of my woes and my crimes, was the object of all my thoughts and all my inquiries. But I could gain no information. Since the day of her brother's death, she had never been seen to quit her father's house.

The family of my opponent declined to take legal steps to avenge his death, and I was spared the shame of a public trial. The first use I made of my freedom was to endeavour to acquire some account of Emily. By bribery, by stratagem, I strove to obtain from the servants whom I encountered, the knowledge of any incident, however trivial. But all was vain. I could learn that she was in convulsive grief, and that she rarely left her chamber; but nothing could enable me to surmise with regard to the sentiments she might now entertain for me. Neither in her sorrow, nor her indignation could any one say that she had been heard to allude even to the existence of her brother's murderer.

Hour after hour have I passed in wandering round her father's domain, in the vague hope of discerning her in the distance: evening has arrived; yet still have I staid loitering with the same indefinite feeling, until the light that rendered the window of her chamber visible, was extinguished: then I would retire with curses in my mouth on the folly of my pursuit.

How wild were my fancies! How often, while I wandered with my strained eyes fixed on that inaccessible light, have I thought on the tales of the poets, and longed to exist in times when I might have bartered my soul, for one moment to hover around that window!

But the source of this exquisite interest? was it love? was it revenge? I was inflamed by neither, but by a combination of them. I revered her virtues, I loathed her fickleness. I desired her love, but still more desired to make her atone for the guilt she had

entailed upon me. I adored her as a former bliss; I detested her as a present misery!

But fate, it would seem, had separated us for ever. The sister could never be the wife of the brother's murderer!

After a long endurance of these conflicts, I at length resolved to quit the country, until I should recover a more healthful tone of mind. Having a relation in an official position at Cairo, I determined to join him, and endeavour to obliterate, in the excitation of travel all recollection of my previous life.

But, before I departed, I sought to leave a sting behind. I wrote to her the following letter.

"Your curse is upon me! Like Cain, I am about to wander over the earth. The voice of thy brother's blood, crieth from the ground; but 'My punishment is more than I can bear.'

When first I knew you, I was walking in the path of rectitude; I sinned not in deed nor in thought. If not inspired by passion for virtue, my mind was quiescent, and reflection might have imbued it with religious consistency.

"You appeared; my whole nature changed; my energies were awakened; and I laid them at your feet, that you might direct them! Have you fulfilled this trust?

"Others have ambition, pleasure, the paths of wisdom, frivolity, literature, art, and gold; I possess, and possessed none of these resources, I had but one object direct or indirect, associated with every desire. *You*

were that object; *my* life, *my* world. How have you replied to this?

In cold-blooded self-possession, when the delirium of passion was past, you deliberately cast me from you for ever! It has met—it shall *continue to meet* its recompense!"

During the voyage, I endeavoured to withdraw my thoughts from this painful theme, but a curse was on me; and I writhed beneath its infliction.

We arrived at Alexandria; and I immediately plunged into all the intricacies of diplomatic speculation. My attention was most assiduous; and this application was the result of a strong determination to struggle against my thoughts: but, I believe, had my mind been unoccupied, that I should naturally have derived a gratification from this pursuit; for in this exciting comprehensiveness, there was something congenial to my character.

The unreserved confidence of my relative was speedily gained; and before I had passed six months in laboriously perfecting myself in the detail of public business, he entrusted me with the control of his negotiations.

Then I felt a sort of diplomatic spirit arise within me; a love of intrigue, and of the arrangement of that mental machinery which governs gigantic schemes. Instigated by an ambition naturally boundless, I endea-

voured to make the success of the last speculation but a means of increasing the magnitude of the succeeding one. In every instance, fortune favoured my exertions. War raged in Europe, but no ship of ours (we engaged largely in commerce) was captured.

Thus was I occupied until the stimulus failed. I had *repressed* the one great passion of my heart; but, alas, I had suspended, not destroyed it!

I lay *again* in hopeless torture, the victim of remorse, of love, of hate!

Divided by so vast a distance, and still more widely by force of circumstance, it were vain to attempt to depict the sad, the painful, the dreadful thoughts engendered by one little memorial of hope and of home that I retained:—it was a lock of her hair. None but an ardent lover can estimate the extent of its power in conferring vividness on the past. It was a relic that seemed to carry me through time and space into actual contact with her who had given it! I never alluded to her. My sisters, my principal correspondents, felt the object of this omission; they never informed me of aught that related to her, or to her family; and this silence remained inviolate.

I had now passed some time in the East when my uncle died, bequeathing to me the whole of his wealth. Then came upon me a desire to return to England.

At length having converted all our merchandize into money, and having arranged all diplomatic transactions so as to enable another to conduct them with safety, I left Egypt.

Ah! mine was a wounded frame and a broken heart!

—and I stepped on my native shore, careworn, hopeless, reckless,—a man without a smile, without a tear.

Great were the changes my family had experienced. My surviving parent had been dead some months. My elder sister was married: and my younger one alone remained to welcome me to the home of my ancestors.

As to Emily—for many months after the death of her brother, her father had led a life as secluded as her own. At last, instigated perhaps, by the hope of excitement, he had embarked a small portion of his fortune in stock-jobbing. He was successful; and impelled by success, entered into speculations of immense magnitude. The consequence was fatal; on my return to England, I found him utterly ruined. His estate was announced for sale; he and his daughter, would be driven therefrom in a week, friendless, and homeless!

How did I receive this news?—With shuddering exultation! But I hoped not to revenge my wrongs by persecution, but by *kindness!* I sought to *fortify* her affection; I sought to punish her *through her own heart:* I sought to force her to believe that *she* had been the source of our mutual unhappiness; I rejoiced in her ruin, because I anticipated an opportunity of overwhelming her with *benefits* while she remained hopeless of gratitude!

I deduced from the intensity of her former affection the enthusiasm and tenderness of her nature, and the solitude of her life—that she must still retain her passion for me. I had long dwelt on the idea, that at some future period of my life, I should experience

the bliss of seeing her *at my feet*, and of jeering at her proffered love! I meant but to mete unto her as she had meted unto me; and then to take her to my bosom and force her to say, "the *last* state of this man is *his* triumph,—*his* bliss,—and MY DESPAIR!"

Was this purpose accomplished?—We shall see!

(*End of* "*Second Part*" of the "Story of Lord N—— and Lady Emily S—— or the *Living Vampire.*")

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RETURN TO ITALY. LORD BYRON'S OPINION OF THE PRINCESS. COMPARISON WITH "GOOD QUEEN MAUDE!" JOURNEY TO THE LAKE OF COMO. COMO. THE REGENT'S SPIES.

THE Princess returned to Italy by way of Venice, where she had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with, certainly, the most extraordinary man of the age.—I mean Lord Byron. That city

"Enthroned upon the waters,"

was his favorite residence, not more from old associa-

tions than from the entire freedom of life, (I ought rather to call it *dissoluteness*,) which is permitted there.

To all, however, Venice with its sparkling *lagunes*, canals, and adriatic; its bright sky; its dark gondolas; and the easy gaiety of its people must be peculiarly attractive.

Lord Byron entertained a high opinion of the Princess, as the following very interesting remarks by him on "Good Queen Maude," a Queen *entitled to the throne of England*, though DEPRIVED OF IT, will prove.

LORD BYRON'S REMARKS.

"Princess Caroline of Wales is the most injured and oppressed woman with whom I am acquainted; more especially, when it is considered that she *possesses more virtues and noble* qualities than *any other British Princess on record!* In my own mind I love to compare her with GOOD QUEEN MAUDE,—that pattern-work of female royalty!

The historians of our country, have usually passed over the QUEENS CONSORT as beings created solely "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer," and, except when accident has called a female sovereign to co-operate in the actual question of public affairs, they have confined their notices of such personages very closely to the diplomacy which led to

their marriages. It is not, however, in such exceptional cases that the sphere of a woman's influence is the most extended, nor that her personal history is most closely connected with the character and fortunes of the people over whom she reigns. But a new spirit is now breathed into history; the growing importance of the people, and the desire for information more congenial to their own interests and feelings, which has been awakened within them, has turned the attention of the historian from the illustration of kingcraft to the exterior conditions of nations,—from those events which have desolated kingdoms and proved the scourges of humanity, to the less salient series by which civilization has been advanced, and in which the people, instead of being merely passive victims, have actively co-operated towards their own advancement. It is in this interior history of a country that female influence must have found its fittest opportunities for display; and the growing disposition to search out and describe the domestic habits, feelings, condition, and progress of the masses, must inevitably bring the historic inquirer into more frequent contact with the female sovereigns, who, while their husbands were abroad in war, or pre-occupied with general politics at home, most commonly gave direction to the current of domestic opinions, and set the fashion of private life.

An exceedingly well written work has appeared called "Lives of the Female Sovereigns of England," by a Lady; and whether the authoress of the volume, (it is before me,) was led to her subject by this new course of

historic pursuit, or whether her choice of subject has necessitated a better acquaintance with the popular part of history, I know not; but whatever be the cause, the effect is a narrative more varied than that of ordinary histories, and a display of many curious particulars of domestic manners not commonly known to the majority of readers. The work, therefore, is as much, if not more, a history of the ages in which the respective Queens flourished, their arts, institutes, opinions, and progress, as of the Queens themselves; and some, perhaps, mistaking this fact, will consider the narrative overladen with illustration, and will object to what constitutes the excellence of the picture, its lights, and its colouring.

Another cause which may have assisted in turning the attention of the authoress to her subject, is the publications which have been made of our national records. In these memorials of the daily transactions of courts and governments are preserved, as flies in amber, the richest and choicest anecdotes, illustrative of English society, and of personal peculiarities; and it is impossible to run over their pages, without discovering traces innumerable of the character of illustrious contemporary females, and of the influence which their example and deeds must have exerted on the spirit of their age.

The work commences with "Good Queen Maude." The application of so popular an epithet implies in itself a prominence and distinctness of character not ordinarily to be found in the female occupants of thrones; and the bare fact is sufficient ground for

anticipation, that the person so marked must have far outstepped the ordinary pale of a palace life. The "good Queen" was the grand-niece of Edmund Ironside. The claim of her uncle Edgar to the succession having been set aside in favour of Duke William of Normandy, the latter, as is well known, by the conquest of the country, made good the royal legacy of the Confessor in his favour, and established a new dynasty on the English throne. On this occasion the grandmother of Maude fled with her two daughters, Christina and Margaret, to Scotland, where the latter married the famous Malcolm Canmore, and contributed much to hasten the then nascent civilization of his country. On the death of Malcolm, his daughter Maude was sent to England, and consigned to the care of her aunt Christina, who, in the year 1085, had taken the veil. In the abbeys of Wilton and of Romsey she received her education, and remained until Henry the First of England, anxious to conciliate the people and to maintain himself on his usurped throne, sought the Saxon Princess in marriage—an event at which the chronicler declares that "the joy of the nation knew no bounds." That the restoration of the Saxon line in her person, and the prospect of Saxon influences in the councils of the state, must have contributed much to this joy, will be readily surmised; but that the personal qualities of Maude went for much more in maintaining and confirming the sentiment, is equally clear. The child of a woman of superior mind and acquirements, and brought up by another equally celebrated for all the accomplishments then known, she could scarcely fail

to become one of the marking personages of her age. At that period, while the education of men of the world was closely confined to those personal exercises which fitted them for the one great business of life, war, ("the far-famed Malcolm Canmore was unable to read a syllable,") that of females of the highest class extended over all the knowledge which the church possessed; and without pausing to examine how much or how little that all was, it is obvious that the mere fact of an ability to read, write, and to understand the Latin authors, must have given the women a range of though. sufficient to render their personal characters anything but a matter of indifference. It has been too much a fashion with modern writers to undervalue the attainments of the so-called dark ages; it should be remembered, that as knowledge was scanty and circumscribed, its influence must have been extensive: and that in proportion to the unhappiness of an epoch is the overwhelming greatness of those who in any respect rise above its disadvantages. On the influence of the learned in the dark ages, the authoress makes the following judicious remark:—

"The middle ages were eras of action, of busy and unceasing employment. Society was emerging from barbarism, and required new laws, new institutions, even new languages; and the benefits of the convent-school may be traced, not in folios of refined speculation, and elaborate research, but in the institutions of the land—in our statute books, in our parliamentary

enactments, in our Magna Charta. Nor, in a more strictly literary point of view, were these convent-schools deficient: from the cell of the monk came forth many a homily which taught the great truths of religion, and many a chronicle which told the events of past and contemporary times."

The good Queen Maude is said to have shown the fruit of her early education by actively co-operating with her husband, the *beau clerc* of his age, in all manner of encouragement to learning and to learned men. "At all times," says Malmsbury, "crowds of visitants were in endless multitudes entering and departing from her superb dwelling; for this the king's liberality commanded, and her own kindness and affability attracted." It may be supposed that her profuse liberality to learned men and to the poets of her day, must have fallen in part upon those of her own country, and counteracted the preference shown by the nobility towards those who wrote and spoke in French. The policy of the King must have naturally disposed him to favour the Saxon literature, and he is said even to have translated Æsop into that tongue. But a female's delight in the minstrelsy of her vernacular language must have reflected on it a still greater degree of lustre and consequence in the eyes of the proud Barons of Normandy.

The influence of the Queen, however, extended to the more substantial interests of her subjects. Conscious of the advantages she had derived from a con-

ventual education, she was a liberal and active patroness of those establishments, and it further appears that the first stone bridge erected in England, at Bow, over the river Lea, was built by her direction. A remarkable instance of her beneficence was the Leper Hospital, which she founded at St. Giles's in the Fields, probably the earliest domestic receptacle for that malady, which then formed the peculiar scourge of society. "It was at the gate of this establishment that, towards the close of the fourteenth century, when the gallows were removed from the Elms to the north land of the wall belonging to the hospital, that the singular custom was observed, of presenting to the criminals on their way to executoin a large bowl of ale, termed the St. Giles's bowl."

In affairs of state Maude never interfered, unhappily perhaps for her husband and his people; but "unlike her mother, she was NEITHER THE CHERISHED WIFE, nor the respected adviser of her husband," who, having married her for POLICY, appears to have treated her with DECIDED NEGLECT! Amidst all the wealth and honours he lavished on her, *no hint has escaped to posterity to prove that he loved her living or mourned her when dead!* After a reign of seventeen years and six months, divided between devotion, charity, and literature, "she was snatched away," says Malmsbury, "to the great loss of the people, but her own great advantage," in May, 1118.

"What crown would'st choose, O fairest one? why seek for thee the gem?
Jewels will fade upon that brow, nor glow the diadem.

That gorgeous clothing, hence away; by Nature thou'rt so drest,
That she herself can add no more, but owns thee loveliest:
Hence gems and pearls—aye, hence; sweet Queen, their fading lustre see;
They add no beauty to that brow, but borrow light from thee!"

The journey of the Princess to Lago di Como was unattended with any particular incident; but her arrival there was the signal for an almost general DESERTION on the part of her English followers.

Mr. *Craven* was obliged to return through Paris to Germany, on family affairs, and in order to meet his mother, the Margravine of *Anspach*. *Sir William Gell*, attacked by gout, could not remain longer; and asked for a few months leave of absence: and Captain *Hesse* was obliged to rejoin his regiment, in consequence of war being resumed. The Princess finding herself without an English chamberlain, wrote to Mr. *St. Leger* to join her at Genoa, with his family; at the same time offering the post of maid of honour to his daughter. Her Royal Highness dispatched many letters to press this arrangement, but *he declined*, alleging ill health as the reason. The Princess then offered a place to Sir *Humphrey* and Lady *Davy*, who were at Naples; but they also *refused*, pleading the different purpose of their travelling. From motives of health, Mr. *William Rose*, the brother of the English minister at Berlin, *refused* to join Her Royal Highness. Mr. *Davenport* also *refused*, saying that he must return to England. In the *same way*,

Mr. *Hartop*, cousin to Mr. *Brougham*, set out for England to see his family. She was obliged to part with Dr. *Holland*; with Mr. *North*, brother of Lady *C. Lindsay*; and with Mrs. *Falconet*, the wife of her banker, who wished to visit her children in Switzerland. Mr. *North* and Lady *Charlotte Lindsay left the Princess* to return to England. Lady *Glenbervie*, her former Lady of honor, with her Lord, remaining with her seven weeks. Lieutenant *Hannam* became her private secretary: and the Clorinda frigate brought Lady *C. Campbell* and six young ladies, from Nice.

Some weeks after, Lady *C. Campbell* received a letter from her cousin, Mrs. *Damer*; and *departed* to join her at Lausanne.

Lady *C. Campbell*, hoping to become the heir of her cousin to whom she was moreover under many obligations, at leaving, the Princess offered to take her daughter as a maid of honor;—she *refused*—*hardly* accounted for, by the young lady's marriage some months afterwards, to Sir *William Cumming*. The Princess was then in a new embarrassment to obtain an English lady. She therefore made similar propositions to Lord and Lady *Malpas*, then at Milan; but they, also, *declined*.

In December 1815, Her Royal Highness's court was entirely English, with the exception of Captain Hesse, who belonged, however, to the British army. One day, at that time, as Count Macerone was walking along the Strada di Chiaja, in company with the late general Montague Mathew, and an English nobleman,

they met a person unknown to the Count, but who, as the general informed him was Mr. Quentin, brother to the colonel of the 10th Hussars, and that he held some situation or other in the household of the Prince Regent. On general Matthew's questioning him as to the object of his journey, he answered, with some embarrassment that he was sent to Naples by his royal master to *purchase horses.* Every person acquainted with Naples, well knows that it is the last place in Europe, except perhaps Venice, to which the Prince Regent, or any one else would ever dream of sending to purchase horses!! This rencontre instantly excited certain suspicions in the minds of several of the distinguished Englishmen then residing at Naples, which they communicated to the Princess of Wales. In the meanwhile Count Macerone hastened to acquaint the King of Naples of this new arrival, together with the opinions entertained on the subject. His Majesty immediately commanded the minister of police to ascertain whether any horses were bought or even looked at by Mr. Quentin, and he moreover commanded the Duke di Roccaromana, his master of the horse to send an equerry to Mr. Quentin who should take him through the royal stables. It resulted from the researches of the police that Mr. Quentin did not purchase, or appear to dream of purchasing anything like a horse: and although the equerry, who, the Count believes, was the cavalier Caraffa, showed him a stud of beautiful horses, which he purposely informed him would be either sold or given to him to facilitate the execution of his commis-

sion; he could not be made to give the least sign of a propensity for horse-flesh! The King of Naples then commanded Count Macerone to signify in his name to the Princess of Wales that should the presence of Mr. Quentin or any other supposed agent of her persecutors occasion to her the least umbrage, he would immediately order their being escorted beyond the Neapolitan frontier.

On a subject which entirely referred to Her Royal Highness's personal and private feelings, Count Macerone thought it most proper for him to communicate through the medium of one of her confidential attendants, and accordingly he delivered his message to Dr. Holland, her physician. It accidentally happened that a similar message from the King had previously been delivered to her by a British peer, to whom she returned for answer that she felt perfectly indifferent to the proceedings of the persons who, she was well aware, would be employed to scrutinize conduct, which, open to the observation of all, could never with impunity be misrepresented. She added, as was said by a crowned head alluding to the reported presence of the pretender in London, "When he has looked about him and satisfied himself he'll take his departure." This in fact was the case with Mr. Quentin, for he was seen no more in Naples.

Count Macerone, who was an aide-de-camp of the King of Naples; and frequently at the Princess's table and evening parties, had a favourable opportunity for observation; and it is asserted by *him* that her conduct was exemplary. "No Princess," says the Count,

"ever existed, who so well combined affability and condescension with the reserve and dignity appertaining to her station."

A Mr. Charles Quentin, the *only* brother of Colonel Quentin, *who holds a situation in the royal household*, has, in the public prints, asserted, that he never went to Naples as a spy upon the then Princess of Wales, and that he was in England in December 1815. This gentleman, however, has not stated whether *any* brother of his and the Colonel's *not belonging to the royal household* was at Naples at the time alluded to!—(?)

After so many assertions and refusals on the part of the English, the Princess was under the necessity of forming a court of Italians: and the Countess Oldi, of Cremona, a lady respectable for her qualities and misfortunes, was for some time (through recommendation of the Marquis Ghisglieri) Lady of honor.

Dr. *Mochetti*, of Como, formerly professor of botany, and the author of many esteemed productions, was her physician.

Mr. *Robert Hannam*, (a lieutenant in the navy,) I have mentioned.

The Chevalier *Chiavini*, of a noble and opulent family of Cremona, was first equerry. He is as estimable for his integrity of character and cultivation of mind, as for his manner. M. *Guillaume*, (knight of the order of Jerusalem,) was also her equerry.

Louis Bergami presided over her household. *Vallotti Bergami*, (formerly *sous prefet* of Cremona,) was comptroller of disbursement.

Chevalier *Tomassia* prefect of department, was honored with her particular confidence. His knowledge of the belles-lettres, of philosophy, of politics, and statistics, are well known in Italy, by various useful works, which have given him a distinguished place among learned men. Also the distinguished professors, Count *Volta, M. Configliacki, M. Cavelletti,* formerly equerry to the Emperor *Napoleon,* and the Chevalier *Vassalli,* a person of consideration, had frequently the honor to attend her court.

The advocate, M. *Joseph Marrocci,* of Milan, well known in his profession, was her law adviser.

The Chevalier BARTHELEMI BERGAMI was *first chamberlain.*

It was in 1816 the Princess took up her residence on the shores of Lake Como, at a short distance from the town. The situation of the house (purchased from the Countess Pino,) was beautiful; surrounded on all sides by enchanting scenery. An avenue of trees, planted at her own expense, of nearly two miles in length, reached as far as Como. Here she was truly hospitable as well as affable. Her hours were passed in a series of innocent pleasures; derived from conversations with the learned; music; private plays, in a small theatre built under her own direction; excursions on horseback, in her carriage, or in *gondola* on the lake. To these were added the *large* exercise of a charitable disposition, in supplying the wants and alleviating the misfortunes of the poor persons in her neighbourhood. One act of this sort will suffice as

a sample of the many of a similar kind which could be mentioned. A fire broke out at Como, by which several persons in an humble situation of life were greatly distressed. The circumstance was mentioned to the Princess, and she sent 1200 livres to them.

Now,—who would believe, nevertheless, that even at Como, where her money was circulated, where her beneficence and generosity were exerted—who would believe that even in this town unworthy stories were handed about; and that as much ill was spoken of her as she absolutely did good to the inhabitants? O human nature! human nature!

A most infamous plot was now formed against her. A Mr. William Burrell, the son of a person of some note in England, was at Milan at the same time with the Princess. Always disposed to have English about her, she proposed his remaining with her a few months; he consequently accompanied her in her journey to Mantua, to Bologna, Ferrara and Venice; but not being disposed, on account of his health, to undertake a long voyage by sea, he left the Princess at Como in the month of August, at the house of the Marchioness Villani, in the Borgo Vico. One of his servants named White, began to circulate ridiculous and idle stories of what passed in the house of Her Royal Highness. Mr. Burrell went to Brussels; and it was at the great inn at that city that White told these stories of the Princess, in the most scandalous and indecent manner, to the servants of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, who were there on their way to England. The

tales of the servant found their way to the court of London, and Lord Charles Stewart, brother to Lord Castlereagh, was immediately sent to Milan. Lord Charles, as should have been his duty, never made himself known to Her Royal Highness, but formed a strict friendship with the Baron d'Ompteda, a Chevalier of Hanover, and formerly ambassador from Jerome Napoleon, King of Westphalia, to the court of Vienna. The Baron carried about with him in Italy, a mortal chagrin or his disgrace; led on by promises he degraded himself to the infamous trade of a SPY, and set about watching the conduct of the Princess very narrowly.

The Princess shuddered when, at her return to Milan, she learned from the police that she was surrounded by spies in her own house. The Baron d'Ompteda,* who was at their head, had endeavoured to corrupt some of the people in her service. They, however, all rejected the proposals and promises with tenders of money, to engage them in an enterprise which had for its object, outrage on the honor of the Princess. Not one of the Italians was seduced; Maurice Crede, a *German*, alone yielding to the temptation. He undertook to introduce the Baron d'Ompteda into the Princess's apartment by means of false keys, and it was by a very fortunate concurrence of circumstances that the plot was discovered. The Princess took the precaution of dismissing Crede,

* Let us not forget while on this disgusting subject, the equally infamous *(Englishman!)* Ru****.

under the veil of an amorous intrigue in which he had been detected with Annette, a German, one of her waiting women. In hopes of regaining his place he revealed the whole affair. The following is the declaration which he made in writing, and which he sent to the Chevalier Tomassia, to whose good offices he recommended himself to be re-admitted into favour:

"MONSIEUR LE CHEVALIER,

I address myself to you, Sir, to obtain the greatest of favours, for which I shall be eternally grateful. I was yesterday dismissed from the service of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, for having intrigued with her waiting-woman, Annette. This event, which has thrown me into the utmost consternation, has awakened in my heart a remorse which had agitated me for some time, and which I feel a necessity of imparting to you, in the hope that you may interest yourself for me, and get me to be received again into Her Royal Highness's service.

I must then confess that I merit my disgrace, since I suffered myself to be seduced by a certain Baron, M. d'Ompteda, to betray the best of mistresses and the most generous of Princesses.

It is about a year ago, or about a month before the departure of the Princess, that this Baron was to take all possible steps, through the intervention of a certain Ambrose Cesati, who came to Como to discover the place where my mistress slept, and to endeavour to

procure false keys of her apartment. I persisted for some time in refusing to have any concern in this plot, but at length the Baron's threats, who told me I was a ruined man if I did not listen to him, together with the money he offered me from time to time, corrupted me, and I was weak enough to accept the commission, although fully persuaded that there was no foundation whatever for the Baron's infamous suspicions.

I must say, nevertheless, with the utmost sincerity, that the guilt of my conduct went no farther than answering the questions put to me by M. d'Ompteda in the conferences I had with him, in which he interrogated me closely upon the situation of the different apartments in the palace, as well as concerning the persons who were about the Princess.

This, sir, is my confession; in making it my heart is eased of a weight by which it was oppressed. I address myself to a man already estimable for his virtues, and who ought to feel commiseration for human weakness; whom I therefore supplicate to obtain my pardon from the Princess, and not to forsake me at this moment of calamity.

Have pity, sir, upon an unfortunate man, who, knowing his fault, seeks to repair it by repentance, hoping thus to be enabled, through your aid, to return to the path of honor. On you, sir, I place my whole reliance.

I am, sir, your very humble servant,

MAURICE CREDE."

Como, November 3rd 1816.

The Princess judged it proper to inform the governor, Count Saurau, of what had passed, who immediately banished the Baron d'Ompteda from the states of the Emperor. Mr. Hannam, shocked at the Baron's baseness, challenged him; but the latter evaded him by pretences, and delays,—and *could not be found.*

This event justified but too well the circumspection which Her Royal Highness thought proper to adopt with respect to English, Germans, and others who might be about her. Under such circumstances, prudence demanded that she did not allow any English or foreigners, but those who were known to her, access to her house. Was it not, besides, a great indignity that they should seek thus to watch the actions of a Princess, through the base medium of the most infamous espionage. Her conduct, frank and without mystery, was above all reproach; of this, those who had the honor of being about her, were the faithful witnesses.

The eagerness of the Baron Ompteda to know the situation of her chamber, and to procure false keys, furnished ground for suspicions yet more terrible. A fact which took place at Genoa, bears all the impression of an intent to murder, rather than merely to rob. Some individuals, armed, introduced themselves during the night into the Princess's house, and even penetrated so far as to her bedchamber. The noise they made awoke her servant, Theodore Majocchi, who fired at and endeavoured to seize them: it remains still

unknown who these people might be, or what might be their *intention!*

When the Princess understood that her daughter was to be married to Prince Leopold of Coburg, and that her presence was *not desired* at the nuptials, she declared her intention to visit the Greek Isles: this was early in the spring of 1816.

In December the Princess paid a visit to the Ex-empress Maria Louisa at Parma, and remained some weeks at Milan.

On the 15th of February, 1817, she visited the King of Sardinia at Turin.

The unexpected arrival of the Princess at Vienna on the 9th of April, produced a general sensation and embarrassed many. She put up at the hotel called the Empress of Austria, having found *nobody at home* at the hotel of Lord Stuart, where she wished to alight. Lord Stuart, the moment he heard of the intended arrival of the Princess, set off, with all his family, to the country; a conduct which the Princess as well as the Austrian public, took in very ill part. The minister of the kingdom of Hanover (Alexander Count Hardenburgh) followed his example. The court sent to her a chamberlain to wait upon her; and although she observed the strictest incognito, the Princess paid a visit to the Empress. The Princess complained openly at her table, in very strong terms of Lord Stuart; and declared "that she would inform her daughter of it, and would herself never forgive him for this behaviour."

I will here sum up the Princess's wanderings;—

beginning with Naples: Rome: Genoa: visiting Elba, Sicily, Barbary, Carthage, Utica, Athens, Malta, Milo, Corinth; thence to Constantinople. She stayed at Pera ten days; and received from the Grand Signor presents valued at 45,000 piastres.

Next,—Zea, Andros, Negropont, Tenedos, Troy, Mitylene, Scio, Samos, Ephesus, Cyprus, Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE AUTHORESS IS AMONG THE DEPARTURES. GENOA. LORD N——. CONTINUATION OF HIS STORY.

After using the word *desertion* as applied to others (by the bye I do not include in this condemnation, Lady Charlotte Lindsay:) I should, perhaps, have some difficulty in exculpating *myself* for quitting the service of the Princess at a period so critical, even *if* I could enter into every domestic particular; and this I *cannot do.* The reader must therefore take my own

word for it,—that having remained in Italy during the Princess's travels in Syria, &c., I had intended to *continue* there; and that *no desire to abandon* her ever entered into *my* views of the matter.

At Leghorn I met with that accomplished improvisatore M. Negri, who lives in a little Paradise of a place: and a very pleasant society was assembled from time to time at the Palazzo Durazzo, consisting of Lord Bentinck, Mr. Andrews, Mr. and Lady Barbara Ponsonby, Mr. Milner, M. Catarelli, Prince Carignani and his very young and beautiful bride, the daughter of the Grand Duke, at whose marriage in Florence, I had been present. Among the *disagreeables* at Genoa, (we women love a little scandal!) were the enormously stupid and self-important Colonel C——; the Billingsgate-*ly* vulgar Mrs. K——; and that female Paul Pry, Lady A——. Gell and Craven were somehow or other in disgrace with the Princess—but I think undeservedly so. The *caprice* of even the most amiable woman is tolerably exuberant—but of a *Princess!!!*

Neither Gell nor his brother in *exile* spoke one word in disparagement of Her Royal Highness, a circumstance which does them much honor. My prime favorite, also, the unfathomably mysterious Lord N—— was at Genoa at this period; and from him during our evenings at the Palazzo Durazzo, while overlooking the sea, on one of the most beautiful moonlight nights that can be imagined, I drew from him the continuation of his history.

STORY OF LORD N—— AND LADY EMILY S——;

OR,

The Living Vampire!

Part 3.

With these intentions, I purchased through an agent, the entire estate of her father. I paid all his debts, and placed him again in possession of his property; working secretly, so that he could never *trace* the hand to which he was indebted. But I was aware that they knew of my return; and I left HER to *feel* that I was their benefactor. Those only who have possessed passions such as mine, can imagine the wild pleasure I derived from this first exercise of power over her who had seen me at her feet and trampled on me!

For several months after these occurrences, I awaited a manifestation, from her or her parent, of their consciousness that I was the author of them. I haunted the environs of the park; but I could not obtain a glimpse of her form. After the fatal duel, all intercourse between our families ceased.

But heedless of this delicacy, and instigated by impatience, I now prevailed upon my sister to visit them. She was received solemnly; and returned to fill me with doubt.

Often had I said to myself, there is no sorrow like unto mine! but the tale of my sister proved the fallacy of my judgment; I had not yet known what Heaven destined for me. She described a most painful change in the appearance of father and daughter; a fixed gloom had engraven itself on their features. She had mentioned my name: the father had started; but the daughter had exhibited no marked emotion.

"With the resignation and suffering of a saint," said my sister, "she seems only to exist in the hope of a future state, and to regard herself as severed from the ties which bind our frail mortality. My dear brother! for worlds I would not willingly distress you; but you must suffer me to say, that I cannot conceive a sight more heart-rending than this afflicted family!"

The words smote me; but recovering myself, I multiplied questions in order to extract some evidence of the nature of the feelings with which I now inspired her. But not a word, look, or tone, had revealed the shadow of even a passing interest in my existence.

"Why torment yourself by these inquiries, my brother?" cried my sister: unreservedly will I confess to you that I watched her narrowly for your sake; and you know the power of a woman's eye, in detecting the secrets of the heart; I fear, then, I do not err, when I say, that I am convinced that *the past can never be recalled.* I think she has endeavoured to banish you from her mind. I speak thus harshly to you, my dear brother, because I cannot see you pining in the indulgence of a fallacious hope!

My sister judged aright: I had only existed in the idea that EMILY *must* still retain her affection for me in her inmost soul. But *now*, I began to suspect the possibility of her having *ceased to love me.* Like the Simoom the thought swept desolatingly across my heart!

Unable longer to endure the agony of suspense, that same morning I addressed a letter to her, which I commanded my messenger *himself* to place in her hands. My order was obeyed; and in the evening my letter was returned to me *unopened!*

From that hour I became the prey of a love quite hopeless and of hopeless hatred. I was a miserable man! My spirit raged against my kind; and I wished all animate nature beneath my foot, that I might crush it! And yet such is the inconsistency of human passions, that I, who could entertain these savage thoughts, have trembled on contemplating the suicide which I sought, but *could not* commit!

How often, then, in my moments of calmer anguish, has the thought of the days, and years, the love and energy which I had so fruitlessly lavished, been recalled to me.

But I must not forget my sister. Woman, alone, is capable of genuine unalloyed disinterestedness; and for her it is reserved to prove that self-love is *not* the sole motive of existence!

Of this nature was my sister: she adored virtue for virtue's sake; and believed that the practice of it induced its own reward. She saw that I was miserable, beyond the common apportionment of misery; and though, as I afterwards knew, she was at that

very time sincerely attached to a nobleman of high birth and character, who felt for her a more than equal affection, yet she cheerfully withdrew herself from the indulgence of this natural and fascinating feeling, to devote herself to my consolation;—not as man may sometimes sacrifice to man in the rigid performance of a self-imposed duty, but in the beautiful unconsciousness of sisterly impulse!

While this beloved girl attempted, though in vain, to soothe my wretchedness, the father of *her* who had caused it, *died;* brought down to a premature grave.

A few weeks after this event, I had been sitting during several successive hours on the spot where we had first met; above me, foliage—below me, the stream. Oh! bitterly painful was the chain of thought which this location suggested! I continued to contrast the past with the present. Again I arrayed before me all the minutest circumstances which related to that scene. I pictured her sunny smile, and I dwelt on her sacred melody, until each plaintive note trembled again on my ear.

Wrapt in the anguish of this thought, I grew scarcely conscious of time or place, when a sound aroused me to attention—apparently, the half-suppressed sob of a female; I listened; it *was* a woman's bewailing: and now, borne on the breeze, became a louder gush of sorrow. Excited by a feeling which I could not define into a temporary self-oblivion, I stole cautiously until I obtained a sight of the sufferer.

Good heaven! for the first time for years, I stood

within a few yards of the being I adored! I felt that it was she, though I saw not her face. Clinging to the next branch for support, I gazed with a bursting heart on the picture she presented—oh! how piteous; yet, how beautiful it was!

She was seated beneath the trunk of a fantastic tree, the huge limbs of which, inclining downwards, its foliage threw a shadow around her. A garment of white displayed a neck of voluptuous whiteness. One arm, bare to the shoulder, uniting the fulness and polish of pure marble, hung by her side, while the hand, rested lightly on the turf. The other pressed her forehead, which, bowed to her knees, was concealed by the dishevelled hair that fell in heavy masses to the earth, where it lay in silken clusters. She sighed piteously; and heart-rending were the sobs which convulsed her frame, as she rocked to and fro, with an irregular motion.

This was the spectacle that met my gaze. My blood ceased to flow, my pulse to beat; and I stood a statue, in all but the too vivid consciousness of pity and remorse!

Suddenly she cast herself on her knees, and clasping her hands, raised her arms to heaven in energetic prayer. I heard not her words; but the action and the expression denoted the homage of a broken heart. She ceased; her arms fell by her side, her head sank; the lips were motionless; and she seemed for a few moments in all the supineness of despair; then, starting to her feet, she took one lingering survey of earth and sky, and dashed into the stream. The waters seized o!

and enveloped her in their gloomy depths; then heaving her to their surface, bore her rapidly along their course.

What followed I know not, until I found myself standing on the brink of the stream, with her body in my arms. In that moment all reason was lost; I had acted from unconscious impulse.

I laid her on the grass, and essayed every remedy that affection could suggest to restore her to life; till in a paroxysm of grief, I threw myself by her side, and kissed her lips, eyes, and forehead. The blood began to dance in my veins; and the passions of years burst from their confinement! I wound my arms around her form, clasped her to my heart with the pressure of delirium, and yet felt as though I only grasped a vacancy!

There she lay before me; she, whom during long years I had vainly endeavoured to behold! She lay; the pure, rigid, inflexible; without a tone to check the wildest expression of my love. And yet, there was the form, the eye, which had once inspired me with passionate affection. "And now," I cried, raising her arm, and allowing it to drop heavily, "the ruled has become the ruler, the slave the despot!"

A flood of tears, succeeded to this ebullition of the ferocious and inhuman passions of my nature. I pressed her hand to my face, I bowed my head and wept like a child.

While wrapt in my grief, I felt a convulsive movement in the hand enclosed in mine. I gazed on her face, and discerned a quivering in the lips. In a trans-

port of hope, I raised her, and bore her to my home. Medical assistance was summoned; and before two hours, she was restored to life. Swayed by the advice of my sister, and by my own dread of the effect which the sight of me might produce on her, I retired to my room, before she was sufficiently recovered to recognize the objects around her.

In anxiety, I was revolving this extraordinary event, and speculating on its cause, when a servant entered, and presented me a letter, which had been brought by a messenger from the hall. I started in astonishment; a thrill of painful expectation ran through my veins, as I gazed on her well-known hand. I observed that it bore the date of the previous day; and then, in doubt and eagerness, a trembling hand and an unsteady eye, I proceeded to read that which follows.

"When this confession shall be revealed to you, the spirit of her who penned it shall be hovering around you, shall be striving to commune with you: and if ever Heaven allow the laws of nature to be broken for other than its own purposes, doubt not that its presence shall be manifest to you. You shall feel it breathe and blend with your being!

Bashful, apprehensive, the slave of prejudice and education, woman's career is a continued self-deceit, and restraint. But now on the verge of the grave, the iron trammels of factitious habit fall from me, and I glory in declaring that—*I adore you.* I discard the timidity of my nature and the pride of my sex, and I

avow exultingly, that I linger with delight as I retrace the three little, but comprehensive words, *I adore you!*

And yet none can ever know how I have struggled with my passion. Often in an agony of remorse have I passed night and day in imploring the protection of Heaven, but it came not. Evening and morning when I offered up my homage, I have sworn to forget you; but I only slept to dream of you, to summon before me the blissful detail of our too fleeting intercourse. Nowhere could I turn for succour. With every action of my life, some thought of *you* was associated.

The stars, the scent of flowers,—all were foes to my peace; all served in turn to remind me of *you*. My books I opened not: and music was fertile in heart-breaking recollection!

I love you—I adore you—and—we are separated for ever! A red stream flows between us—by day, and by night, On this side is despair; on the other, hope, love, gratitude, sympathy, but still I *may* not cross that small dark line of eternal disunion—for it is *my brother's blood!* This course alone, then, remains —the sister dare not wed her brother's murderer, but she dares to die, rather than live apart from him whom she *more than idolizes!*

I have unlocked the inmost secrets of my heart; it is as naked before you. Yet your curse is upon me! —'I *do* live to lament that I was born!'—Harsh as was that wish, still harsher was the cause you had for framing it. I felt that I deserved it at your hands, and I wept bitter tears over the agony in which it

must have originated. The rest of your letter but increased my sympathy and affection; I saw in every line the excess of your despair, and I pardoned, nay loved, that acerbity of expression which served but to prove your deep sense of your loss. To me you have ever been all that is good; and oh, how I thank you with all the affection of a daughter, the fervour of a grateful woman, for your last noble act of kindness to my father! Remember, that in these sentiments I quitted the world, and let them be a source of consolation to you.

And now my beloved, fare you well! Let me conjure you to think of me without regret.

Shed not tears over my grave; but forget me not; think on me with amenity. Farewell again, beloved of my soul, and remember this parting prayer—Be happy for my sake!

EMILY."

The moment I had completed the perusal of this powerful and extraordinary picture of love and devotion, of religion and despair, I comprehended that it had never been intended to meet my eye while the writer existed. Unable longer to struggle against her passion, she had resolved to die. She had then left her home, and but for my intervention her plans would have been accomplished.

These thoughts flashed across me; and with the exultation of a fiend, I strode up and down the cham-

ber, the eventful letter in my hand. She was mine,—*mine!* bound to me by the ties of indivisible affection. A career was open to me; I might glut either love or hate! Was she not beneath my roof, unprotected, friendless, irrevocably within my power? Might I not then avail myself of her weakness?—Oh, no! no! worlds should not have tempted me to have adopted this course. I loved her too dearly to doom her to shame and misery; but my vindictive nature could not forgive her the anguish, the desolation, which she had caused me. At that moment, had her life been threatened, I could have cheerfully sacrificed mine to ensure her safety; but to have preserved both, I could not have suppressed my resentment.

In recurring to the deeds of this thrice guilty VAMPIRE-LIKE portion of my career, I sometimes cannot refrain from fancying that I never *could* have perpetrated them, unless at the time I had been a victim to confirmed insanity!

While jaded in mind and body, I vainly contended with the evil of my heart, repeated messages from the sick chamber informed me of the state of the invalid. The evening advanced ere I was gladdened by the entrance of my sister. She told me that her charge had been slightly delirious, and had addressed a few incoherent words to those around her, but that she had just sunk into a calm and deep slumber.

Hitherto, my sister had received no explanation, but she now sought a solution of the mystery, and I placed the letter in her hand. Her surprise was extreme. Her countenance expressed the emotions

which its perusal excited; her deep blushes revealed the woman's sympathy in the feelings of a friend; her sensibility appeared to be more struck by its passion than by its tone of despair.

When she had read it, she gazed on me with astonishment, and I then communicated to her how I had rescued EMILY from self-destruction.

"The hand of Providence," observed my sister, appears in this event: think that you may *still* be happy! What a noble part has my friend played! She could not live without you, but she would rather die than wed the man who was stained with her brother's blood! How heroic, weak, disinterested, selfish! O how I pity her; what a conflict! But, it must exist no longer. With that written witness of her affection in your possession, she cannot attempt *another* separation!—How you ought to adore her!—Her very frailties are virtues!"

(*End of* "*Third Part*" of the "Story of Lord N—— and Lady Emily S——, or the *Living Vampire.*")

CHAPTER XXX.

QUEEN CAROLINE'S CONTINENTAL PROGRESS TO ENGLAND. CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF LORD N—— AND LADY EMILY S——; OR, THE LIVING VAMPIRE.

As soon as intelligence of the decease of George III. had been communicated to the (*now*) Queen, Her Majesty determined on immediately proceeding to England, and reaching it, if possible, before the coronation of her consort. This resolution had been formed while she was yet Princess of Wales, as appears by extracts from letters written a short time previously.

"During the five years of my long absence from my dear old England, I can assure you it has been the first real happy moment I felt, having received such satisfactory information respecting the feelings of the people of England towards me. It has been the most gratifying communication to my mind, and I trust to heaven I shall ever continue to deserve their good

opinion. My traducers and enemies in England have again held secret inquisition at Milan, through the means of spies, and many old servants, who have been sent from the house for bad conduct.

"A Mr. C——, Mr. P——, a colonel B——, and lord S——, have been making all sorts of inquiry into my private conduct. My legal advisers were informed of this in April last, and I should have gone to London at that period, had I not been otherwise advised, it being the wish of my legal advisers that they should first see me in France. I came to Lyons for that purpose, and after waiting anxiously their arrival for some weeks, I found they could not meet me. The air being too cold for my health, I took the resolution of fixing my winter residence at Marseilles, where I have been two months, and expected to see my legal advisers, but I have been again disappointed, and heaven knows when they will be able to meet me. I have been much alarmed about a rumour relating to our ever-beloved and lamented King's health; if, on the event of any thing happening to our revered monarch, I put my only trust in the generosity of the great nation, to protect me from the hands of my enemies. I have great pleasure to inform you, that all my debts in England and Italy have been paid.

CAROLINE."

"I should not have taken up my pen so soon to trouble you, if I had not received this morning a letter from Paris, from a particular friend, which communi-

tation stated to me, that the English ambassador mentioned the impossibility of his paying me due respect, and assured my friend that the government at Paris, he feared, would make my residence there far from agreeable, and my friend advised me not to visit Paris under such circumstances. I never had any wish to visit that metropolis, but the desire alone of seeing my legal advisers, and that was the sole object of my travelling into France. I am so uncomfortable here, under such a government, that I intend leaving Marseilles on the 20th of this month, and shall return into Italy. In case my presence should be necessary in England, I will come by sea, and not expose myself to the possibility of being badly received by the family of the Bourbons. The present King, when in a distressed situation, was well received by my late father's court at Brunswick palace, and every comfort was offered to him: but such great personages have the talent to forget where they have received civilities. In a strange country, I think, the daughter should at least have been kindly received, without pomp or parade, but in a friendly way; that was all I expected, as I travelled *incognito*.

CAROLINE."

After a fatiguing journey Her Majesty reached Leghorn, where she was met by Mr. Sicard, (her steward:) from thence she proceeded to Rome, Pesaro, and Milan. From Milan she dispatched a courier to England, announcing her intention, if possible, to reach the French coast, by the 1st of May. Much doubt of Her Majesty's return were entertained in England, where her birth-

day was but *partially* kept, Wednesday, May 17, 1920, that is, the public offices had a holiday, and the bells of one or two churches rang; but there was no firing of Park or Tower guns. At length all speculation on that subject terminated by the statement of Mr. Brougham, her attorney-general.

On the night of May 16, the Chevalier Vassalli arrived in England, bringing letters dated Geneva, 12th. These mentioned that Her Majesty remained in full determination to proceed to England through France, but that she did not intend to visit Paris, she had been confined five days with rheumatism, and was detained, after passing Mount Cenis, with violent spasm. The Chevalier, who was only four days on his journey, left England on the 18th, expecting to rejoin her either at Geneva or nearer, on her route to England.

The following letter from an Englishman at Geneva, will contribute some information.

Geneva, May 17th, 1820.

"The Queen arrived here on Tuesday last, coming by Mount Cenis to Chambery, and thence by Aix and Rumilly to this place. Her Majesty is lodged at the hotel l'Ecu de Geneve, where she intends to remain till the return of a courier sent to Mr. Brougham on her arrival here.

"Her Majesty is leading a most retired and regular life; she rises early, and is in bed generally before eleven; her dinner hour is at two, after which she takes an airing on the lake, and returns at five to tea.

"On Friday as the Queen entered her carriage to

take her accustomed ride, she was informed of the death of the Duchess of York:* it so affected her, that she was obliged to return to her chamber in evident distress.

"From the authorities of the King of Sardinia, Her Majesty received the greatest attention. Though she expressed a desire to keep the strictest *incognito*, they insisted upon providing Her Majesty with an escort of carabiniers throughout the Sardinian dominions.

"The Queen has dismissed her Italian court, and, with the exception of her maids and footmen, has merely with her M. de Bergami, her chamberlain, an equerry, and her private secretary, who is an English gentleman. Mr. William Austin, whom Her Majesty took under her protection while a child, is now a very fine young man, and accompanies Her Majesty to England, where she intends to place him at college.

"A great deal of jealousy has been excited in Italy, and stories have found their way to England relative to the exaltation of M. de Bergami, by Her Majesty, from the situation of courier to chamberlain—from apparently nothing, to that of a baron, covered with orders. But it is said that these decorations were gained by him in the French army, in the campaign of Russia and elsewhere; and, besides the high recommendation the Queen received with him, she says, she found his family was of respectability, and she has lost no occasion to reward him for six years of tried services. He

* This, we are happy to say, was a false rumour, originating from the then severe indisposition of Her Royal Highness.

leaves Her Majesty next week to join his sister at Bologna.

"On receipt of dispatches from England, the Queen will set out immediately for Ostend, taking the route by Lausanne to Carlsruhe, and so on to Bruxelles."

Another letter says:—

"Some of us Englishmen felt it our duty to pay our respects to the royal exile, and sent an humble request that we might be allowed that honour. Her Majesty was at first so much indisposed as to be incapable of seeing us, but we were ultimately favoured with an audience. Her Majesty received us with great condescension and affability, and made particular enquiries as to when we had heard from England, of which she expressed herself a devoted admirer. She spoke with a sort of enthusiasm of the people and the country, and said that her heart yearned with affection towards the one and the other. She said, she never should forget the kind, and liberal, and enthusiastic sentiments of respect which had been paid to her while resident in London—at a period when all hope, save that founded upon the consciousness of her own innocence had fled; a young gentleman, a son of Mr. Alderman Wood, was present, he had before spent some hours with Her Majesty, and in alluding to the honourable exertions of his father, in favour of an almost friendless woman, she seemed affected even to tears. Her country—for she said she had none other but England, now that the grave had swallowed her father, her mother, and her

brother—was the unceasing topic of her allusions; and she seemed to look with confidence to a triumphant return to what she emphatically called 'the bosom of her people.'

"Her person, since she left England in 1814, seems to be a good deal changed. She is not so fair as she then was, nor is she so stout—there is an air of melancholy languor about her manners, which renders her very interesting. It is thought she will remain here for some time. She lives almost entirely secluded."

After some delay, she commenced her route to England. At Dijon she dispatched a courier, charged with a letter to Mr. Brougham, in which she informed that gentleman, that it was her intention to be at St. Omer's on Wednesday, (but which she did not reach till Thursday, June 1,) and requested his presence at that place to confer upon the step which she was about to take. At the time of the departure of this courier, she had not been joined by Alderman Wood and Lady Hamilton, although she had received letters from them announcing their intention to meet her on the road.

After the departure of the courier, she again continued her journey to Monthard, which she reached on Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. Here she retired to rest, and when at dinner was agreeably surprised by the arrival of Mr. Alderman Wood and Lady Hamilton, who by keeping the route pointed out by Count Vasali were thus enabled to fall in with her. They had missed the courier on the road, who, it was supposed, must have taken another. Her Majesty received the worthy Alderman and Lady Hamilton with great kind-

ness. At six o'clock the same evening they all pursued their course to Villeneuve, which they reached the next day. Here upon consultation with Mr. Wood, Her Majesty repeated her determination to proceed forthwith to England. She seemed perfectly acquainted with many of the scandalous stories which had been circulated to her prejudice, but treated them with contempt: she said she should fearlessly throw herself upon the justice and candour of her people. Indeed, she added, that she would long since have been in England, had not her advisers recommended her to wait till His Majesty's government should afford her the means of going thither in a manner becoming her rank. Having resolved no longer to delay, she now wrote three letters, one to Earls Liverpool, Melville, and the Duke of York. The first was a demand that a palace should be forthwith prepared for her reception; the second to Lord Melville, (first Lord of the Admiralty) desired that a royal yatch should be sent on Friday to Calais, to receive her; and the third, to the Duke recapitulated both demands, as well as protested against the manner in which she had been treated.

Leaving the Queen at Villeneuve, for a brief period, I will here introduce from the papers by me a continuation of Lord N——'s fateful story.

STORY OF LORD N—— AND LADY EMILY S——;

Or, the Living Vampire!

Part 4.

Though I admitted the justice of this praise of my

sister, yet it grated on my ears, for it was a tacit reproach to the sentiments I entertained. Shunning further colloquy, I repaired to the sick chamber, with a cautious step and a throbbing heart. My frame was agitated, my trembling limbs would scarcely support me. Noiselessly and tenderly I bent over her, and gazed on her dear countenance. Her head, turned toward the pillow, displayed but a portion of her lovely face, pale and marble-like, under the influence of exhaustion. Her bright, dark hair, was scattered around her; and, still exposed, was her purely symmetrical arm.

Approaching my face to hers, I allowed the warm breath to play on my cheek; and then withdrawing a few paces to recover my self-possession, I began to reflect on the change which a few short hours had effected: when I last beheld her, I was the victim of her barbarity; NOW, I stood over her, the *arbiter of her fate!*

This conflict pursued me during the night. Sometimes I regarded her with the purest affection; but again, the evil of my heart arose, and steeled me against her faith, her love, her beauty. I only thought of the sufferings *I* had endured!

Again feelings of affection and contrition revived, and conscious of abject weakness, I threw myself upon my knees, and implored God to inspire me with the strength to forego the vindictiveness I cherished. But Heaven heeded not such prayer in a despairing, *ill-regulated* mind. I felt myself rolling darkly onward

to certain destruction, but possessed no power to arrest my course.

Pitiable is the man who hates her he once adored; but my more hopeless misfortune was—TO LOVE AND TO LOATHE, AT the SAME moment, the same person!

The night passed, and the day began to gleam: and I retired to a part of the chamber, whence I could watch her return to consciousness.

She unclosed her eyes and gazed around her, but without alarm. She raised herself slowly, and examined every object with increasing attention. My sister now advanced. The light was deceptive, and she regarded her with a doubtful gaze; then uttering a faint cry of recognition, fell upon the pillow.

"Dear girl," cried my sister, clasping her in her arms, "welcome, thrice welcome to life, to ——"

She closed her eyes, incapable of supporting the wide field of speculation which these words suggested.

"God of heaven!" she ejaculated in the low gasping tone of excessive apprehension; "I know that voice—it belongs to one fair, kind, and good,—it recalls days long past. How I have been brought here, I ask not; but tell me, *who* is the owner of this abode?"

"A kind and good relative, who——"

"And that relative is ——"

"Your friend."

"And—is *your brother*?"

"My brother," replied my sister, hesitatingly.

"Then I am lost!"

With a gentle violence, my sister removed her hands from her face, and soothingly kissed the pale cheeks down which tears followed in quick succession. The fountains of her heart were unlocked by this sympathy, and she drew my sister still closer to her, and sobbed convulsively. My sister mingled her tears with her unhappy friend's.

"Sweet friend," exclaimed my sister, "believe me my brother adores you. Forget your griefs; resolve never to recur to the *past:* and your happiness is your own for ever.

"Yes," she replied, "the time for self-restraint is past: I can no longer deceive either him or myself. I will see him and avow the love I bear to him."

I stood before her!

The blood rushed to her face, making every feature "*one red;*" but a moment after, the countenance became the hue of death.

My sister left the room. Would that she had remained! for though love and terror were not strong enough to fetter the demon within me, a feeling of shame *might.*

Resisting the impulse to throw myself into her arms, I stood gazing on her. In spite of her own emotion, she could discover that I was under the influence of an agitation, which our mere meeting did not engender. A pause ensued; at last she exclaimed,

"You received a letter from me?"

"I did."

"You read it?"

"A thousand times."

She blushed.

"Then I am known!"

"Every secret nook of your inmost heart!"

Surprised more by the tone than by the sentiment of this reply, she looked into my face; but could read there no avowal of my feelings.

"Why do you gaze so strangely on me?"—she affectionately exclaimed. "I have confessed—why should I not speak it—my attachment. My fate is decided—abandoned are all attempts at disguise;—I live only for *you*. What means this silence?" A third tie of union exists between us;—*now* I owe you a *life*. My preserver,—from worse than death, from *crime*, speak to me, speak to me!"

Silently I stood regarding her with an impassive countenance. I replied,

You owe *me* no thanks, for my service is but the payment of a debt. I *took a life* from your house; I *return it*." I proceeded with severe calmness, "In your letter, you never suppose the possibility of *change in* ME!"

Fear and horror, were blended on her lovely countenance; at last under the influence of agony, she exclaimed,—

"O God! can *he*—have ceased to love me? Have I discarded the pride and modesty of woman's nature, to lay the most sacred feelings at the feet of one who has ceased to value them?—Oh, no! this *shall not* be!

—Answer me, that my suspicions are unfounded!" She grasped my hand; the warm tears gushed from her eyes upon it.

All *our* race are more or less ferocious! Many live and die ignorant that this vice is latent in their breasts; but, because circumstances have developed it, let them not *therefore* believe that they possess it not. The minds of most of *us* derive a demoniac pleasure from the sight of the tears which *we* OURSELVES have caused to trickle down the cheek of beauty!

"We last met," I cried, "on a fatal day. Do you remember *my* tears, *my* supplications? Do you remember *my* remorse, *my* despair, *my* vows of expiation? —I humbled myself to the dust before you; I conjured you to pardon me. And how did you reply?—Immutable, inexorable, you stood like Fate over my future fortune. You gave me curses for tears, scorn for humility, hatred for affection. My love was turned into bitterness, and I promised that I would be revenged on the haughty destroyer of my peace on earth, of my salvation hereafter! You stood like the destroying angel: but where and what are you *now?*—Think you, I will ever forgive thee? Cold-blooded, selfish woman, as obstinate in evil as irresolute in duty! And yet you say you love *me!!* Do you remember my claims to your love? Forget you the morn, when blood-stained, and breathing hatred you stood before me and invoked curses on my head, as the assassin of your brother? —Remember you not that mine was the bullet that ——Ha! ha! ha! even now I can see his convulsive thrives—*his last!*"

While I poured forth this accused rhapsody, the unhappy girl, raised herself in the bed; glaring on me with eyes about to break from their sockets. When I had concluded, the rigidity of her muscles was relaxed; her head fell on her breast;—she exclaimed,

"God is just! Where I have sinned, there have I been punished!"

A ghastly paleness came over her, and she sank on the bed.

I threw myself upon her body—I stamped—I blasphemed. "O VAMPIRE! that I am!" cried I, "True and LIVING VAMPIRE!—is there no touch of goodness, or pity, or humanity within me!" She recovered from her trance and listened, to my sincere protestation of contrition; and thus supplied me with the means of *renewing my crimes.* Though I felt that mine might prove the triumph of the gladiator who died in receiving the submission of his enemy, yet I resolved to pursue it. * * *

It was agreed that we should be married as soon as the preparations could be arranged, which I volunteered to superintend: even the selection of my bride's wardrobe.

Our nuptial day arrived. My affianced bride arose with an aching heart and a dejected spirit. Paleness was on her cheek, and melancholy in her dark, pensive, languor-beaming eye.

How often does the expression of those eyes recur to me! How often *now* am I nearly maddened by the recollections of their piteous glances!—but, I was a bad man, intent on evil! Unable or unwilling to turn from the commission of a cherished iniquity!—

We were at breakfast when her bridal dress was brought in,—composed entirely of BLACK crape. She addressed to me a look of wonder; but in the expression of my eye, she read the pre-conceived determination of my malevolence.

I explained.

While I spoke, the paleness of her cheek increased; but she made no reply, and taking the robe from my hand, withdrew to her chamber. She descended, clothed in her funeral habiliments. I had arrayed myself in garments of a similar hue, and now joined her with an air as sombre as her own. The tramp of horses was heard. I drew her to the window.

She looked indeed on no glittering retinue, no splendid equipages, no mirthful faces, to tell that one of the richest commoners of England was about to celebrate his union with one of her fairest daughters. She looked upon—two carriages, covered externally, and internally, with *crape*; each of them drawn by six horses, black—with a profusion of feathers on their heads, of the same funeral colour. The attendant menials were as darkly arrayed

"What think you of our nuptial parade?" I cried: "it is not gay, but it is congenial!"

She only said, in heart-breaking accents:—

"May God forgive you, *this cruelty!*"

My sister sat sobbing violently. She had adopted every means to divert me from my persecution: had reasoned, persuaded, threatened,—but in vain. She had returned to her seat in silent despair.

"You do not," I cried, addressing my intended, *disapprove* of the arrangements I have made?"

On *her* cheek was no tear; *her* grief was beyond this alleviation: she replied,

"You have only to *inflict; I* will *endure!*"

I supported her into the carriage. The menials slowly arranged themselves; we advanced at the pace of a funeral procession; left alone, in that dark prison to our own darker thoughts!

(*End of* "*Fourth Part*" of the Story of Lord N—— and Lady Emily S——, or the *Living Vampire.*)

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE QUEEN'S PROGRESS TO THE SHORES OF ENGLAND.

Her Majesty remained at Villeneuve that night, and the next morning pursued her route to Melun; from thence, avoiding Paris, she went directly on to Abbeville: reached Abbeville on Wednesday morning, and threw herself on a bed for repose.

Several English families, resident at Abbeville,

requested to be permitted to pay her their personal respects. They were, however, (by reason of fatigue) informed of her inability to receive the kindnesses which were intended.

At four o'clock a courier was sent off to St. Omer's, with instructions to have beds prepared for herself and suite; and at six she recommenced her journey. As she was about to quit the inn, the English alluded to, were in attendance, and as she passed through the hall of the inn, bowed respectfully. Her Majesty was much moved by this testimony of affection, and uttering a few words of thanks, hurried into her carriage.

The cavalcade now commenced the last and most difficult stage of the route. From Abbeville to St. Omer's they were scarcely able to obtain a single change of horses; and those that were procured, were brought from the fields, and ridden by the ploughmen. In one instance, where the courier had called at the post-house, and announced the approach of Her Majesty, the post-master, who had but three horses in his stable, was so alarmed, that he ran off and concealed himself, and was not to be found when his services were required. It was to these delays that the late arrival of Her Majesty was attributable.

M. Degacher, and his wife (an English woman,) the keeper of the hotel, who had made every arrangement for the accomodation of their royal guest, had almost come to the conclusion that she had stopped at some other house on the road, when the well-known cracking of the postillions' whips, as they drove down

the street, gave notice of the approach of some of the party.

In a few seconds afterwards, Mr. Alderman Wood, who, with the Count Vasali, had come forward in order to see that everything was in readiness, entered the inn yard, and ordered fires and refreshments. The Alderman was a good deal fatigued, but still showed much activity in securing the comfort of the Princess.

An English gentleman (Mr. Moreland), who, with his family, was on his way to Paris, rose from his bed, and tendered the use of his rooms, which were in a retired part of the building, for the use of Her Majesty; but this was not necessary.

After a short interval the renewed cracking of whips called all who were in attendance to the gate, where Her Majesty and suite were seen advancing: and here a serious accident had nearly occurred, in consequence of the want of experience in the drivers. In descending the hill one of the leaders of Her Majesty's carriage fell, and for a few seconds there was reason to apprehend that the carriage would have been overturned. The prompt assistance of the persons present, however, prevented this misfortune.

A carpet was spread on the steps of the inn, and leaning on the arms of Mr. Wood and Count Vasali, she entered the house. She appeared exhausted from the fatigue she had undergone, but soon resumed her wonted spirits: and then ascended to her bed-chamber, accompanied by Lady Hamilton and her female attendants, two French, one Piedmontese.

Her Majesty was dressed in a rich twilled sarcenet pelisse of peuce, lined with ermine; on her head a white willow hat, Leghorn fashion. Notwithstanding the unfavourable effect of a long journey she looked interesting. The bed-chamber into which Her Majesty was first shown, was that in which the late Duke of Kent, when coming with the Duchess of Kent to England, had slept. She, preferring a room where she could have her female attendants close to her, chose a room, less magnificent, in the upper part of the house. There were five carriages in all. The first was that in which were Alderman Wood and Count Vasali: a sort of calash, drawn by three horses. The second an English post-chariot, yellow body, with 'C. P. W.' and the royal arms in the panels, drawn by four horses: in this were Her Majesty, Lady Hamilton, and a fine little female child, about three years old, whom Her Majesty had adopted. Then came a large English travelling carriage, similar in colour, the panels emblazoned in the same way with the chariot. In this were the three female domestics. There were two other calashes, in which were Mr. W. Austin; Mr. Wood, Junior, and several male branches of her household; among these we may iuclude COUNT BERGAMI, her Chamberlain; a tall, robust, military-looking man, of middle-age; respectfully attentive to her Majesty; his manners are those of a man who had moved in the highest circles.

After Her Majesty had partaken of some refreshments, she retired to bed; anxiously expecting the return of

her couriers. One of these persons was to bring Her Majesty some articles of dress from London.

She expressed a full determination to proceed to Dover by a common packet-boat, if the yatch which she had demanded were not sent; and if a royal palace were refused, she had an offer of the house of Mr. Angerstein, on Blackheath, which she meant to accept. She evinced a strong desire to be in England.

Soon after she had reached *l'hotel de l'Ancienne Poste*, the captian of the guard on duty at the gates of St. Omer's arrived at the inn, and expressed an intention of granting to Her Majesty a guard of honor, to be placed at the entrance of the hotel, as long as she should remain in the town.

The offer having been communicated to Her Majesty, she said, that however flattered she might be by the attention of the officer in question, yet she felt herself bound to decline the intended distinction. In her progress through France she had been treated with studied neglect; and she knew too well what was due to the high rank which she held, to accept from an isolated town that which had been withheld from her elsewhere, and which she could not but consider as an offence, not towards herself personally, but towards that nation of which she was Queen!

All Thursday she was so much fatigued that she was unable to quit her bed to attend the dinner party: but the next morning was much improved in health and spirits.

The courier who carried the letter from Her Majesty

to Mr. Brougham, arrived Thursday night. Mr. Brougham stated that he would leave London on Thursday morning, and that in all probability he would be at St. Omer's on Friday. Her Majesty anxiously expected his arrival.

Several naval and military officers, who were resident at St. Omer's, quitted the town in order to avoid paying their respects to her.

A telegraphic annunciation had been made to the military authorities, intimating that no official attention was to be paid to Her Majesty the Queen of England; and, as if influenced by the notification, the commandant, following the example of the Mayor, sent for an English gentleman known to possess a considerable acquaintance with his fellow-countrymen, to whom he stated, that if any public demonstration of respect were offered to Her Majesty, in the slightest degree calculated to produce confusion in the town, he should be under the necessity of interfering to prevent it, by means even extending to imprisonment. This threat could only arise from an apprehension that it was intended to take Her Majesty's horses from the carriage, and draw her into the town; but it received a more extensive construction, and produced much indignation in the families of John Bull, who could not stomach such restrictions upon honest effusion.

The commandant said that Her Majesty was travelling as the Countess of Oldi, and that in that character he would visit her himself. This was not the case. All Her Majesty's couriers had their passports drawn up as messengers from "la Reine d'Angleterre," and

Her Majesty had invariably adopted that style and title herself. There was no pretence, therefore, for withholding from her the respect due to her rank.

The messenger who took the letters to Lord Liverpool and Lord Melville had not as yet come back.

Mr. Brougham and his brother, together with Lord Hutchinson, did not reach St. Omer's till Saturday evening. They were most graciously received. The latter announced that he had a proposition to submit to Her Majesty from the King. She declared, that it was her intention to abstain from taking into consideration any proposal, or giving any answer, till she arrived in England. She said she was ready to set out for the British shores immediately, having already obtained passports for her Italian suite to return to Italy.

Matters rested in this state till the ensuing day, and preparations were made for her departure to Calais, in order to embark on board a packet, no yacht having been sent in compliance with her demand.

On Sunday morning, however, Lord Hutchinson stated the object of his mission: it was to propose, on the part of His Majesty, that a pension should be granted to her of £50,000 a year, upon condition that she should renounce her title as Queen, refrain from using the name of the royal family of England, and never return to this country; and in the event of her not agreeing to those terms, she was told that the moment she set her foot in Great Britian, a message would be sent down to parliament, and in all probability proceedings would be commenced against her.

She heard these proposals with indignation, quitted the room, and in a short time afterwards set off for Calais, accompanied by Lady Hamilton, Alderman Wood, and other individuals. She did not reach Calais till half-past ten o'clock, and immediately drove to the pier, where she embarked on board the Prince Leopold packet, together with her suite. Her carriages were embarked on board the Lady Jane. They both sailed the next morning at half-past six.

Lord Liverpool not having answered her letter, with respect to the preparation of a palace. Her Majesty intended for the present, to take up her residence in the house of Alderman Wood, in South Audley Street, whose family immediately quitted the house for her accommodation.

Her Majesty's chamberlains, COUNT BERGAMI, and the Count Vasali, now requested their dismissal. They acknowledged the pleasure which they had had in being her servants for six years; but having at last placed her in the protection of her friends, and Her Majesty being about to take refuge in the arms of her people, they presumed, from among those people she would be enabled to find persons, not more worthy of their confidence than they had been, but, perhaps, less likely to excite prejudice. These gentlemen accordingly returned to their own country.

The letter written by Her Majesty to Lord Liverpool, demanding a suitable residence, was as follows:—

"*Villeneuve le Roi, May* 29, 1820.

"Having been prevented by indisposition from

arriving sooner in England, I take now the earliest opportunity of communicating to the Earl of Liverpool my intention of arriving in London next Saturday, 3rd of June; and I desire that the Earl of Liverpool will give proper orders that one of the royal yachts should be in readiness at Calais to convey me to Dover; and likewise, that he would be pleased to signify to me His Majesty's intentions as to what residence is to be alloted to me, either for a temporary or a permanent habitation. I trust that His Majesty the King is perfectly recovered from his late severe indisposition.

(Signed) "CAROLINE, *Queen of England.*

"*To the Right Honorable the Earl of Liverpool.*"

The letter to Lord Melville, the first Lord of the Admiralty, was written by Lady Anne Hamilton; it was as follows:

"*Villeneuve le Roi, 29th May* 1820.

"Lady Anne Hamilton is commanded by Her Majesty the Queen of England to signify to Lord Melville, that it is Her Majesty's intention to return to England immediately; therefore she desires that Lord Melville will be so good as to give orders that one of the royal yachts should be in attendance at Calais next Saturday, 3rd June, to convey Her Majesty and suite to England."

To this the answer subjoined was received by Lady Anne Hamilton at St. Omer's:

"*Admiralty, 1st June,* 9, *A. M.*

Lord Melville had the honor to receive yesterday

Lady Hamilton's note of the 28th ult., conveying the information that the Queen intends being at Calais to morrow. His Majesty, however, being absent from London, Lord Melville cannot receive his commands as to the board of Admiralty giving orders for one of the royal yachts to proceed at present to Calais."

While Her Majesty was on her road to Calais, she met a courier proceeding to Mr. Brougham and Lord Hutchinson, with dispatches.

In the interim large orders were given in the Queen's behalf to the manufacturers of Spitalfields, for various articles of the silk manufacture.

I subjoin some interesting facts (from a letter) relative to her departure from France.

Calais, Sunday, 12 *o'clock at night.*

"The Queen and Lady Anne Hamilton have been on board the Prince Leopold packet ever since half-past nine o'clock, and are now sleeping in the harbour, as the vessel cannot be put to sea till the tide rises. About half an hour ago Alderman Wood, and two persons who seemed to be domestics, went on board and took possession of the further cabin. The carriages are all placed in another packet. The decisive step being thus taken, it will be interesting to state the events and motives which appear to have led to it.

"Mr. Brougham set off on Friday afternoon from Dover, in company with Lord Hutchinson; they reached Calais in a few hours, and on Friday morning proceeded to St. Omer's. Mr. Brougham, as is well known, went professionally as the adviser of the Queen: Lord Hut-

chinson as the friend of the King, and the bearer of proposals from His Majesty as well as from government. As soon as they arrived, they were introduced to Her Majesty, who was attended by Lady A. Hamilton, and took coffee with her. Lord Hutchinson, with considerable agitation in his manner, briefly announced the proposals of which he was the bearer. The Queen expressed great indignation, but, before she gave her final answer, desired to see the proposals stated at length and in due form in writing. Lord Hutchinson replied, that at present he had merely some memoranda on scraps of paper, but that he would reduce them to form previous to the next meeting. Her Majesty then appointed the next morning (Sunday) for the second interview. His Lordship, at the stated time, waited upon Her Majesty, and in her presence, and in the hearing of Mr. Brougham, made the following proposals and form :—

" ' That Her Majesty should renounce all right, title, and claim, to the name, dignity, and honors of the Queen of England, and should from henceforth be styled and considered simply as Princess Caroline of Brunswick :

" ' That Her Majesty should agree never to put her foot in England, or in any part of the British dominions : that, should she comply with these conditions, an income of £50,000 a year should be settled upon her, which she might enjoy without molestation ; should she refuse, criminal proceedings would be instituted against her afresh, and the severest penalties might be expected.

"The Queen read the proposals deliberately; she then promptly and decidedly expressed her indignation and disgust, and directed immediate preparations to be made for her passage to England."

Monday, 2 o'clock.

Certain intelligence had been received at Dover of Her Majesty's approach, and some confusion seemed to exist among the military authorities as to the mode of receiving Her Majesty. At last Colonel Monroe, who is the commandant of the garrison, determined to receive Her Majesty with a royal salute: he observed, as we are informed, that as no special instructions had been sent to him, he conceived that he should best discharge his duty by obeying the general rule, which was to fire a royal salute whenever a royal personage landed at Dover. This sensible decision gave great satisfaction to the people of Dover, who were already flocking in vast numbers, and all dressed as if for a fete, in order to view the disembarkation of their Queen. The packet at about a quarter before one came close into the roads, but on account of the tide could not enter the harbour. Her Majesty, with her usual promptitude, as soon as she understood that it would be five o'clock before the vessel could get into the pier, determined to go to shore in an open boat, though the swell of the water was so considerable as to make it difficult to descend the ship's side. At length, however, Her Majesty and suite were safely placed in the boat, which rapidly approached the shore, amidst the most enthusiastic cheerings from the countless multitude on the

beach, the heights, and all the avenues leading to the principal hotel.

"At one o'clock Her Majesty put her foot on British ground; the royal salute began to fire, and an universal shout of congratulation welcomed her arrival. For a few moments her countenance and manner bespoke considerable agitation: she was visibly affected by the cordial symtoms of regard which welcomed her home; but she soon recovered herself, and with a firm step, a composed manner, and a smiling but steady countenance, walked slowly along the crowded ranks of the principal inhabitants. Well-dressed females, young and old, saluted her as she passed with exclamation of "God bless her: she has a noble spirit: she must be innocent." The Queen returned the salutations with the warmest marks of affectionate pleasure, and repeatedly thanked the ladies for their expressions of cordial attachment. She appeared in good health, her blue eyes shining with peculiar lustre, but her cheeks had the appearance of a long intimacy with care and anxiety. She is not so much *en bon point* as formerly, and her manner and figure altogether seemed perfectly befitting her exhalted station. She was dressed with much elegance. As she moved along the crowd gathered so fast, and pressed so closely around her, that she was compelled to take refuge in the York Hotel. Mr. Wright of the Ship Hotel, seeing that it would be impossible for Her Majesty to reach his house on foot, immediately dispatched a handsome open carriage to the York. Her Majesty, Lady Hamilton, Alderman Wood ascended the carriage: the populace

removed the horses, and drew it themselves. A band of music preceded Her Majesty, and two large flags, bearing the inscription of "God save Queen Caroline," were carried by some of the principal tradesmen. A guard of honor was placed at the door of the hotel, but the people did not seem to relish their appearance, and the Queen observing to Alderman Wood that their presence appeared rather to produce an unpleasant and angry feeling, the worthy Alderman suggested the propriety of their going away. After playing "God save the King," the soldiers retired, and the populace seemed highly delighted. Her Majesty observed, that although she appreciated as it deserved the attentions of the commandant, yet that she wanted no guard of soldiers: her firm reliance was on the just principles and cordial attachment of her people. Her Majesty then went to the principal window of the hotel, and bowed several times with great grace and sweetness of manner to the happy assemblage. She then retired, and, first taking a slight refreshment, lay down to rest after the harassing fatigues of body and mind which she had undergone. At five o'clock she awoke, and desired that the carriages, which she now understood had been brought on shore, should be speedily got ready, as she would set off for Canterbury that evening, and if possible reach Sittingbourne to sleep.

At six o'clock a deputation of the inhabitants of the town of Dover begged to be introduced to Her Majesty, stating that they were anxious to present to her an address expressive of their feelings on Her Majesty's arrival in her own kingdom.

The moment the arrival of the e gentlemen was mentioned to Her Majesty, she desired that they might be admitted to her presence. She stood at the upper end of the room, Alderman Wood on her right, and Lady Hamilton on her left hand. The deputation soon entered, and, bowing with great respect, advanced close to Her Majesty, when one of the gentlemen read the following address:—

"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty

"*May it please your royal Majesty,*

"We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects; the inhabitants of the town and port of Dover, beg leave to approach your Majesty's most gracious person, to offer our most hearty congratulations on your Majesty's safe arrival in your own kingdom. We beg leave to assure your Majesty how deeply we deplore the events which, under the dispensation of Divine Providence, have so lately taken place in this nation—and beg leave to offer to your Majesty our sincere condolence on the demise of our late much-beloved and ever-to-be-lamented most gracious sovereign, and to assure your Majesty of our firm attachment to the house of Brunswick, and of our determination to support, at all times, those principles which placed them on the British throne. We rejoice at the opportunity which your Majesty has at this time been graciously pleased to afford us of addressing you, for whom we entertain the highest and most profound veneration and respect; and to assure your Majesty how fully we participate in every happiness you can experience; and

more particularly on your being now placed on the British throne as Queen of England. May this event, so pleasing to the nation, be productive of permanent felicity to your Majesty, and may your reign over us be long and happy."

To this Her Majesty returned the following most gracious answer:—

"I am deeply impressed with all the attention the town of Dover has shown to me on my arrival in these realms. I trust that some period will arrive when I may be permitted to promote the happiness of my subjects, as I indeed feel most gratified in being again united to so noble and generous a nation."

The deputation had then the honor to kiss Her Majesty's hand, and retired fully impressed with her condescension.

Several ladies were afterwards permitted to enter the room, and were kindly received by Her Majesty.

Her Majesty ascended her carriage at half-past six. The crowd collected was beyond all calculation. The carriage was drawn by the populace completely out of the town, amidst loud and reiterated cheers.

The horses were then put in, and Her Majesty proceeded on her journey to Canterbury, followed by the blessing of her people.

When Her Majesty reached this ancient city it was nearly dark. The scene, however, became singularly beautiful from the effect of 100 flambeaus, which were

lighted at the entrance of the city, and carried by men. This illumination discovered upwards of ten thousand persons, who were anxiously expecting Her Majesty's approach, and who, the moment they caught sight of her carriage, gave three cheers, and continued to cry "Long live Queen Caroline!"

The horses were taken from the carriage, and Her Majesty was drawn through the main street by the multitude. On reaching the house of the Mayor, the crowd stopped, and renewed their cheers.

Her Majesty reached the Fountain Hotel at nine o'clock, and immediately alighted amidst continued testimonies of loyalty and attachment.

The Mayor and corporation were in waiting to present an appropriate address. They were attired in their corporate dresses. They were immediately received by Her Majesty in the same form as the deputation of the inhabitants of Dover. The mayor then read in a distinct voice an address, of which the following is a copy:—

"We, His Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriff, and Common Councilmen of the ancient city of Canterbury, beg leave most respectfully to approach your royal presence with our sincere and hearty congratulations on your Majesty's safe arrival in this city; and to express our fervent hope that your Majesty may long live in the esteem and admiration of a loyal and dutiful people.

5th June, 1820.

Her Majesty immediately delivered the following most gracious answer:—

"Gentlemen—I am very much obliged to you for the attention you showed me, and certainly, if it is ever in my power, I shall be happy to do any thing for the good town of Canterbury, and to make my people happy. Gentlemen, you must excuse this short address, as I am very tired; but I speak from my heart, and I am sure you will like that better than a formal address. I shall never forget the loyalty and affection that are shown to the house of Brunswick by this noble and generous nation."

The members of the corporation were then introduced to Her Majesty, and had the honor to kiss Her Majesty's hand. Several ladies who attended to witness the ceremony had likewise the honor of conversing with Her Majesty and kissing her hand. The Mayor, in presenting the address, was accompanied by seven Aldermen out of the twelve of which the corporation consists; the Sheriff, the Town-clerk, and sixteen Common Councilmen out the twenty-four who compose the council. Her Majesty retired early to her bedchamber.

The next morning Her Majesty rose at nine, and intimated that she would set out on her journey to London at half-past ten. The horses and carriages were ordered accordingly.

Although the morning was extremely unfavourable, from a continued fall of rain, the street in front of the hotel was filled with well-dressed persons, and every window was thronged with spectators.

The people would not permit the horses to be put to the carriage, but insisted upon drawing Her Majesty completely through the town. From the windows on each side of the street flags bearing appropriate devices were displayed, and the ladies were every where seen waving their handkerchiefs, and joining in the general exclamations of "*Long live our gracious Queen!*" "*Long live Queen Caroline!*" &c.

The scene was extremely imposing, and Her Majesty appeared to be greatly affected. She repeatedly put her head out of the window to those who pressed to gain a view of her countenance. She also waved her handkerchief, and, calling on the people to respect their King, cried "Long live King George the Fourth!"

A great many of the young officers of the cavalry regiment, stationed at Canterbury, accompanied Her Majesty on horseback, from Canterbury to Sittingbourne.

Through every village on the route towards London the same enthusiasm prevailed. All business was at an end, and every class of society seemed to feel it a duty to pay homage to Her Majesty. The bells of the churches were set ringing, and all was joy and exultation.

At Sittingbourne, a number of clergymen, in their full gowns and bands, were waiting in the road to pay their respects to Her Majesty, and approached her for that purpose while the horses were changing.

At the bottom of Chatham Hill the whole population of the town of Chatham, and its vicinity, were collected to bid Her Majesty welcome. An attempt

was made to renew the compliment of drawing Her Majesty through the town; but, as Her Majesty was anxious to get to London before the close of day, at her request the people desisted. She was, however, cheered from every house as she passed, and all were alike loud in their acclamations of applause. The scenes described as having taken place in the other towns, were renewed until she had gone completely through Rochester and Stroud. She was also attended by a very numerous cavalcade of horsemen.

At Gravesend a rope was drawn across the road, and, in defiance of the repeated entreaties of Alderman Wood, Her Majesty was again drawn by her subjects entirely through the town, amidst reiterated cheers.

From Dartford several horsemen came to meet Her Majesty, and accompanied her carriage from thence to London. As she advanced towards Shooter's Hill, the attendant cavalcade increased in numbers. Hundreds of vehicles of all descriptions were seen stationary on each side of the road, filled with well-dressed females, who, as Her Majesty passed, joined in the universal shout, and continued to wave their handkerchiefs. These vehicles afterwards formed part of the procession, and continued to swell Her Majesty's train.

As Her Majesty's carriage descended the hill towards London, one of her horses fell, and for a time there was considerable confusion. The animal was, however, soon relieved from its dangerous situation, and its place supplied by another. The cavalcade then quickly advanced. It was preceded by a cloud of horsemen

waving their hats, and repeating the cries "Long live Queen Caroline."

The general expectation that Her Majesty would enter the capital on the evening of that day proved to be well founded. Neither the degree of uncertainty which accompanied it, nor the unfavourable state of the weather, could extinguish the arduor which prompted hundreds to assemble at an early hour, in order to hail and congratulate her return. From the moment that she decided as to the course she would adopt, and resolved to throw herself on the people of England, all her proceedings have been so open, so divested of the mystery usually attending a royal journey, that few were in danger of miscalculating the different stage of her progres. Her Majesty's arrival seemed to have been greeted not as an unlooked for, but as a natural and almost necessary event. On all those outskirts of the town which point or lead to the high Dover Road, at the obelisk in St. George's Fields, at the Elephant and Castle, the Bricklayers' Arms, the multitude began rapidly to increase about three o'clock. The more loyal publicans hoisted a royal ensign on the staff of their sign posts, and at Deptford the union jack was suspended in two or three places across the road. Symptoms of an impatient curiosity, mingled with those of a deep and powerful interest, became stronger in each succeeding hour. The throng of spectators became more dense the further an advance was made towards the point of anticipated meeting; Deptford and Greenwich poured out in indiscriminate concourse

all ranks and conditions of their inhabitants; Blackheath resembled some great continental fair; and at Shooter's Hill were drawn up in excellent order an array of barouches, chaises, and other vehicles filled with respectable and decent women. It may be doubted whether, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, when Greenwich was a royal seat, and when festivals and aquatic spectacles first laid the basis of its importance, its neighbourhood has ever presented a more lively scene. Here a pretty correct understanding seemed to prevail that Her Majesty would pass over Blackheath about five o'clock. It was here, too, that the feelings of respect and attachment to this illustrious lady were perhaps most deeply seated. They appeared to derive their origin rather from reflection than from a contagious sympathy with the fortunes of an unassisted Princess. Her long residence on the spot under a less exalted title, but in circumstances not less painful and harassing, had evidently left an impression in her favour which not the subsequent lapse of time, and still less any vague rumours, could obliterate. The resolution manifested in coming, upon her own voluntary motion, to face her accusers and assert her claims, was considered by these partial friends and admirers as satisfactory evidence of her innocence, and as amply sufficient to repel every suspicion. Nothing certainly could exceed the warm enthusiasm or eager welcome with which Her Majesty's presence was greeted as soon as she appeared amongst them. The descent of the cavalcade which preceded her down Shooter's Hill, amidst the joyous waving of hats, and the reite-

rated shouts of thousands, had a fine effect as beheld at the opposite extremity of Blackheath. On arriving at the Green Man, Her Majesty's carriage drew up, and she alighted. A momentary depression, arising chiefly from fatigue, rendered a short repose desirable. The attraction now grew more intense, and in order to prevent confusion, and allay the thirst of curiosity, the Queen, at the advice of Alderman Wood, after partaking of some refreshment, condescended to appear at one of the windows of the inn. The crowd, at once satisfied and animated at this appearance, burst into a vehement and protracted shout of applause. Her Majesty bowed gracefully, and, notwithstanding her anxiety and fatigue, looked remarkably well. She was dressed in a black twilled sarcenet gown, a fur tippet and ruff, with a hat of black satin and feathers. After a delay of about twenty minutes she resumed her journey. As the weather had now cleared up, and the rays of the sun increased the splendour of the scene the carriage was thrown open, and every one gratified with an immediate view of their sovereign's consort. Mr. Alderman Wood, Lady Ann Hamilton, and a female attendant, rode in the same carriage. The acclamations were now renewed, and continued without interruption till the entire cavalcade reached the metropolis, when they swelled into a yet louder strain. Her Majesty was evidently affected, though not overcome, by these testimonies of reverence and loyalty. It was obvious that she had anticipated no less, and that she had formed a right estimate of the national character. Whilst many expressed their feelings in a

tone of congratulation, fervent benedictions might be heard from the less vociferous part of the assemblage. So earnest was the general sentiment of respect, that every carriage in the royal suite was honored by some mark of popular applause. It was not well known in London where Her Majesty would take up her residence, and the multitude was, therefore, scattered in various directions, and broken into indistinct groups, as the cavalcade passed through St. George's Fields. On pursuing its route over Westminster Bridge, the multitude re-assembled in one compact body, and, preceding or following in the train, accompanied the processionto its close. The ladies, it may be supposed, felt a peculiar interest on this occasion, and testified the warmth of that feeling by every demonstration not unbecoming the delicacy of their sex. Though not originally intended to pass up Pall Mall, this direction was taken by the great body of horsemen who preceded the royal carriage, and it was not thought necessary to turn suddenly off. The sentries on duty at the Charlton House presented arms, but in a manner indicating that some reserve and embarrassment extended even to their humble stations. It was now understood that Her Majesty was to proceed to the house of Mr. Alderman Wood, in South Audley Street, there to fix her abode for the present. Thither all parties, whether on horseback or on foot, began to hasten, and soon swelled into a countless multitude those who, from better or earlier information, had already stationed themselves in that quarter. Considerable difficulty was experienced in leading up Her

Majesty's barouche to the door. The tide of popular feeling was at its flood, and the air rang with repeated cheerings. After the Queen had at length entered, there seemed to be no disposition to disperse: vehicles of every kind maintained their position, and the crowd stood compact and immoveable. In a few minutes Mr. Alderman Wood appeared in the balcony of the first floor, and intimated to the people that Her Majesty would in person testify the sense which she entertained of the respectful sentiments expressed towards her. The clamour then subsided, till, shortly after, the Queen herself appeared, by a dignified obeisance acknowledged the tokens of affectionate loyalty by which her reception had been graced. The most splendid pageant, the most imposing theatrical exhibition, never imparted a more genuine delight than seemed to pervade all ranks of spectators at this instance of condescending kindness. Her Majesty, with a deportment perfectly graceful, walked from one end of the balcony to the other, and, having bowed to all around, withdrew from the ardent gaze which fed upon her presence. The crowd instantly dispersed through the various outlets of the street, and Her Majesty's train, consisting of a calash and three post-chaises, were allowed to unload.

The club-houses in St. James's Street were illuminated, as were likewise the houses in Hill Street, Burlington house, and some others in Piccadilly.

The next day placards were posted about town, requesting the public "to illuminate for the Queen this even ing." This request was partially complied with: and

the cries of "lights! lights!" were continually heard in the streets particularly in South Audley Street, accompanied with threats. In some places these threats were carried into execution, the windows of several houses having been demolished. In Curzon Street, scarcely a house escaped; and at many of these houses the large squares of the parlour and first floor windows were entirely broken. The QUEEN was in ENGLAND; but alas! *not in her own Realms!!*

In the midst of this ebullition of popular feeling, I pause to continue and *conclude* one of the most pathetic of narratives and the most singular one, that has perhaps, ever appeared in a moral point of view

STORY OF LORD N——, AND LADY EMILY S——;

OR,

The Living Vampire.

[Conclusion.]

I had taken my seat opposite to her, and resolutely fixed my eyes upon her face with the desperation of a man, *consciously* sinning. For a moment, she examined my countenance; and then turned away with hopelessness and pity.

She spoke not; and oppressed by a strong sense of my own unworthiness, I could not force an articulate sound. I feared to meet her eye; yet, was compelled

to confront her: and I so keenly felt the ignominy I was acting, that I writhed in shame.

Yet, even *then*, I could not resolve to forego the task which I had imposed on myself. I would have given worlds to retreat; but I was beyond the effort of self-control. I seemed as though impelled by some dark agency independent of my will.

We reached the village church, with a feeling almost delirious, I sprang from confinement. My sister, who, joined with me in assisting Emily to alight, and gently drew her towards the entrance. As they thus advanced, with arms interlaced, striking was the contrast between the funeral apparel of the one, and the white robe of the other; for by intreaty nor threat could I induce my sister to descend to this unholy mockery.

A more strange, a more impressive contrast was to come; a more *startling* one can scarcely be imagined, than that which presented itself as we left the open day,—the fragrant earth and air, and stepped into the little church,—within which were assembled all the artificial means of inspiring apprehension. The walls, pews, and floor, were covered with black crape: wherever the eye turned, it rested on continued *blackness*. Numerous flambeaus, of sickly perfume, were scattered about. On either side of the altar, and elevated by supporters,—in all the trappings of the grave,—were TWO COFFINS; the one bearing *my* name,—the other *hers*.

The effect of the whole was such as might have excited displeasure in the minds of the most resolute;

but in the timid unmitigated terror. This was the scene I had prepared in celebration of my marriage.

But *she* did not quail; she looked around, and the agitation of her features gradually subsided into the quietude of that despair which neither hopes nor fears. Once she turned upon me her liquid eyes, piteous yet reproachful; then raising them to Heaven, was absorbed in prayer. She seemed penetrated by a sense of *my* unworthiness, and to have lost even the desire, of combating with grief!

Advancing to the altar, she read the inscriptions on the coffins, and touching with her fore-finger the one which bore her name, she said calmly and *almost* with a smile,—

"You will soon have to supply the omissions in this brief history, perchance I may require this within *seven* days."

Of all passions, cruelty is that which is most strengthened by indulgence; the more it attains, the more it desires. It inspires an insatiate thirst; and the last cup of blood drained to the dregs, but renders its successor more enticing!

"You suffer," I said to her, "beneath the indignities which I am practising: but,—You may yet *retreat*. Bondage is not *yet* upon you. There is the altar; the priest—but voice can still prevent the sacrifice. Mine must be a *voluntary* victim!"

"Oh, avail yourself of the liberty which that *tyrant* proffers you!" exclaimed my sister. "Deceive not yourself, dear suffering angel, with the thought that he can still entertain one particle of affection. Strive not

to attribute such usage to *passion*, it is the result of systematized cruelty. Brother, brother! amply do I lament the ties that unite us!

As she thus spoke, she approached her unfortunate friend, to lead her from the church. But I interposed, in the intention of separating them.

"Touch me not! my *once* brother!" she exclaimed, with startling emphasis, and more startling gesture.

I was disconcerted, arrested, by this impetuous burst of passion.

But the demon had set his seal upon me; I was his, for ever: and the interposition of an angel might have failed to have turned me from my purposes. I was too truely, morally, a *Vampire!*

"O reflect, reflect!" cried my sister; "for your sake, for my sake, dear, beloved one, do not resign yourself to this *bad man!*"

"Silence, sister!" I exclaimed, in a paroxysm of insane passion.

The poor girl bent beneath my fury, and tremblingly turning to me, she exclaimed,—

"Strange inscrutable being, you seek to wed, and yet you woo, me, *thus!*" "But doubt not my determination. I will NOT retract! I have set my all upon *this* cast. I had deemed you the possessor of the noble qualities of virtuous, though an impetuous mind; but to learn that he whom I had almost deemed a divinity is a—" she paused, and then added, "an *erring man;* I have lost all that rendered existence desirable! You have embittered even the past; I can no longer say 'To-morrow do thy *worst:* I possess not

even *that* support! Without hope, fear, why should I retract? Here I now stand, not in affection, but in the strength of despair—*your wife*;" she held forth her hand: I seized it: pressed it to my lips, and led her to the altar. * *

We emerged from this oppressive scene of darkness into the pure fragrance of Heaven. The contrast was overwhelming; during a few moments my sister and I remained dazzled by its influence. But cold, pale, and impassive was my unhappy bride.

I suggested that we should *walk* home; she assented with docility. I placed her arm on mine, she allowed me to caress it. I grasped her hand, she returned the pressure; I approached my lips to her face and she turned her pale cheek to receive the kiss I bestowed. As I contemplated this personification of loveliness congealed by sorrow, my demoniac resolution began to fail; but the REJECTION—the REJECTION recurred to my mind. Beneath its blighting influence, like Pharaoh of old, *my heart was hardened*, and I swore that she should drain the cup of retribution,—*to the dregs!*

During these reflections we had reached the summit of the hill. A portion of the wood immediately before us, had recently been felled, and in the space thus opened appeared a marble structure. The eyes of my sister expressed undisguised uneasiness, but the countenance of my bride retained their rigidity. We advanced still nearer, and an inscription became visible, to which I motioned the attention of my wife.

She obeyed the motion of my finger, and read—on a *Tomb*:—

IN RECORD OF CRIME, ON THE SCENE OF ITS PERPETRATION! BY HIM, WHO, HAVING COMMITTED THE MURDER, MARRIED THE SISTER OF THE MURDERED.

As though a bolt from Heaven had pierced her heart, she fell to earth with the lifelessness of a stone.

We bore her to our home. During six days she lingered in delirium. I dare not describe her ravings, her denunciations. * * *

On the morning of the seventh day, she gave symptoms of returning consciousness; before noon, she awakened into life. Her attention was arrested by the sound of the bell of the village-church tolling the service.

"It is the Sabbath," she cried, "a fitting day for our re-union. Husband! my sister! give me your hands."

She pressed them tenderly; her touch was cold, the expression of her eye, painfully plaintive; and her feeble yet musical voice thrilled through our hearts as she said:

"In this last moment, I recur to my past life; and, save the fatal act which I am expiating, I trust that I have not much to lament. Religion is the only thing which, like the bee, draws from the bitter and the sweet the *same* honied juice!—I now feel, with gratitude to Heaven, that I have not neglected *this* consolation!

Death is upon me; I feel, and *see* it! For your sake, my friend, for yours, my husband," she continued, addressing herself to me, "I could wish to have been spared a little longer, to have devoted myself to the *restoration of your mind;*—but God's will be done! To your love, my sister, I now entrust *him;* and the last supplication of your dying friend is, that you will devote every affection—every energy, to mitigate his anguish. Here me declare that I feel that I have *wronged* him!—Had I listened to his agony, *this retribution had not befallen us both!*"

She paused for a moment, and then said:—

"Hear that village bell: how many associations it suggests! I am not yet above their influence. How lovely the day!—Open the casement, sweet sister, let me breathe the pure air: move me into the sun; I long to feel its beams play once more upon these icy limbs!"

She threw back her hair, and exposed her brow to its refreshing influence. Again she said:—

'Earth is fair, and many are the delights which it contains; but this which I now enjoy is the highest, the purest of all. And now, my beloved sister, you can yet farther sooth the bitterness of this parting hour. Descend, and play to me that hymn to the Virgin, *Maria santissima, madre amata*, which I so loved in the days of my happiness."

God! how did *I* survive *that* moment?!—Had this victim of my ferocity striven, in deadliness of revenge, to stab me, she could have devised no better mode than this simple allusion to the hour of our first

meeting. Any crime but mine might have been expiated by what I then endured!

After a last and passionate embrace, with a lingering look and a breaking heart, my poor sister left the room; and soon the peals of the organ filled and thrilled through the house. The face of my bride became illuminated with a celestial expression; Heaven was visibly around her. She grasped my hand,—closing her eyes, to divine aspirations. As the melody proceeded, her hold relaxed, and with one deep sigh, the pure spirit quitted its mortal tenement. Death was before me; but not its peace: remorse was upon my heart: iron had entered into my soul, I stood before the corpse of beauty, the slayer,—self-convicted, and condemned,

A LIVING VAMPIRE!

The blood-thirstiness of my soul was appeased—but mine was the worm that never dies!

Too late,—too late, I had become awakened to the consciousness that

"VIRTUE ALONE, IS HAPPINESS BELOW!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

RIOTS. STATE PAPERS.

THE illuminations the succeeding night were more general: persons in carriages, and even foot passengers were compelled, in South Audley Street, to pull off their hats, and huzza for the Queen. Many of the windows which had been repaired during the day were again broken, in consequence of no lights being exhibited; and several carriages were attacked and much injured, as the drivers obstinately refused to comply with the requisitions of the mob.

On the day subsequent to the arrival of Her Majesty June 6, Lord Liverpool appeared in the House of Lords, and presented a message from the King which the handed to the Lord Chancellor, who immediately read it to the following effect:—

"G. R.

"The King deems it necessary, in consequence of the arrival of the Queen, to communicate to the House of

Lords certain papers relative to the conduct of Her Majesty since her departure from this country, which His Majesty recommends to the immediate and serious attention of the house.

"The King has felt a most anxious desire to avert, by all the means in his power, a necessity as painful to the people as to his own feelings; but the step taken by the Queen leaves him no alternative.

"The King feels the utmost confidence in making this communication, that the House of Lords will adopt that course of proceeding which the justice of the case, and the honor and dignity of his crown require."

The Royal message being read,

The *Earl of Liverpool*, by His Majesty's command, then laid on the table the papers referred to in His Majesty's message. (*They were contained in a* GREEN BAG, *sealed up.*) He intended to propose that His Majesty's most gracious message should be taken into consideration to-morrow, when he meant to move an address upon it. The terms of the address would be such as not to pledge their lordships to any thing further than to thank His Majesty for his communication, and to assure His Majesty that their Lordships would adopt that course of proceeding which the justice of the case and the honor and dignity of the crown should appear to require. He would then move to refer the papers he had laid on the table to a secret committee, having for its object to inquire whether any and what course of proceeding should be adopted. He then moved

that His Majesty's most gracious message be taken into consideration to-morrow, and that their Lordships be summoned for that day.

The motion was then agreed to, and the house adjourned.

The Queen as it might have been naturally expected, lost no time in addressing the following message to the House of Commons, in consequence of that which had previously been sent down by the King.

"The Queen thinks it necessary to inform the House of Commons, that she had been induced to return to England in consequence of the measures pursued against her honor and her peace for some time by secret agents abroad, and lately sanctioned by the conduct of the government at home. In adopting this course, Her Majesty has had no other purpose whatsoever, but the defence of her character, and the maintenance of those just rights which have devolved upon her by the death of that revered monarch, in whose high honor and unshaken affection she had always found her surest support.

"Upon her arrival, the Queen is surprised to find that a message had been sent down to parliament, requiring its attention to written documents; and she learns with still greater astonishment, that their is an intention of proposing that these should be referred to a select committee. It is this day fourteen years since the first charges were brought forward against Her Majesty. Then and upon every occasion during that long period, she has shown the utmost readiness to meet her accusers, and to court the fullest inquiry into

her conduct. She now also desires an open investigation, in which she may see both the charges and the witnesses against her—a privilege not denied to the meanest subject in the realm. In the face of the sovereign, the parliament, and the country, she solemnly protests against the formation of a secret tribunal to examine documents, privately prepared by her adversaries, as a proceeding unknown to the laws of the land, and a flagrant violation of all the principles of justice. She relies with full confidence upon the integrity of the House of Commons for defeating the only attempt she has any reason to fear.

"The Queen cannot forbear to add, that even before any proceedings were resolved upon, she had been treated in a manner too well calculated to prejudice her case. The omission of her name in the liturgy; the withholding the means of conveyance usually afforded to all the branches of the royal family; the refusal even of an answer to her application for a place of residence in the royal mansions; and the studied slight, both of English ministers abroad, and of the agents of all foreign powers over whom the English government had any influence—must be viewed as measures designed to prejudice the world against her, could only have been justified by trial and conviction."

The reading of the message was heard with profound silence; the passage in which Her Majesty demands an open and public inquiry, was received with cheers from all sides of the house.

Lord *Castlereagh* then moved the order of the day

for taking into consideration the late message of the King.—The message was read by the clerk.

Lord *Castlereagh* said, that, in rising to call the attention of the house to His Majesty's message, he had to assure the house, that he keenly felt the extreme delicacy of this most painful of public questions, and that nothing could have induced ministers to bring it forward until all the efforts to render a discussion unnecessary had proved unavailing. He then proceeded to state what it was the intention of ministers to recommend for the adoption of the house. He protested *in limina* against the insinuations that ministers came down to parliament in the spirit of persecution or of prosecution. Never was there a message delivered to that house on terms more gracious than that to which they now directed their attention. The sovereign sought their advice. Until the nature of the information to be laid before them was known, it was impossible to give that advice; and no vote should be asked of them that night calculated to fetter their judgment upon the final question. It was to be presumed, that the Queen's address was advised by Her Majesty's counsel, and that Her Majesty apprehended that the charge would be unsupported by evidence, and decided upon before a secret tribunal. It was a matter of astonishment to him that ministers should be suspected of proposing or countenancing any mode of accusation against the illustrious individual, or against the meanest subject, without affording all opportunities of examining it with publicity, of cross-examining those who supported the charge, and of rebutting the accu-

sation by means of all those safe-guards of personal liberty, which sprung from the spirit of public justice. The serious question for the consideration of the great council of the nation was, what was most likely to lead to the most proper plan of investigation, and satisfy the ends of justice? He was not now speaking of the ultimate course. It would be for the house to decide, after the report of a committee for which he should move, whether the case should be pursued before the high court of parliament, or before the legislature by bill. But it would also be for them to decide whether any proceedings at all should be instituted. The committee, if it should be appointed, could not be charged with the consideration of the question, any more than a grand jury was charged with the decision of the cases submitted to it. The result of the investigation by the committee would, by no means, decide the guilt or innocence of the illustrious individual charged, and the report was not to be looked upon as at all affecting the merits of the ultimate question. The nature of the subject required that the committee should be secret, in conformity with all the precedents upon record. If the interests of the Queen were to be considered in the committee, he should certainly recommend the presence of Her Majesty's attorney and solicitor-general, but, as the committee could have nothing to do with that question, it was advisable to exclude them; for, if it appeared to the committee that Her Majesty could not properly be impeached, their presence could add nothing to the general impression. On the other hand, if here

appeared grounds of charge, those gentlemen would feel themselves in an awkward condition, by being obliged to act as agents of Her Majesty, and members of the committee, in which they were bound to act conscientiously. Their hands would, in fact, be much more free by their exclusion. With respect to the observations made on the former night by the honorable gentlemen on the opposite side, upon this subject, he thought it necessary to assure them, that they could not consider the step ministers were compelled to adopt in a more painful light than he did, and he thought that they had entered prematurely upon a question, with the details of which they ought to have been more fully acquainted, instead of giving credence to the wild stories that were circulated through the world. He claimed from parliament that they would not raise a presumption upon these reports, and from those who seemed to advocate the Queen, that they would not give their sanction to what must, at least, be considered a very doubtful authority. He denied any attempt upon the part of ministers to dishonor or betray either of the royal personages to whose case their attention was directed. No investigation would have been proceeded in but from necessity; and the transactions of the last forty-eight hours proved how little was to be expected from negotiations in attempting to prevent the ferment Her Majesty's arrival in England occasioned. There was also proof within that period of the arts that could be used to excite the popular feeling by the publication of inaccurate and garbled statements. He regretted

much that criminal advice which led Her Majesty to an appeal to the lower orders of the people; but he acquitted Her Majesty's legal advisers of that serious charge. At the same time, he could not but applaud the conduct of Her Majesty, if conscious of her innocence, she came over to this country to prove that innocence. But the conduct of His Majesty upon this subject was clear and distinct, and the honorable gentleman (Mr. Brougham) was eight months in possession of the course ministers intended to adopt, in the event of the Queen's arrival. Ministers looked at the peace of the country, and were incapable of offering a bribe, but broadly intimated what must have been the inevitable consequences of bringing the question before the country. If the Queen had thought proper to keep in a practical state of permanent separation from the King, it would have been the most sacred duty of ministers to avert the calamity. The noble Lord then stated, that the King, as master of his family, had a right to make all those exclusions, the name of the Queen from the liturgy, *&c. &c.*; and asserted that the question of the coronation was distinctly at the discretion of the crown. His Lordship said, that the ministers had been most anxious to avert the painful issue at which they now arrived; but it had come. He, therefore, trusted that there would be wisdom enough to meet the question; and that there would be a spirit of patient inquiry. If any attempts were made to appeal to the public mind, where the troubled spirit was but imperfectly allayed, he must lament the result. If she had listened to weak and

mischievous advisers—if she had been approached by persons who were incompetent to advise, and had presumed upon such opportunity, he trusted Her Majesty would be awakened to a sense of what was due to her station. He concluded with moving, that the papers be referred to a secret committee.

Mr. *Brougham* then rose. The noble Lord himself had not risen with more pain then he did;—but he could only feel satisfaction that the hour had arrived when this question could be fully and fairly met. He was aware of the importance of the question. He was anxious that the honor, the dignity, and the popularity of the crown should be sustained. The illustrious lady whose cause he advocated appealed not to the mobs to which the noble Lord had been pleased to allude. Her Majesty did this with confidence; and for sagacity and propriety of mind he had seldom met any lady that surpassed her. And yet how unhappily had she been situated; she had been removed from the salutary domestic control and comfort which were the best preservatives of female properties; but had she enjoyed them, endued so largely as was her mind by nature, it would have been most fortunate for the country. It was now left to him to pray and implore the justice of the house in setting out on the inquiry, which was now unhappily forced upon them. Above all, he implored the house to believe Her Majesty innocent, till the contrary should be proved. Before any charge could be preferred, there was much to be done. He trusted there would be some discussion in that house, even before the noble Lord obtained his

little inquiry up stairs. To recent circumstances and publications he had previously alluded. All that had passed had not his sanction; but still some allowances ought to be made for a female unprotected and almost friendless, on coming to this country, after an absence of six years. It was not surprising that Her Majesty should have listened to friendly and well-meant advice. It certainly was not the result of absolute wisdom; it was not what he would have advised. It might appear like making an appeal to the people; but under the peculiar circumstances of the case, allowances ought to be made for Her Majesty. Considering the accuteness of the noble Lord's mind, it was surprising that it should be assumed that the Queen's message complained of the proposed committee as if it were deemed a tribunal of ultimate judicature. That was not the fact, said the noble Lord. He (Mr. Brougham), and his learned friend knew that as well as the noble Lord. He knew that any decision of the committee would be powerless beyond the threshold of the committee room. There were the bills of attainder, and the other great monsters of Henry VIII.'s reign—but the noble Lord, the organ of the present ricketty and shattered ministry, durst not follow those precedents. The noble Lord, to attempt any thing of the kind, would require no ordinary power; but to pass any such bill,—to condemn without any public hearing, the noble Lord would find to be infinitely beyond any power which he possessed. Therefore, for the noble Lord to say what the committee would not do, he should take as no concession

nor should ne counsel Her Majesty to consider it as any concession. It was not even an approximation to an argument; it was not even the shadow of a shade of reason. As to the comparison between the committee and a grand jury, there was no analogy. A grand jury was sworn; it was impartial, and it was impartially selected. The party impanelled had no peculiar interest in the question at issue.—A grand jury certainly decided on ex-parte evidence; but what sort of evidence was offered here? letters and papers, with or without names, he knew not which, forwarded from beyond the Alps, the result of a commission sent by God knew whom. He was in utter ignorance of the contents of the green bag; but this he knew, that all the evidence was within the bag, except some persons might be called to prove signatures. They were the result of a ten months' residence at Milan, A man of high rank and learning, who had stood particularly high in the profession to which he belonged, and who had been esteemed by all who knew him up to that ill-fated hour in which he had engaged in this business, had procured this evidence. This expectant master of chancery had obtained the contents of the bag. That individual, who had so far forgotten himself, who had so far lowered himself, as to engage in such a transaction, had gone about prying into all corners, and mixing in the lowest conversations, to pick up the idle and malicious gossip. He had mixed with bargemen on the lakes, and ferrymen on the rivers; with the company of ale sellers and wine servants; and had taken down the evidence of cast-off

menials. He had gone to the impure source of every pollution; and by such means had the green bag been filled. He (Mr. Brougham) would not say that such base work ought not to be performed; It might be requisite to resort to inferior means to procure evidence; but such base work ought to have been performed by hands as naturally base and mean. All that the committee could do was, it was said, as nothing; but this he denied. The report of a committee of that house was no light matter; and he would have gentlemen to reflect how they would like to have their conduct similarly examined, and made the subject of the report of a committee. How would they like to be examined in privacy and darkness, on documents as darkly procured? What would they not give of their earthly goods to escape from such a report? The noble Lord said, he could appeal to the house afterwards; so he must if he had no other resource; but not all the oily rhetoric of the noble Lord could prove, that if the committee only said, "Aye," the Queen was not traduced and blasted. Besides, many things might happen after such an unfortunate result, and before the Queen could accomplish the objects requisite to prove her innocence. And then, where was the essence which could wash out the blemish of such a report? No—it was vain to liken the committee to a grand jury. Here the object was to get confirmed the result of a previous inquiry, on which the ministers had expressed their opinion. He said, let them act upon that opinion, without going to the committee. Let them act on their own responsibility, without

seeking to shelter themselves behind names more respectable than their own. Why did they not do so? but prizing their places so highly, and to which they held so fast, did they not dare to meet the question as men? He spoke the language of the constitution, when he said they should proceed on their own responsibility. But they sought to proceed by a tribunal that was unknown. As to the value of the opinion of either, he would as leave have the committee's as the minister's with this exception,—the minister's opinion would have no stain. The proceeding proposed was gross, glaring, and unpardonable; and after the experience they had had of green bags and secret committees, they had little reason to be fond of them. He and his learned friend were not to be placed on the committee. He thanked the noble Lord for this, because it would spare him the pain of seeing the forms of justice half pursued, while the substance was wholly abandoned. Her Majesty had commanded him to call for a full, fair, and open investigation. The speedier the beginning of it was, the more completely would she be gratified,—the more ample it was, the more decided would be her satisfaction. But, that it would be a short investigation, he, who knew the course of such proceedings, felt it to be impossible. Therefore, no time was to be lost; for, if the investigation went on, they might expect to sit to no ordinary period of the session. But in calling for inquiry Her Majesty protested strenuously and decidedly against a secret one. Whether the body by whom her case would be considered were designated a grand jury, a secret committee, a select com-

mittee, a private tribunal, or an inquisition, she cared not; but she required, that the body called on to pronounce an opinion on her conduct, whether intermediate or ultimate, should enable her to hear evidence, to see the witnesses adduced against her, and to confront them by every means within her power. He, as a member of parliament, in the discharge of his duty to the house, and to the country, implored gentlemen, once more, to take into their serious consideration all the circumstances he now finally laid before them. His last prayer to the house on this occasion, the last wish he would breathe on the subject was, that the negotiation which unfortunately had not been brought to a favourable issue, might not be broken off all at once and for ever! but if it were possible, that the country should be spared those calamities to which such an inquiry must give rise. He implored the house to consider how far more virtuous an act they would do, by avoiding such an investigation, rather than by showing their constancy and perseverance in steering, however successfully through these accumulated difficulties.

Mr. *Canning* assented to all that had fallen from the honorable gentleman respecting the painful nature of the inquiry. But that inquiry had been forced upon ministers, who had left nothing undone to avoid it. At an early part of the session, ministers were taunted with the dilemma of proving her guilt, or admitting her innocence. But ministers still kept silence, from a wish to avoid so painful an inquiry. In July, 1819, ministers had received a communication, pointing out

the same terms as those offered. He did not mean to state that the Queen was a party to the proposal, though from the quarter from which it came, no idea could be entertained that it could have been looked upon as discreditable. In 1814, he had advised the Queen to reside abroad, and the same advice he would give in the same circumstances to his nearest relation. He had given that advice because faction "had marked her for its own"—certainly the case was not altered. By the honourable and learned gentleman's letter, the disclosure was made that all negotiation was prevented by the arrival of the Queen in England. The government had acquainted him with all their plans; he was directed to obtain delay and negotiation, and then if he failed, he was informed that government had no other resource than an application to parliament. The question was whether it was to be an open or a close committee? if there was criminality, it must come to an open inquiry; if not, he had only one wish, that she might come out of this inquiry triumphantly. With an ACHING HEART he went to this investigation; and, if he could, consistently with his duty, he would have retired from it; but he knew that no attempt had been left untried to avert this calamity, but they had been disappointed; and the cup of expectation had been dashed from their lips!

STATE PAPERS.

A communication from Lord Liverpool was in answer to that made by Her Majesty on the preceding day.

"Lord Liverpool has had the honour of receiving the Queen's communication of this day, and begs leave to acquaint Her Majesty that a memorandum delivered by Lord Liverpool to Mr. Brougham on the 15th of April last, contains the propositions which Lord Liverpool was commanded by the King to communicate through Mr. Brougham to Her Majesty.

"Her Majesty has not been advised to return any answer to those propositions, but Lord Liverpool assures Her Majesty that the King's servants will still think it their duty, notwithstanding all that has passed, to receive for consideration any suggestions which Her Majesty or her advisers may have to offer upon those propositions.

"*Fife House, June* 9, 1820."

The memorandum mentioned by Lord Liverpool is as follows:—

"The act of the 54th Geo. III. cap. 160, recognised the separation of the Prince Regent from the Princess of Wales, and allotted a separate provision for the Princess. This provision was to continue during the life of his late Majesty, and to determine at his demise. In consequence of that event, it has altogether ceased, and no provision can be made for her until it shall please His Majesty to recommend to parliament an arrangement for that purpose.

"The King is willing to recommend to parliament to enable His Majesty to settle an annuity of 50,000*l.* a year upon the Queen, to be enjoyed by her during

her natural life, and in lieu of any claim in the nature of jointure or otherwise, provided she will engage not to come into any part of the British dominions, and provided she engages to take some other name or title then that of Queen, and not to exercise any of the rights or privileges of Queen, other than with respect to the appointment of law-officers, or to any proceedings in courts of justice.

"The annuity to cease upon the violation of these engagements, viz. upon her coming into any part of the British dominions, or her assuming the title of Queen, or her exercising any of the rights or privileges of Queen, other then above excepted, after the annuity shall have been settled upon her.

"Upon her consent to an engagement on the above conditions, Mr. Brougham is desired to obtain a declaration to this effect, signed by herself; and at the same time a full authority to conclude with such person as His Majesty may appoint, a formal engagement upon those principles."

April 15, 1820.

On the subsequent day the following communication was made by Mr. Brougham:

"The Queen commands Mr. Brougham to inform Lord Liverpool, that she has received his letter, and that the memorandum of April 15, 1820, which the proposition made through Lord Hutchinson had appeared to supersede, has also been now admitted to Her Majesty for the first time.

"Her Majesty does not consider the terms there specified as at all according with the condition upon which she informed Lord Liverpool yesterday, that she would entertain a proposal, namely, that it should be consistent with her dignity and honour. At the same time she is willing to acquit those who made this proposal, of intending anything offensive to Her Majesty; and Lord Liverpool's letter indicates a disposition to receive any suggestions which she may offer.

"Her Majesty retains the same desire which she commanded Mr. Brougham yesterday to express, of submitting her own wishes to the authority of parliament, now so decisively interposed. Still acting upon the same principle, she now commands Mr. Brougham to add, that she feels it necessary, before making any further proposal, to have it understood that the recognition of her rank and privileges as Queen, must be the basis of any arrangement which can be made. The moment that basis is established, Her Majesty will be ready to suggest a method by which she conceives all existing differences may be satisfactorily adjusted.

"10*th June*, 1820."

The following communication from Lord Liverpool was received by Her Majesty:

"Lord Liverpool has had the honour of receiving the Queen's communication, and cannot refrain from expressing the extreme surprise of the King's servants that the memorandum of April 15th, the only proposi-

tion to Her Majesty, which ever was authorised by His Majesty, should not have been submitted to Her Majesty until yesterday.

"That memorandum contains so full a communication of the intentions and views of the King's government with respect to the Queen, as to have entitled His Majesty's servants to an equally frank, full, and candid explanation on the part of Her Majesty's advisers.

"The memorandum of the 15th April, while it proposed that Her Majesty should abstain from the exercise of the rights and privileges of Queen with certain exceptions, did not call upon Her Majesty to renounce any of them.

"Whatever appertains to Her Majesty by law, as Queen, must continue to appertain to her so long as it is not abrogated by law.

"The King's servants in expressing their readiness to receive the suggestion for a satisfactory adjustment which Her Majesty's advisers promise, think it right, in order to save time, distinctly to state, that any proposition which they could feel it to be consistent with their duty to recommend to His Majesty, must have for its basis Her Majesty's residence abroad.

"11*th June*, 1820."

To which Her Majesty returned the following:—

"The Queen commands Mr. Brougham to acknowledge having received Lord Liverpool's note of last night, and to inform his Lordship that Her Majesty takes it for granted that the memorandum of April 15, was not submitted to her before Saturday, only because

her legal advisers had no opportunity of seeing Her Majesty until Lord Hutchinson was on the spot prepared to treat with her.

"Her Majesty commands Mr. Brougham to state, that as the basis of her recognition as Queen is admitted by the King's government, and as His Majesty's servants express their readiness to receive any suggestion for a satisfactory adjustment, Her Majesty, still acting upon the same principles which have always guided her conduct, will now point out a method by which it appears to her that the object in contemplation may be obtained.

"Her Majesty's dignity and honour being secured, she regards all other matters as of comparatively little importance, and is willing to leave every thing to the decision of any person or persons, of high station and character, whom both parties may concur in naming, and who shall have authority to prescribe the particulars as to residence, patronage, and income, subject of course to the approbation of parliament.

"12*th June*, 1820."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TRIAL.

HAVING brought matters up to this critical point, I will at once introduce the calculated and never-to-be-forgotten

TRIAL

Of Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, for Adultery with Bartolomeo Bergami.

UNDER A BILL OF PAINS AND PENALTIES.

Before the House of Lords, commenced in July, 1820; terminated November 1820.

Messrs. BROUGHAM, DENMAN, and WILLIAMS, appeared as council for the Queen. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL opened the case in support of the bill, and anticipated all the evidence.

Theodore Majoochi called in.—On being placed at the door, his name was called aloud by one of the clerks

of the house, and the Queen, whose face was not at first directed to the bar, turned suddenly round at the annunciation, and uttering a loud exclamation, retired from the house, followed by Lady Ann Hamilton. Her Majesty evidently laboured with some strong emotions. The witness is a native of Pisterlango, near Lodi; knows Bartolomeo Bergami; first knew him in 1813, as valet to Marshal Pino; witness was at that time a courier in the Marshal's service. Bergami was at that time in low circumstances, his wages were three Milan livres (2*s.* 6*d.*) per day. Witness afterwards entered the service of Joachim Murat, King of Naples, as an attendant in the stables. While in this service he saw Bergami at Naples about Christmas, 1814. And in January 1815, he engaged witness as a livery servant to the Princess of Wales, to whom Bergami was himself courier and equerry.

Gaetano Paturzo corroborated in his evidence all the leading circumstances on board the vessel during the voyage to Tunis, as stated by the last witness. During his examination he admitted that he was paid for coming 800 dollars a month and all his travelling expenses paid: which he considered very little.

Vincenzo Gargiulo, the master and owner of the Polacre, gave evidence to nearly the same effect. He received 1000 dollars a month, and all expenses paid.

Meidge Barbara Kress sworn.—Is a Lutheran, and wife of Peter Kress; resides at Carlsruhe; has been married three years: previous to her marriage, lived at the post-inn, at Carlsruhe; left that service in consequence of her marriage; remembers the Princess of

Wales coming to the inn about three years ago; a person named Bergami came with her; there were three rooms, No. 10, No. 11, and No. 12; No. 10 was a bedchamber, occupied by the Princess; No. 11 was a dining room; No. 12 was a bedchamber, occupied by Bergami; No. 10 and No. 12 both opened into the dining room No. 11 which lay between them. The courier, who preceded the Princess, directed that a broad bed should be made in No. 12 (Bergami's room), a change was made accordingly; witness was chambermaid; the Princess remained at the inn about a week or ten days. One evening between seven and eight o'clock, as she remembers, witness went to carry some water into No. 12 (witness cannot say where the Princess and Bergami had dined on that particular day:) when she went in, she discovered Bergami in bed, and the Princess *had sat* on the bed; could not see whether Bergami had his clothes off, but his arm was white; when witness went in, Bergami had his arm round the neck of the Princess, and the Princess let the arm fall when the witness entered; cannot say whether the white on Bergami's arm was the colour of his shirt, or of any other garment. On witness's coming into the room, the Princess had "jumped up." After witness saw the Princess of Wales sitting on Bergami's bed she withdrew; before she withdrew, she saw the Princess jump up; witness was frightened. Made up the bed in No. 12 (in Bergami's room;) found a cloak in the bed; it was probably a woman's cloak, because it had a kind of capot (a hood;) witness unfolded the cloak: this was at the time of

making the bed in the morning. The cloak was of a grey silk; the cloak was taken from witness by a servant; she saw a mantle worn next day by the Princess of the same colour, but cannot swear it was the same cloak; it was likewise a silk cloak, and had a capot or hood like that she found in the bed; witness also saw, when she made the bed, that the sheets were "in disorder." The witness said she meant "stained:" witness is a married woman, has often made the beds of married persons.

Louisa Demont sworn.—Entered the service of the Princess of Wales, as first *femme de chambre* for five years; engaged with her Royal Highness at Lausanne. Travelled from Lausanne to Milan. About a fortnight before she left Milan, Her Royal Highness hired Bartolomeo Bergami as a courier; during the remainder of her residence at Milan, Bergami waited at table. From Milan the Princess travelled by Rome to Naples; previously to her arrival at Naples, William Austin generally slept in her Royal Highness's room. The night before she entered the city of Naples, her Royal Highness slept in a country house. Cannot say whether William Austin slept in the Princess's room that night, but remembers the Princes saying that same evening, that he had become too big a boy to sleep any longer in her room, and must have a chamber to himself. Up to this time, Bergami always dined at the same table with the witness, and the other servants of their class; does not know what room was allotted to him (Bergami) on the night of their arrival at the city Naples. On the night after,

he occupied a room communicating with that of the Princess, by a cabinet and a passage; there was a door from the passage opening to the rest of the house; but when that door, and the doors of the Princess's room and Bergami's room were shut, these two rooms, the cabinet and the passage, were cut off from the rest of the house. On the evening after her arrival at Naples, the Princess went to the opera; she returned, as it seemed to witness, rather early; she proceeded in the first place to her bedchamber, and afterwards to the cabinet; she directed witness to forbid William Austin to follow her, as she wished to sleep quietly, Austin slept that night and every subsequent night, in another adjacent chamber, shut out by a door, always closed from the Princess's room. There were two beds in the Princess's room, one small travelling bed, in which she usually slept, and a larger bed which was that night unprovided with sheets. The Princess seemed extremely agitated, and, contrary to her usual practice, dismissed witness immediately after she had attended her to her chamber; this was about eleven o'clock, the Princess's usual time of retiring. Next morning witness observed that the Princess's small bed had not been lain in, but the large was, although not much deranged. Bergami slept in his room during the whole residence at Naples. Mr. Hieronymus, only, slept at the same side of the house. Mr. Hieronymus's door was in the same passage with the door of the Princess's chamber. Has never seen any other person but William Austin and Bergami admitted to the Princess's dressing room, when she used to

be making her toilet: the former was about twelve or thirteen years old. Bergami was still courier. Has several times seen Bergami admitted upon such occasions, the Princess being sometimes dressed, sometimes undressed. One night when the Princess was undressed in her bedroom, but not in bed, remembers seeing Bergami in his shirt and slippers, coming along the passage towards the Princess's room. Witness who was standing at the door of the Princess, was alarmed, and escaped by the little door, which was near to her, out of the apartment of the Princess. On the second night the large bed had the appearance of more than one person having slept in it; on the subsequent nights, witness always made the same observation. Towards the latter part of the Princess's residence at Naples, it was always the duty of witness to make her bed. Remembers a masked ball given by the Princess to Murat, it was in a house near the sea-shore; Her Royal Highness dressed in a small room on the second floor. The Princess first appeared as a Neapolitan peasant; witness assisted her in dressing for that character. In about an hour she returned, and changed her dress entirely, assuming the character of the Genius of History. Upon this occasion, the Princess was accompanied into her dressing room by Bergami, witness waiting without in the anti-room. In about three quarters of an hour Bergami came out, and very shortly after the Princess. As the Genius of History, the Princess had her arms bare, and her breasts bare, and her drapery was put on in the same style as people who represent the Muses, or the Genius of

History: the Princess again returned, and put on the disguise of a Turkish peasant. While she was arranging this third dress, Bergami was in the anti-room, preparing himself to represent a Turk; they went down together arm in arm; Bergami was still a courier. There was a small garden attached to the house at Naples: the Princess used to walk in it with Bergami; has seen Her Royal Highness walking there, under Bergami's arm. The Princess used to breakfast in a small cabinet, leading to Bergami's room; witness has never seen her at breakfast; remembers that Bergami met with an accident; cannot say for what purpose a sofa was placed in the cabinet, but as seen Bergami seated upon it: went once with the Princess to the theatre San Carlos. The Princess, Bergami, and witness, went in a hired carriage; the night was wet and gloomy; the Princess was dressed in a large red cloak, Bergami in a red domino, with a great hat: when they got into the pit, a number of ugly masks gathered about them and hissed; the Princess's dress was monstrous ugly; though they were compelled to retire by the hissing, they had great difficulty to withdraw. Bergami continued to wait at table, a remarkable familiarity was observable between him and his royal mistress. At Genoa, witness slept in a room adjoining to that of the Princess; the Princess always locked the door between them at night. Bergami's bed room was on the opposite side; most frequently *(plus souvent)* the Princess's bed appeared in the morning not to have been occupied at night. After the door was locked by the Princess at night, witness has

heard a noise as of a door opening into Her Royal Highness's apartment. Besides the doors opening into the room of witness and Bergami, there was a third door from the Princess's room, into a dressing room; after the noise of the door opening, witness observed that all was quiet. It was witness's duty to arrange the Princess's bed; it was almost every morning in the same state in which it had been left on the preceding night. A Genoa, Louis, the brother, and Fantasia, the sister of Bergami, and his aged mother, who was called "Nonna," o' the "granny," were received into the family; also the infant Victorine, a child of about three years old, and the daughter of Bergami. From Genoa the Princes went to Milan; she travelled in a carriage with William Austin; Bergami rode as a courier, and the Princess frequently invited him to take refreshment on the road. The Princess occupied the Borromean palace at Milan; Bergami's bedchamber was near to her's. A few days after Lady Charlotte Campbell retired from the service of the Princess, [this occured at Milan,] the countess Oldi was introduced; before she came, the Princess told witness, that the countess wished to come into her service as a dame d'honneur, at the same time saying, that she was a noble lady; she was, in fact, the sister of Bergami. The countess was afterwards introduced; she could speak no French at all, and her Italian was extremely vulgar. At Milan, saw Bergami wear a blue silk robe, which had previously belonged to the Princess.

While the Princess was at the Villa Villani, she

made a tour to the Borromean Islands; the Princess slept there on all these occasions; the first time was in a most elegant apartment prepared for her in the Borromean palace; on the second visit the witness saw the apartment that had been prepared for the Princess but the apartment which the Princess occupied was at a distance from it, and near to that of Bergami; it was a large room; witness does not recollect whether it had any communication with the apartment occupied by Bergami. Remembers the Princess going to Bellinzona; saw Bergami dining with the Princess at her own table: he was dressed like a courier, but witness does not remember whether he acted as a courier; he did not ride, but went in the carriage. In September the Princess went from the Villa Villani to the Villa d'Este; at the Villa d'Este, in approaching the Princess's chamber, you entered into a dark anti-room, then a corridor, then two rooms which communicated with each other, and one of them with the bed room of the Princess; the sleeping room of Bergami communicated with the first anti-room, and with the sleeping room of Her Royal Highness, through a very small cabinet in which nobody ever slept; when the door from Bergami's room into the dark anti-room was closed, there was no other approach to Bergami's room but through the small cabinet; the Princess usually went to bed at eleven, but sometimes later; sometimes when witness was alone in the Princess's room, Her Royal Highness used to come in accompained by Bergami—they came through the two rooms described: Bergami did not use to remain long;

sometimes he passed out through the two rooms, sometimes through the cabinet; witness used to undress the Princess every night, and retire through the two rooms; the Princess often accompanied witness as far as the last door, she then used to lock it inside; this has happened when Bergami was in his own apartment, but never when he has been in the apartment of the Princess; witness attended the Princess in the morning; has observed the door from Her Royal Highness's room into the cabin half open. Accompanied the Princess in her voyage to Greece; went once into the Princess's cabinet: the Princess was in bed; does not know whether Bergami had been in the cabin or not. Remembers the Princess going to court at Palermo: Bergami went with her, but whether in the same carriage witness does not know. Remembers the bed room of the Princess at Messina, it communicated with the apartment of the countess Oldi, and that with the room of Bergami; witness here observed a striking change in the manner of the Princess in addressing Bergami at parting; sometimes called him my heart *(mon cœur)* and my dear friend *(mon cher ami)*; when Bergami upon one occasion made a short journey, the Princess at parting used the expression—"Adieu, my dear friend, take care." On these occasions witness has heard them kiss, but not seen them at the time. Went on board the Clorinde from Messina to Syracuse; saw Bergami once in the Princess's cabinet, the Princess was lying on her bed, and Bergami on another bed beside her; Bergami was lying down; this was in the day-time. At Syracuse

the Princess resided in a small country house on the other side of the port; witness and the countess Oldi occupied a room communicating with the dining room, the gentlemen the other room on the same side of the dining room; on the other side were two rooms only, the one occupied by Bergami and the other by the Princess: they communicated by a small staircase; there was a door from the Princess's room into the dining room; the Princess used to lock it at night; there was still a door open to the staircase from the Princess's room; does not remember any accident happening to the Princess's bedstead or bed at Syracuse. From Syracuse the Princess went to Catania, where she lived in the town; there was an alteration made in the bed rooms; at first the Princess's bed room communicated with the saloon: witness's bed room was next to that of the Princess's; on the other side of witness's room was the countess of Oldi's; Bergami's room was at the other side of a little court; Bergami remained there for a short time, which witness does not remember; Bergami was afterwards indisposed, when he was removed to the room of the countess Oldi; witness continued to occupy her own room; one night the Princess went to bed before witness; witness does not know whether it was the next morning or the morning next but one, but she saw the Princess coming out of the countess Oldi's room in her night clothes, with a pillow in her hand; Her Royal Highness usually wore at night a little white night dress; in the morning she sometimes had in addition a small silk robe: after Bergami had

moved to the countess of Oldi's room, the countess slept in the Princess's room, in a small bed; little Victorine also slept in the Princess's room in the night; the morning on which she saw the Princess come out of the countess of Oldi's room, witness heard Victorine cry; witness does not remember how long it was before this morning that Bergami had moved into the countess Oldi's room, but thinks it was not more than one or two days before; witness thinks he remained there three or four days after; he was sleeping there at the time the Princess brought the pillow out. Witness remembers the door of the Princess's apartment being open one night, but cannot say whether it was the night before that morning, at the time the Princess brought out the pillow, she looked at witness earnestly, and went to her own room without saying anything; witness had not been in the habit of being so late as ten o'clock, (the time she saw the Princess come out;) witness usually went to breakfast at ten o'clock; the room of the Princess and the room of the countess of Oldi were never open before nine: when witness returned from breakfast she always found the door shut, but sometimes the Princess was up in her own room. Remembers the Princess's picture being painted at Catania, and also at Augusta; in one she was represented a Turkish woman, in the other as a penitent Magdalen; in the latter she was drawn as naked to the middle downward; the neck (gorge) was bare; the uncovered parts extended below the breasts; there was another portrait taken of Her Royal Highness in her ordinary

dress. At Catania, Bergami was made a knight of Malta; at Augusta he received the title of Baron Francina. At Augusta a change was made in the bed rooms, by which the room of Bergami was appointed near to that of the Princess, with which it communicated by a door. This last door was always closed at night, and witness has, upon more than one occasion, heard Bergami proving the lock of it; has also heard a whispering in Bergami's room at Augusta, after she has retired to rest. Does not know where the Princess was accustomed to breakfast at Augusta: once saw a tray in Bergami's room; saw the Princess arrange the upper part of Bergami's dress for another picture, opening his shirt collar. Her Royal Highness observed upon that occasion, that she liked him or it better so. Went with the Princess on board the Polacre. Never saw more than one bed in the dining cabin; that was occupied by Bergami. Has seen Bergami in bed, and the Princess in bed at the same time, the door of the Princess's cabin being open between them; has twice observed them conversing in these circumstances. The door of the dining cabin used to be shut at night, but witness cannot say that it was locked. At Tunis, the Princess and Bergami occupied contiguous apartments; communicating through an unoccupied room and a cabinet; cannot say that these rooms could be shut up from the rest of the house. At Utica, saw Bergami go into the Princess's chamber; witness went afterwards, being called, to the Princess's door, and saw that Her Royal Highness was still in bed; does not know where

ber at the last named place by twilight; she saw the Princess and Bergami sitting upon a sofa, or adjacent chairs, Bergami's arm being round the waist of the Princess, and the Princess's head resting upon his person. The Princess did not go to court at Vienna. She travelled from Vienna to Trieste in a low open carriage, driven by Bergami. After the return to the Barona, Bergami's mother and brother dined at the table of the Princess. The Princess was indisposed at Rimina. At Rufinelli, the bedchambers of the Princess and Bergami were contiguous, and communicated internally. Bergami was indisposed at Rufinelli, and the Princess visited him in his chamber more than once. From Rufinelli, the Princess, Bergami, and witness, travelled in the same carriage to Rome, Bergami sitting in the middle. At the Villa Brandi, busts were taken of the Princess and Bergami. The bed rooms of the Princess and Bergami were in the same gallery: their respective entrances were above fifteen yards asunder. The Princess used to dress in her bed room. Bergami was sometimes present when she was dressing: she once changed her dress in his presence. From the Villa Brandi, the Princess went to Sinigaglia and Pesaro. At the Villa Caprili, the first house the Princess occupied at Pesaro, the Princess's bedchamber was near to, and communicated with that of Bergami. The Princess had a cabinet in which there was a sofa; witness once saw Bergami lying on this sofa; and the Princess sitting on the edge of it. Once saw the Princess in pantaloons, her neck and breast being uncovered: Bergami was pre-

sent, and, looking Her Royal Highness, said, "How pretty you look; I like you much better so."—Villa Caprili is about three miles from Pesaro. Up to her first leaving Naples, the Princess had divine service performed in her family every Sunday, but never after she went to the churches of the country with Bergami; and witness once saw her fall on her knees beside him. She also told witness that she intended to have masses said for the soul of his father. The Princess was occasionally visited by the neighbouring nobility at the Villa d'Este and Villa Vilani, more frequently at first than afterwards. The Princess told witness that she (the Princess) had been rejected when proposed for admission into the Cassino, at Pesaro.—Remembers the garden wheel-chair, and Bergami playing with the Princess, pushing it backward and forward at the Villa d'Este. The morning after the opera at Naples, (the second morning after the Princess's arrival,) the Princess rose between ten and eleven o'clock, and retired for an hour, or nearly an hour and a half, into a small cabinet before described. Witness does not know where Bergami was at the time when she passed Bergami's chamber; she always observed that the outer door was shut. When asked respecting the large bed at Naples, did not give a particular description, because she did not think a particular description had been demanded of her; was now ready to explain exactly the state of the bed. In her cross examination she said, she could not describe the state of the large bed at Naples, because she might have had to make use of terms which were not decent:

in fact, the bed-cover was extremely pressed down in the middle, and there were large stains on the coverlid, which had not been there before.—The door of Heironymus's room at Naples was in the same corridor with the door of the Princess. Does not know where the servants of Sir William Gell and Mr. Craven slept at Naples. Witness herself slept in a small room above the Princess; Annette Preising slept in another. Witness always lay alone in her own room the whole night, and every part of it. Cannot fix the time when she saw Bergami coming undressed towards the Princess's room. They were four months at Naples, and witness cannot say whether it was the first, second, third, or fourth month; in endeavouring to escape, witness was obliged to approach a few paces nearer to Bergami. She was standing at the Princess's door, waiting Her Royal Highness's dismissal for the night; she had no candle though she was about to retire to rest; Bergami had a candle in his hand. The King of Naples had lent the Princess a palace for the masked ball. Witness saw several costumes but cannot say whether she saw a lady dressed as Victory. She did not go down to see the performance. Did not see Sicard or Heironymus, or any other part of the suite, until towards morning; did not see any of the Princess's attendants dress as Turks. The Princess travelled from Jaffa to Jerusalem upon an ass. Witness's sister travelled in company with the Princess in the same way, but witness and the countess Oldi travelled in a palanquin. The Princess rested by day, and travelled by night. When the Princess retired to rest, she

threw off her outer dress, and lay down in a white gown or petticoat alone. Witness's sister waited upon the Princess. They took on board a Jew harper at Tunis. Believes he slept at the other end of the vessel from witness. Witness does not know with certainty where he slept any one night, or any part of a night, during the voyage. Witness was discharged by the Princess in 1817 : for saying something which was in fact untrue. Bergami told witness that the Princess was much incensed, and that her sister would be dismissed on her account : witness begged him to interfere in behalf of her sister; he said he would, and advised witness to write to the Princess; she did so, and arranged with her sister that she should always write in the most complimentary strain of the Princess, in order that the letter should please the Princess on being shown to her. Did not go into any other service, because she had in Switzerland funds of her own upon which she lived. About a year after she had left the Princess's service, and not before she was applied to upon the subject of the present inquiry. It is not true that she was applied to immediately after. Left the Princess in November, 1817; at the time she left her she knew all respecting the conduct of Her Royal Highness which she has detailed. Witness (Louisa Demont) came to England, accompanied by Mr. Sacchi, a friend, Krouse, a messenger, and one of her sisters: was examined at Milan by Vimercati, the counsellor, and three other gentlemen; states upon her oath that she expects nothing for coming to England.

Guiseppe Sacchi sworn.—Is a native of Villenchino; entered the service of the Princess of Wales September, 1816, at the Villa d'Este: continued in her service precisely a year: his situation when he first entered her service, was that of a courier. He spoke to the alteration of the arrangement of bed rooms on the Princess's various journeys.) One day the Princess said she wished to give the woman a present; "How shall we dress these maids?" she said, and then asked me whether I thought they really were maids? I replied, "that as far as I knew they were." "No," says she, you rogue, you are a liar, you have gone to bed with three of them, and how many times you have had intercourse with them I know." Bergami, who was standing by, cried, "It is true, it is true," and laughed: witness being surprised at this compliment, endeavoured to exculpate himself, but Bergami persisted in crying out, "It is true." Has seen the Princess at the balls in the same room with those persons of low condition; has not seen her dance; has heard the Princess observe upon these balls, pointing out certain women with her finger, that the population of the Barona was much increased. At Ancona, witness was one day called by Bergami, while he (Bergami) was sitting in bed; as witness was there a door opened, which witness believes to have been from the room of the Princess; witness cannot say with certainty that it was the Princess's room; but he saw the Princess's toilet boxes and other like furniture. There was a bed in the room. Bergami was confined to his bed at Rufinelli; one evening witness was going to visit him,

and through his door he saw that Bergami was in bed, which was eleven o'clock at night, the Princess was stretched on a sofa by Bergami's bed-side; there were some cushions on the sofa; witness withdrew immediately. From Runnelli, the Princess moved to Villa Brandi; witness slept in the left wing of the house; Bergami slept in the corresponding room of the right wing: Her Royal Highness slept in the same wing: one night, after midnight, in very hot weather, witness stood at his window, he heard a noise, he saw Bergami go out of his own door, and go into the door which led into the Princess's room, from which he came out no more. Witness stood an hour at the window; he saw Bergami do the same thing another night, when also he remained; but witness on this occasion did not remain more than a quarter of an hour; he saw two busts at the Villa Brandi, one representing the Princess, the other Bergami; they were nearly of the same size. The night when he saw Bergami go to the Princess's room was in July. The Princess went from Rome to Senigaglia; the weather being extremely hot, they travelled always by night; witness rode by the side of the carriage; at dawn witness used to draw the curtains of the carriage to receive orders; on these occasions witness has often seen the hands of Bergami and the Princess upon each other, the Princess's hand most indecently placed upon Bergami's person, and Bergami's hand laid upon her's. Does not remember whether any one else was in the carriage; the Princess and Bergami were asleep. Saw at another time the Princess kiss Bergami's neck. Witness was with

the Princess at Pesaro; Bergami was absent from Pesaro two days; the Princess went to meet him; when they met, both dismounted from their respective carriages, embraced, kissed, and returned in the same carriage.

Mr. BROUGHAM proceeded to address the house on the part of Her Majesty, which he continued to do for two days. In conclusion, Mr. Brougham observed, that as the conduct of the Queen had been so severely scrutinized, and as it was important to shew that where guilt had not existed, even impropriety could not be proved, he had thought it right to say so much of the circumstances of Bergami. If the Queen had frequented company below her proper station, if she had been proved to have committed any guiltless unworthiness, he could have stood notwithstanding upon high ground indeed; but he had no occasion to stand upon it; guilt there was none—levity there was none—unworthiness there was none: had there been any of the latter, he might have appealed upon a ground which always supports virtue in jeopardy,—the course of her former life at home, while she enjoyed the protection of the late King. In his hand he held a testimonial from that beloved Prince, which he was sure could not be read without the deepest sense of its importance, and the deepest sorrow that he who wrote it had been no longer spared. Such, my Lords, continued Mr. Brougham, is this case now before you. Such is the evidence in support of this measure, inadequate to prove a debt, impotent to deprive of a civil right ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence, scan-

dalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows—monstrous to ruin the honor of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is their case—if this is the species of proof by which an act of judicial legislation, an *ex poste facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My Lords, I pray your Lordships to pause. You are standing upon the brink of a precipice. It will go forth as your judgment, if it goes against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever will pronounce which will fail in its object, and return upon those who gave it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe, save yourselves from this situation, rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you could flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the root and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it—save that crown, which is in jeopardy—the aristocracy, which is shaken—the altar itself, which never more can stand secure amongst the shocks that shall rend its kindred throne. You have said my Lords, you have willed—that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, indeed, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine; but I do here pour forth my supplications at the Throne of Mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.

Mr. WIELIAMS followed on the same side.

The Earl of Guilford and Lord Glenbervie, the Earl of Llandaff, and the Hon. Keppel Craven had been in Italy with the Princess in 1814 and 1815, at Naples, Genoa, and other places; they testified that she was visited generally by the most respectable English and the Neapolitan noblesse: that Lady Llandaff visited her; that he (the Earl) according to the custom of the country, had visited ladies in bed in the morning: but he did not remember the name of any of the Queen's servants at Naples, except Bergami, who was a very singular figure, a very strong looking man. He never asked who he was, but some one pointed him out, saying this is Bergami, and his remarkably figure had strongly impressed him on his memory. None of these witnesses ever saw any improper familiarity pass between Bergami and his royal mistress, unless her usual free and familiar behaviour to all her domestics might be termed so. The manners abroad are less reserved to servants than in England. Mr. Craven often dined at the Princess's table, in company with the Baron Ompteda, and Majocchi, who waited, must have seen him. He saw nothing indecent in the Queen's d esses at the masked ball; the manners of Bergami were superior to those of a courier,—not servile, but like those of a gentleman.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay entered the Queen's service in 1808, as lady of the bedchamber. Her Majesty was visited both at Brunswick in 1808, and at Naples, &c. in 1815, by persons of distinction and the highest

respectability. Never saw anything in the least improper in the Queen's conduct to Bergami. She left the Queen in 1817, but did not quit from any impropriety she ever observed in the Queen's behaviour.

Sir William Gell, as one of the Queen's chamberlains, accompanied her to Italy in 1814. One of Her Majesty's couriers had been discharged at Florence, and the Marquis Chisiliari recommended Bergami, whose family had suffered severely in the French revolution, as perfectly honest, honorable, and trust-worthy. During the Queen's abode at Rome, she was visited by several persons of distinction. He never saw anything at all indecorous in the conduct of the Queen towards Bergami, and his was always highly respectful and becoming.

William Carrington, valet to Sir W. Gell, deposed to a conversation between him and Majocchi, (all which the latter denied,) when he told the witness that Baron Ompteda had been on a visit to the Queen; that he had employed the postillion and the chambermaid to procure Her Majesty's keys, in order to have false ones made; that a person had confessed his share in this transaction, and had been discharged in consequence; and added, that he (Majocchi) would, if the Queen had allowed him, have killed Ompteda like a dog. He taxed Ompteda with ingratitude for having made such an attempt, and complained that he had caused the servants of the house to be suspected. Majocchi frequently mentioned the name of Ompteda. Remembers the Queen frequently visiting Sir W. Gell

when indisposed, particularly at Strasburgh, when Sir William lay on a sofa; at Brunswick when he was in bed, and at Naples when he lay on a bed on the floor.

Henry Holland, M. D. was in service of the Queen. All that time Bergami filled the situation of menial servant, and saw nothing in her conduct to him different to that of her other servants.—Charles Mills, Esq. who had supped and dined with the Queen on several occasions, never saw anything pass between her and Bergami derogatory to the honor of the British empire, or to which any just exception could be taken—saw nothing of degrading familiarity.

Carlo Forti, a courier in the Queen's service, nephew to the Duchess of Poloria, described the journey from Rome to Sinigaglia, and which contradicted the evidence of Sacchi. He says from Rome the Queen proceeded to Sinigaglia, travelling by night; the first night she slept on the road; at nine in the morning of the first day she reached Otricoli; at ten in the morning of the second day she rested at Nocera; and at eleven the following day she reached Sinigaglia; Sacchi, or Sacchini, the courier, attended the Queen upon this journey from Milan to Loretto; he travelled on horseback; and from Loretto to Rome he travelled a day in advance of the Queen; witness mounted on horseback, and attended Her Majesty to Rome: from Rome again to Sinigaglia, Sacchi went forward two hours in the caratella, and witness acted as courier, always riding close to the Queen's landaulet, except that about half an hour before the end of a stage he rode forward half a mile. Sacchi always ordered the

horses in advance, and paid for them; no other courier but witness attended the Queen on the journey from Loretto to Rome; Bergami, Demont, and Victorine, travelled with the Queen in her landaulet to Rome; from Rome to Sinigaglia, the countess Oldi occupied the place of Demont, sitting, as she had down, between the Queen and Bergami; this was in fact the usual seat of the countess; Victorine sat most commonly upon the knees of the Queen: witness used to knock for orders at the end of a stage; for night travelling, the carriage was arranged by fixing up the Venetian blinds at the sides and the glasses in front; the Venetian blinds admitted air. Never upon any occasion saw the Baron kiss the Queen; taking leave of her, he, like all the rest of the suite, used to kiss her hand with much respect. The practice is a common one in Italy; witness has kissed the hands of the Vice-Queen of Italy and the Empress Josephine.

Lieutenant John Flinn, R. N. accompanied the Queen on her voyage to Constantinople, and continued to command the Polacre during the time she was in the Queen's service: the Queen directing the fitting up of the cabins for herself and Bergami, but in no situation was it possible to see from the bed of one to that of the other. A tent was erected on the deck for the Queen, but he must have heard any conversation between two persons there, as he slept over the helm, and within five feet of it. There was a communication between the interior of the tent and the cabin below; but that communication was always open at night. He has occasionally opened that tent when Her Majesty has

asked questions he could not directly understand. He never saw the Queen kiss any one but the little Victorine nor ever observed the slightest indecency or improper conduct towards Bergami or any other person. Gargiulo was most assuredly not called upon to attend about the Queen's apartment or person; he received his sailing directions from witness. The bathing tub was much too large to be placed in the Queen's cabin.

Lieutenant J. R. Hownam, who was on board the Polacre during the Princess's voyage, gave a clear and decided testimony as to his competency to observe and detect any impropriety or criminality in her behaviour, confirming the evidence of Lieutenant Flinn, and proving that no one on board, from the situation of the tent on deck, or the bed rooms below, attributed any improper conduct to have taken place, and that if such suspicions had been excited, the rumour must have reached him. He bore testimony also to the affable and irreproachable conduct of the Queen during his residence in and about her household.

Filippo Pomi sworn.—Usually resides at the Barona; knows Giuseppe Restelli and Louisa Demont; in the course of the last year was visited by both these persons; Restelli came first, and Demont in half an hour after; Restelli was making a drawing of the house; he asked witness whether he had received any present from the persons who had come; and on witnesess replying in the negative, he gave him a present of 40 francs. On a subsequent morning, Restelli called on witness, and they went together to the inn; Restelli

said, "Pomi, if you have anything to depose against Her Royal Highness, now is your time; you will become a great man, and shall receive a great present." Witness asked Restelli whether Demont was still in the Queen's, service; he replied, that she was, and that she had made a good day's work. Witness then said that he had been night and day a long time in the house, and never saw anything that enabled him to speak ill of that lady; then Restelli said, "You know nothing, for that house was a very bad house, bad women, and so;" and witness answered that this was a real falsehood, for he had been in the house day and night, and saw nothing of this: the discourse ended here.

The Chevalier Carlo Vassali, an equerry of the Queen's deposed to the respect with which the Queen was every where received, and that he has seen the general affable and familiar conduct of the Queen to Bergami without its exciting in him any idea of a criminal nature. He also proved that the Queen was but one day and a half at Trieste, which negatived the testimony of the waiter Cuchi. He explained the scene at Scharnitz, described by Demont, by stating that the whole suite were up all night preparing for a journey: and he fully corroborated the evidence of Carlo Forti respecting the journey to Sinigaglia.

After debates, prolonged until the 6th of November, the house divided, the Lords being called over, beginning with the junior baron, and so proceeding in the inverse order of precedence; the Lord Chancellor then declared the numbers to be contents 123; not-contents 95.—Majority for the second reading 28.

The vote for the second reading of the bill, was a judicial condemnation of Her Majesty. The smallness of the majority, however, led her party to consider it as a triumph rather than a defeat.

On the following day, as soon as the house was assembled, Lord Dacre presented a protest from the Queen, in which she most deliberately, and before God, asserted that she was wholly innocent of the crime laid to her charge.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ILLNESS. DEATH. FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

I have now followed the long train of unmanly persecutions, which have succeeded each other, down to the period of Her Majesty's acquittal from the foul and infamous charges of the late trial; and having exulted in the frustration of that infernal plot, and the triumph of virtue and innocence, consider my task at an end, and that the subject of it would be left to uninterrupted enjoyment.

But alas! the Tragedy was only in its progress—hastening towards an awful close. The greatest—perhaps the best woman of her day, has sunk by what may be called a premature death, borne down by an accumulation of unwearied and unceasing persecutions.

The Coronation, that despicable, unmeaning pageant,—which could answer no purpose but of adding to the already insupportable burdens of an insulted and oppressed people, furnished fresh occasion for insult to the Queen. Her Majesty, while she despised the idle pomp and ceremony of the coronation, was well aware that important rights and prerogatives were connected with it, and her usual undaunted courage and heroic mind would not suffer the future rights of a Queen of England to become curtailed or annihilated in her person. It may therefore be considered not irrelevant to enter into a brief detail of Her Majesty's firm and judicious behaviour on that, like other trying occasions.

Finding that every other means had failed, and having issued a protest against the decision of the Privy Council, excluding her from participating in the ceremony, Her Majesty determined on the last and only remaining effort, of gaining admission as a spectator; and for this purpose set out from her house in South Audley Street, as early as six o'clock. Having proceeded through the Parks to Westminster Abbey, shouts of applause were heard in the direction of Dean Street, leading towards the western door of the Abbey, announcing the approach of the Queen. Her carriage

was drawn by six beautiful bay horses, elegantly caparisoned, and accompanied by Lady Hood and Lady Ann Hamilton. Another carriage followed, drawn by two horses, and containing Lord Hood and the Hon. Keppel Craven. She passed the barrier without interruption, and proceeded by the King's Arms Tavern, to nearly opposite the door of Westminster Hall. Her Majesty then stopped for a few moments, apparently uncertain what course to take, as she had hitherto met with no obstruction, and yet had received nothing like an invitation to approach. At this moment the feelings of the spectators were wound up to a pitch of the most intense curiosity, and most painful anxiety. The persons who immediately surrounded her carriage knew no bounds in expressing their enthusiastic attachment, while many of those in the galleries, apprehensive of the consequences of the experiment which she was making, could not restrain their fears and alarms. In the mean time great confusion seemed to prevail among the officers and soldiers on and near the platform; the former giving orders and retracting them, and the latter running to their arms, uncertain whether they should salute her by presenting them or not. Astonishment, hurry, and confusion, seemed to agitate the whole multitude assembled either to witness or compose the ensuing pageant.—We never remember to have observed more unequivocal symptoms of pain or horror than were manifested by people of the most opposite sentiments, when they saw their Queen treated like an alien or outcast by the servants, and at the festive hall, of her Husband.

Every heart thrilled with pity or indignation. These feelings were increased as she alighted from her carriage and proceeded on foot, leaning on the arm of Lord Hood, and accompanied by the faithful companions of her afflictions, Lady Hood and Lady Ann Hamilton, to demand admission. The approach of the Queen towards the hall-door produced a considerable sensation within: there was an immense rush to the door, which was closed amidst much confusion.

Lord Hood having desired admission for Her Majesty, the door-keepers drew across the entrance, and requested to see their tickets.

Lord Hood: "I present you your Queen; surely it is not necessary for her to have a ticket."

Door-keeper: "Our orders are to admit no person without a Peer's ticket."

Lord Hood: "This is your Queen; she is entitled to admission without such a form."

The Queen smiling, but still in some agitation "Yes, I am your Queen, will you admit me?"

Door-keeper: "My orders are specific, and I feel myself bound to obey them."

The Queen laughed,

Lord Hood: "I have a ticket."

Door-keeper: "Then, my Lord, we will let you pass upon producing it."

Lord Hood now drew from his pocket a Peer's ticket for one person; the original name in whose favour it was drawn were erased, and the name of "Wellington" substituted

Door-keeper: "This will let one person pass and no more."

Lord Hood: "Will your Majesty go in alone?"

Her Majesty at first assented, but did not persevere.

Lord Hood: "I am to understand that you refuse Her Majesty admission?"

Door-keeper: "We only act in conformity with our orders."

Her Majesty again laughed.

Lord Hood: Then you refuse the Queen admission?"

A Door-keeper of a superior order then came forward, and was asked by Lord Hood whether any preparations had been made for Her Majesty? He answered respectfully in the negative.

Lord Hood: "Will your Majesty enter the Abbey without your ladies?"

Her Majesty declined.

Lord Hood then said, that Her Majesty had better retire to her carriage. It was clear no provision had been made for her accommodation.

Her Majesty assented.

Some persons within the porch of the Abbey laughed, and uttered some expressions of disrespect.

Lord Hood: "We expected to have met at least with the conduct of gentlemen. Such conduct is neither manly nor mannerly."

Her Majesty then retired, leaning on Lord Hood's arm, and followed by Lady Hood and Lady Hamilton.

Among the occurrences of this week, bearing a reference to Her Majesty, I ought not to omit the re-appearance to Mr. Kean at Drury Lane Theatre, on his return from America. In his character of Othello, every passage that could be construed into an allusion to Her Majesty's case, was received by the audience with the greatest enthusiasm; and where *Emilia*, with such violent indignation, exclaims against "odious, d——d lie," a voice cried out from the pit, "O what *Iagos* have beset the Queen!" the sentiment communicated with an electric rapidity, and was echoed throughout the house.

On Monday night Her Majesty visited Drury Lane Theatre, to witness Mr. Kean's performance of Richard the Third. She had complained of illness the two days previous, but it was considered only of a slight and temporary nature. Her Majesty arrived at the theatre a short time before seven o'clock, accompanied by Lord and Lady Hood, Mr. Alderman Wood, and Mr. W. Austin. Though Her Majesty felt much indisposed she could not be persuaded to retire until the play was over. She continued unwell during the night. During Tuesday there was little change in Her Majesty's state; but during the night she obtained some comfortable repose. The symptoms of Her Majesty's complaint, obstruction in the bowels, were somewhat allcviated on Wednesday.

On Thursday afternoon Her Majesty underwent the operation of bleeding, from which she experienced a temporary relief. The remainder of that day and the whole of the night Her Majesty passed comparatively

free from pain; but the symptons of her disorder continued the same throughout the whole of Friday, and up to five o'clock. Between five and six o'clock a warm bath was ordered, in which Her Majesty remained a quarter of an hour. This produced some sensation of suffering, but it had not the effect of reducing the general symptoms of her disorder. After coming from the bath, and up to half-past nine, Her Majesty was unable to retain anything on her stomach for more than a few minutes; and on this account the medicines administered failed of producing the desired effect. In the course of the evening, Dr. Ainslie was sent for; Drs. Maton, Warren, and Holland, having been in constant attendance since the first dangerous symptoms of Her Majesty's complaint appeared.

The bulletins were issued from the 2nd to the 7th of August, 1821, varying in their terms, but gradually deepening in fatality!

1821, *August 7th, Half-past Ten o'clock.*

The struggle is over! hope, fear, anxiety, are now alike at an end: CAROLINE, Queen of England, is no more!

The shock through the household was violent, almost to stupefaction. About five minutes ago, a Moorish domestic of Her Majesty burst, half-frantic, into the vestibule; and at the same instant a loud and lengthened shriek from the female servants, as they rushed toward each other from their several apartments, rendered all explanation unnecessary to the horror-struck spectators. The cry of alarm was succeeded by a long

and fearful pause. It was a pause of death like silence —of a silence which every one dreaded to break. Even to the last fatal moment, spite of evidence to the contrary all had hoped, and many had trusted, that she, their friend and mistress! would recover. The sobs of the women were loud and unrestrained; the men covered their faces with their hands, and wept. It was long before anything like regularity could be restored. For some time, all distinctions of rank appeared to be at an end: in this instance, the most eminent individuals present were seen walking about the house, forgetting to claim, and scarcely receiving, any thing like ready attention from their own servants.

The illustrious sufferer, amid the tears of all those who surround her, spoke with calmness and with resignation of her approaching dissolution. She thanked her friends for the care they had bestowed upon her; lamented her inability to reward their kindness as it deserved; and expressed a most perfect conviction, that in a few hours she should cease to need their attention. She commended her soul with humility, but with confidence, to her Creator; and trusted to meet that justice in another world which had been denied to her in this. Her Majesty adverted also to some highly important and interesting facts, with which we are not as yet fully favoured, and upon which we decline therefore, for the present, to enter. From four until seven o'clock the Queen continued gradually to grow worse. Just before eight, she sunk for a short time into a doze. Soon after the eye became fixed, the muscle grew rigid, and a stupor ensued, from which

Her Majesty never awoke. At twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock (after an entire absence of sense and faculty of more the two hours) nature gave up the contest; and almost without a struggle, the consort of GEORGE IV., and the reigning Queen of England, expired.

At half-past eleven o'clock the following bulletin was issued:—

"Her Majesty departed this life at twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock this night.

"M. BAILLIE, PELHAM WARREN,
"H. AINSLIE, HENRY HOLLAND.
"W. G. MATON,

"Brandenburgh House, August 7th."

The persons present at the moment of Her Majesty's death, were Lord and Lady Hood, and Lady Ann Hamilton; Alderman Wood, and his son, the Rev. John Wood; Dr. Baillie, Dr. Ainslie, Dr. Maton, Dr. Warren, and Dr. Holland: Mr. Wilde, Dr. Lushington and Mr. Austin.

Soon after the bulletin was delivered, all the medical gentlemen, except Dr. Holland, departed. Dr. Holland remained all night at Brandenburgh House, as did also Lady Ann Hamilton. Numerous expresses were sent off in different directions.

BRANDENBURGH-HOUSE.—FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Mr. Bailey, of Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, who had been appointed conductor of Her Majesty's funeral, arrived at Brandenburgh House soon after five o'clock, preceded by the hearse, drawn by eight horses, and the mourning coaches, with the various funeral habiliments and paraphernalia. There were about twenty coaches and six, the horses' heads ornamented with plumes. The hearse was rather a small one, and surmounted by a profusion of black plumes: on each side, the royal arms, quartered with those of the Brunswick family, were emblazoned in scarlet and gold. This gave to the vehicle rather a splendid appearance.

About the same time Sir George Nayler, as Clarencieux King at Arms, arrived, attended by Mr. Woods, the herald.

A little after six o'clock Dr. Lushington arrived. Mr. Wilde, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Alderman Wood, Mr. Hobhouse, Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Thomas (acting for Mr. Mash, of the Lord Chamberlain's office,) Dr. Holland, Lieutenants Flynn and Hownam, Count Vassali, &c. were present in the state apartment.

At six o'clock precisely a squadron of the Oxford Blues, under the command of Captain Bouverie, arrived from their barracks, Regent Park, (which they left at a quarter before five o'clock,) at Bradenburgh House, and rode up the avenue from the lodge, and formed into a line in front of the house. The helmets of the

officers were partially covered with black crape. The gates of Brandenburgh House were kept by Perry, one of the officers of Bow Street, who admitted only those whose names were on a list. The Marshalmen of the royal household arrived about the same time on horseback. They were in full uniform, with their batons decorated with crape. They wore silk scarfs, and had crape upon their hats.

At seven o'clock the mourning coaches intended for the domestics of her late Majesty's household were ordered to draw up to the door, and the servants, male and female, having entered them, they drew slowly off towards the outer gates. This occupied half an hour. The servants of Her Majesty's Council, and of her other officers, occupied places in these coaches; and the whole were arranged according to their respective ranks.

It would only be excitive of more than common disgust to relate the offensive disputes over the corpse of the illustrious victim, or the impediments which were thrown in the way of decent ceremonies: or finally the sacrifice of human life by collisions between the military and the people.—At Colchester the plate affixed to the coffin was *wrenched off*—by certain official miscreants; but of this more, anon.

HARWICK.—EMBARKATION.

At half-past eleven the procession arrived in this place. It was met on the outside of the town by a detachment of the 86th, of about 150 men with a

stand of colours, and band. A barge bearing the half-hoisted standard of England, had been drawn under the point of the Jetty, and in less than ten minutes was under sail to join the *Glasgow* frigate, which was to carry the Royal corpse over to Germany. All the vessels in the roads had their colours hoisted half-mast high.

Mr. Brougham and Alderman Wood proceeded, the first by Dover, the latter by Helvoetsluys, to attend the funeral in Brunswick.

FINAL INTERMENT OF THE QUEEN'S REMAINS.

The squadron conveying the Queen's remains reached Cuxhaven on Sunday, August 19th. As soon as the Glasgow anchored in the harbour, preparations were made for transferring the royal remains from that frigate, which could not navigate the Elbe, to the Gannet sloop of war. On the 20th in the afternoon, they were landed at Stade, under a discharge of cannon.

The funeral procession left Stade early on the morning of Tuesday the 21st August, and on Friday night, the 24th, it arrived at the outer barrier of Brunswick about ten o'clock. In the various towns on the route, the greatest and deepest sorrow was manifested. The Magistrates and citizens walked bareheaded before the cavalcade, and a number of young girls, dressed in white, strewed flowers before the hearse. Each night, the coffin was placed in a church. A military escort was in constant attendance. Before the arrival at Brunswick, the Count Aldenslaben, Grand Chamberlain of the Court, joined; and he stated, that it was

the invariable custom of the Dukes of Brunswick to bury at night; and that his orders were, that the interment should take place immediately. Lord Hood and Dr. Lushington protested, but the Count said his instructions were peremptory; and indeed he seemed disposed to pay every respect.

Between the outer and inner barriers of Brunswick, the scene was very magnificent. The whole population (forty thousand) were on the alert; the sides of the road were lined with a dense mass of people, the front lines of which carried torches; and from the double rows of willows on each side of the road were suspended lamps of various colours, green, red, and yellow. While the procession halted a little, it was intimated, that the inhabitants urgently requested that a deputation of respectable persons might be permitted to draw the body. After some murmuring from Sir George Nayler, it was acceded to; the coffin was placed in a magnificent funeral car, to which about a hundred Brunswickers yoked themselves. The military escort now consisted of two hundred of the Black regiment of Brunswickers, who had fought at Waterloo under the late Queen's brother. The procession reached the inner barrier as the clock struck twelve; and here all the attendants, except Sir George Nayler, left the carriages. The houses of Brunswick were completely illuminated; the windows were crowded with women, none of whom mixed in the crowd in the streets. A thousand torches were borne by the people, who preserved the most solemn and affecting silence. The women sobbed audibly. At the porch of the church, the Minis-

ter and the Municipality stood ready to receive the body; the coffin was lifted from the car, and carried by sixteen serjeants of the Brunswick cavalry, while sixteen majors bore the pall. The lofty columns and long aisles, hung with black, had an appearance of melancholy grandeur. Owing to positive orders from the mysterious quarter, no service, not even a funeral chant, was performed; on the pretence, that as the Queen had died abroad, the ceremony at Brunswick was merely depositing the body in the vault. As the corpse passed along the aisle, a hundred young ladies of the first families in Brunswick, dressed in white, stood on each side and scattered flowers before it. In a few seconds the coffin and the mourners had all arrived in the family vault of the illustrious house of Brunswick. A space about seven yards square was separated from the rest by hangings of black cloth, and illuminated with wax lights. In the middle of this section stood a platform, raised about two feet from the ground: on one side stood the coffin of the gallant father of the Queen, at the foot was the coffin of her gallant brother, both heroes slain in battle when fighting against the tyranny of Buonaparte; and here, in this appropriate spot, was now deposited one as brave as the bravest of her race.

When the mourners were all arranged in the vault, the Minister, whose name was J. W. G. Wolff, preacher at the Cathedral Church, a mild and sensible looking man, about sixty years of age, stood at the head of the coffin, and, in a voice tremulous with

emotion, uttered a prayer in the German language, of which the following is a translation:—

THE PRAYER.

"Transient is our life, perishable all fortune and glory of the earth! Thus, all-wise God, thou hast ordained it! But in death are terminated all the hardships, troubles, and sufferings that attend the life of man in this state of imperfection. Unsearchable, O Eternal, are thy ways! After a transient and troublesome life, she has now finished her earthly career, and her unanimated body returns to the vault where her ever-memorable father, her brother, her relations, are resting.

Almighty God! with elevated hearts we glorify thy grace for all the benefits thou hast given to the deceased during her life, and we infinitely revere thy wisdom in the present termination of her severe trials; whereby, after thy most benign intention, she should be purified of human infirmities, and be prepared for a better life. Now may her released soul enjoy the peaceful and blissful tranquillity which this imperfect world cannot grant! and may thy grace, thou all just and most righteous Lord, recompense her in that state of perfection for what was deficient here on earth! Amen."

While the minister was uttering this beautiful and pathetic prayer, all were deeply affected: the military did not disdain to express their emotions in an audible manner, and several times we saw the Great Chamberlain wipe away the tears from his fine manly countenance. As to the immediate mourners, including the

servants of the Queen's household, we never saw more unequivocal and unaffected sorrow. When the prayer was finished, and before the mourners left the vault, the hundred young ladies were admitted, and formed a large circle round the platform: they strewed flowers on the floor, and then having prepared some wreaths, arranged them in different forms on the coffin: they then knelt down, uttered a short prayer, and retired amidst the tears and sobs of the company. Even Sir G. Nayler was visibly affected by this beautiful and pathetic incident. The funeral was over about two, and in less than half an hour the streets were completely empty, and all was as silent as the tomb to which the Queen had just been solemnly consigned.

It is right to mention, that the executors applied at Brunswick, before the funeral, to Mr. Calvert, to restore the plate which had been taken off the Queen's coffin at Colchester; and that Mr. Calvert answered, that he conceived himself to bew ithout authority to comply with their request. After the funeral the executors made a second application, but we believe without success: it was, however, clearly understood, that if the plate should be restored, the actual authorities at Brunswick would offer no opposition to its being placed on the coffin.

INDEX.

CHAP. PAGE.

1. Early Life of George IV.—Marriage with the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, &c. 5
2. Letter from Madame D——s to the Mother of the authoress of this diary, respecting the early life of Princess Caroline—in which her prophetic and remarkable dream is described, &c. 9
3. Ceremonial of the Marriage described in a letter from Lady J——y to Lady D——. The Princess's account of the Nuptial night, &c. 20
4. Mysterious interview between the Princess and Lady J——y.—The Princess's account of the tragedy at the castle of revelt.—Monk Lewis's story of the "Unfathomable," &c..... 25
5. Birth of Princess Charlotte.—The intimated separation, and the Princess's remarks.—Willikin. 37
6. Letter from the Princess of Wales to Lady C. L——y.—Lady D—— and the infamous job.—Miss O's (now Lady M) "Story of the Priory."—Lord N—— the doomed one; —sketch of him, &c..... 43
7. Letter of the Princess of Wales to the Authoress.—The Masquerade.—The secret tribunal. 54
8. The infamous diary of Lady D——; forming a basis for the statement submitted to the secret tribunal..... 57
9. Lady D——'s infamous diary continued..... 65
10. Lady D——'s infamous diary continued.—The lie about the breakfast scene at Lady W———'s.—Rage of the Princess,—according to Lady D——'s version, &c..... 70
11. Continuation of Lady D——'s infamous diary.—The lying-in room: equivocations: twaddle; how Lady D—— eat raspberry ice, &c. 87
12. The Princess Charlotte of Wales described when a girl.—Madame de Staël; Buonaparte.—Monk Lewis's romantic history of "Mrs. Wells the actress," &c..... 92
13. Princess Charlotte's first visit to the opera.—Assassination of Mr. Perceval.—Madame de H——'s "Tale of Blood,"—suggested by the fate of Mr. Perceval, &c. 107
14. The Princess's forlorn situation.—The Russian Ambassadress desirous of being presented to the Princess.—Lord Byron's "English bards and Scotch reviewers," &c..... 117

CHAP. PAGE.

15. Mr. Fox's memoir of "A rich man without money."—Letter from the Princess to the P——, &c..... 122
16. The gardens at Kensington.—Lord Byron:—his manuscript story of "Guzman." 131
17. The Princess in dishabille.—Roasting the P——.—A secret.—The Princess and the fortune-telling gypsies.—Resumption of the "infamous diary" of Lady D——. &c..... 150
18. Anecdote of the Duke of Brunswick.—Thomas Campbell, the poet; his extraordinary story of "A Bride from the Grave!" Depositions for and against the Princess, &c. 180
19. Personal appearance of the Princess Charlotte; short petticoats.—Sir Henry E—— and his piquant story of the "Wonderful Diamonds!" &c..... 205
20. Princess Charlotte and the Prince of O——.—The projected marriage broken off.—"A woman's vengeance," &c..... 217
21. Preparations for foreign travel.—The student of Heidelberg, &c. 245
22. Last hours in England.—Farewell of the Princess of Wales, &c. 276
23. Inferences from the Princess's farewell.—Did the Princess retain the love of her child the Princess Charlotte?—Proof, &c. 290
24. The story of "The Beauty of Nuremberg."—News of the Princess, &c. 365
25. The Princess of Wales at Geneva:—Dress ball.—Travels, &c... 418
Sup. to chap. 25. The Princess of Wales.—Sir Herbert Taylor and the Edinburgh Review..... 442
26. Departure from Naples for Greece.—Story of "Lord N—— and Lady Emily S——," or the "Vroudolouka!" &c..... 472
27. The Princess at Jerusalem.—Second part of the story of Lord N—— and Lady Emily S——; or, the Living Vampire!.... 506
28. Return to Italy.—Lord Byron's opinion of the Princess.—Comparison with "Good Queen Maude!" &c..... 524
29. The Authoress is among the Departures, &c..... 544
30. Queen Caroline's continental progress to England.—Conclusion of the story of Lord N—— and Lady Emily S——. &c. 567
31. The Queen's progress to the Shores of England..... 572
32. Riots.—State Papers..... 605
33. The Trial..... 625
34. Illness.—Death.—Funeral obsequies..... 654

GLOSSARY.

The K——. The King.
The Q——. Queen Charlotte.
The P——. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.
The Princess. Caroline Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline.
Duchess of Y——. Duchess of York.
Lady C. C. Lady Charlotte Campbell.
Lady C. L. Lady Charlotte Lindsay.
Lady D. Lady Douglas.
Lady P. Lady Percival.
Lord A. Lord Abercorn.
Miss O. Miss Owenson, now Lady Morgan.
Lord B——n. Lord Bryon.
Willikin. William Austin.
Lady J——. Lady Jersey
The B——s, and H——s. Duke of Beaufort, and Earl of Harrington and their Ladies.
Old S——. Sapio the Singer.
K. C. The Honorable Keppel Craven.
Count St. Martin D——. Count D'Aglie.
Lord D——h. Lord Dartmouth.
Marchioness T. Marchioness Townshend.
Miss G——h. Miss Garth.
Mr. V. Mr. Vansittart.
Sir Sidney S——. Sir Sidney Smith.
Lord K——. Lord King.
Duchess of R. Duchess of Rutland.
Lady S——. Lady Salisbury.
Lord A. H. Lord A. Hamilton.
Lady Barbara A——. Lady Barbara Allen.
Lady de C. Lady de Clifford.
Lord N——. Lord N——k.
Lady E. S——. (Name suppressed)

The other names are for the most part in full.

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